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COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXII

FEBRUARY, 1917

NO. 3

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But February *Cosmopolitan* merely inaugurates a memorable cycle in American and English fiction and letters, engaging the ripest craft and richest fancy wherever to be found.

We are privileged to announce, in addition to the novels by Robert W. Chambers, John Galsworthy, and Jack London, now running in *Cosmopolitan*, early new novels by Edith Wharton, Owen Johnson, Elizabeth Robins, Amélie Rives, and Elinor Glyn.

And short stories by Fannie Hurst, Booth Tarkington, Samuel Merwin, Gouverneur Morris, George Ade, Arthur B. Reeve, and George Randolph Chester.

Essays, articles, and poems by Herbert Kaufman, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and Edgar Lee Masters.

A remarkable biography by Lily Langtry.

These and countless other features of the issues of the next few months will be profusely illustrated by Harrison Fisher, Howard Chandler Christy, C. E. Chambers, W. D. Stevens, Anton Otto Fischer, John T. McCutcheon, James Montgomery Flagg, John Alonzo Williams, Worth Brehm, and Frank Craig.

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THE TAVERN *by*

NOTHING disturbed my night of sleep;
 I wonder that I ever woke.
 It was so heavy, was so deep,
 I scarce had heard the thunder-stroke.
 So what was drinking, feasting, talking,
 By guests who came and guests who went,
 Or those who spent the time in walking
 The halls and rooms in argument
 About the Tavern? Some declared
 No better Tavern could be built,
 And others called it a deception,
 Its purest gold but thinnest gilt—
 A cruel cheat, considering
 No other Tavern gave reception
 To folks who might be wayfaring
 Anywhere in the whole wide land.

I woke a stranger to it all,
 But quickly grew to understand
 The ways and customs which prevailed—
 Those who won favor, those who failed;
 What feasting rooms had echoed laughter;
 What kisses stolen in what hall;
 What corners where the old had cried;
 What stairways where the breathless bride
 Paused for a moment just to toss

Among the bridesmaids her bouquet;
 What rooms where men, in work or play,
 Approved or cursed, for gain or loss,
 The Tavern's roof-tree, roof, and rafter.

Then when I woke, as I have said,
 Save a few children there was none
 Who was not older far than I.
 Many were trembling, gray of head;
 The strong walked forth in rain or sun
 And seemed all danger to defy.
 All welcomed me and called me fair,
 And told me strange events which passed
 Around the Tavern while I slept.
 Soon there were changes. Scarce aware
 Of their departure, many stepped
 Out of the door, and seemed to cast
 Their fortunes elsewhere, but as fast
 New guests came in to take the places
 Of those who left. And through the day
 I lost the old, remembering faces
 Freshly arrived. When it was noon,
 I knew what things were opportune;
 I had become one of the crowd,
 In all their ways initiate,
 Knew what their love was, what their hate,



Edgar Lee Masters, *Decoration by* W.J. Benda

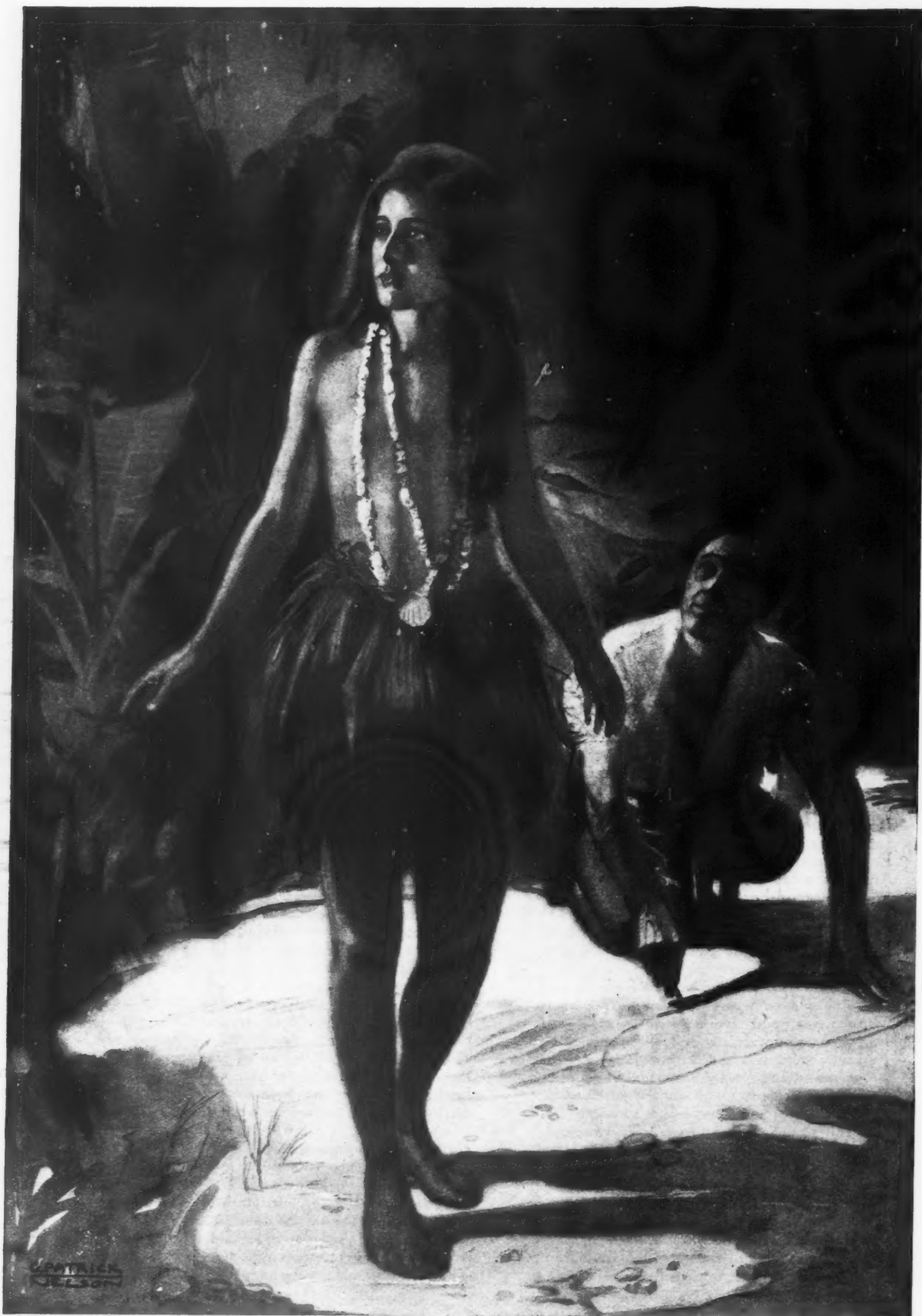
Myself stole kisses in the hall,
And saw the old who sat and cried
In corners, saw the rosy bride
Pause for a moment just to toss
Among the bridesmaids her bouquet
Where I stood best man to the groom,
Was myself of the noisy room
Where men in work or men in play
Approve or curse the gain or loss.

Toward afternoon, I seemed to feel
More people knew me than I knew.
Then it was good to meet with you.
I saw you as you left the stair,
And who were you? I do not dare
To praise your brow or paint your hair,
Your eyes how gray—or were they blue?
A pain strikes through me if I let
The full strength of my love have sway.
I only know I can forget
All others who had gone away,
Remembering our happy day
Together in the house and yard.
It was to you all fair and new;
You listened with such rapt regard
To all the stories of the guests,
And what had been their interests.

And was the Tavern just the same
As it had been before you came?
You asked me, and I answered, "Yes."
No change, my dear, not even the name!

No change, except the people change.
And change they do, I must confess.
In truth, a few alone remain
Of those who lived here when I first
Entered the door there; most are strange.
And as I rose much earlier
Than you arose, you may suppose
I shall grow drowsy—yet, who knows?—
Before you do, and leave the stir,
The dancing, feasting, just to creep
Back for another night of sleep.
I'd like so well to stay awake
And watch the dancing for your sake.
It may be, though it scarce may be,
No one remained awake for me.

You cannot fail to find the bed
When you are sleepy, but no doubt
It will be black with the light out.
Come, dear; that sleep is loveliest
Where side by side two lovers rest.
That sweetens sleep—it may be best!



DRAWN BY G. PATRICK NELSON

And she kept on looking. I found a bit of pointed stick and started to draw her, full-length in the sand

The Place of Disappearing Beauty



She was sitting in front of a palm-thatch hut, pounding a piece of bark with a stone—in other words, dressmaking

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

SO this was the place that I had been cautioned to avoid! Well, it looked like half a hundred other South Pacific Islands, a tall volcanic upheaval around which the coral-insects had spent a few million years building a snow-white reef. At worst, it looked as if a man might pick up a living there—bivalves, breadfruit, and the regular run of Island grub; and it was only the bad name people had given it that scared me. But, Lord, wasn't it just the spitting image of my luck—to be warned against that particular acreage, and then to sail off in the dark and pile my poor little boat slap on top of it and smash her all to smithereens? The Am-I-It was "all in"—match-wood. I was lucky to have been tossed clear of the wreckage without losing more than a few inches of skin. And I tried to take comfort in that, and sat on the beach, waiting for the dawn to end. It was a beautiful sunrise, but it would have looked just about the same from Tahiti, and I'd have enjoyed it more.

Just what did they tell me about this place? I remembered I had a dozen long strings of flowers round my neck, and a girl on each knee, and we were all drinking warm champagne and telling ghost-stories. But when they got running on this place, they seemed sure of their facts. Even Launa stopped tickling the monkey to listen, and Long Hop kept looking behind him. I'm positive I didn't smoke anything but tobacco—

My thoughts ran along like that. I even felt if the flowers were still round my neck. But all I had to show for a typical Island farewell-party was a smashed boat and a splitting headache. It would have done a broad-minded missionary good to hear the names I called myself when the fumes of alcohol had all lifted from my brain and I realized what an ass I'd made of myself and what a mess I was in. There was only one comfort. I remembered that I had been extremely tactful in my cups. Not with Long Hop—I had tied him to the back of his chair by the pigtail—but with the girls. I'd kissed them each exactly the same number of times. "O Lordy," I thought, "I wish they were here to bind my poor head with wet leaves and to slap the soles of my feet to take the blood out of it!"

I tried to remember the name they had given the island—not the chart-name, of course, but the native, which carries the inner meaning. And after a while I remembered Toko Tau Lau Tono—the Place of Disappearing Beauty.

And once I'd remembered the name, I remembered the rest.

"Whoever lands on that island," Launa had said, "becomes ugly."

"But suppose," I had asked, "that he, she, or it who landed there were ugly to begin with?"

"Oh, they'd just disappear."

And she told a long, sad story of a wedding-party, all drunk, old people and young, who had madly dared the divinity of Toko Tau Lau Tono, and how those who were beautiful had come away frightfully disfigured—and mad, some of them—and how the others had simply disappeared. Of course, that had all happened a long time ago. Nowadays, people were wiser, and the missionaries were down on drinking. But the island was still there. She had seen it herself once, Launa had. But that was long ago, too.

"I may have been eleven or twelve," she said, "but I saw that island very clearly. Smoke was coming out of the mountain."

Of course it was all gammon. But I'd just as lief have been cast away on an island with a better reputation.

"So they'll catch me and uglify me, will they?" I thought, and I walked to the edge of the lagoon and had a look at myself in the smooth blue mirror. "Well," I decided, after a moment, "you're not beautiful and you're not ugly. But you're big and strong, and if there's a devil around here that wants to take away such looks as you have got, he'll have a fight on his hands." Then, because it was getting hot and glary on the beach, I turned my back to the sea and plunged into a cool twilight of tropic green.

II

SHE was the prettiest girl I've ever seen in any of the Islands. If she'd been dressed differently, she'd have graced the swellest eating-joint in New York city. But she was only dressed from the waist to her knees. The rest, unless you count shell necklaces, was bare as a frog. Pretty—my word!—but down in the mouth and sad-looking.

She was sitting in front of a palm-thatch hut, pounding a piece of bark with a stone—in other words, dressmaking.

She was sitting in front of the hut. The hut itself sat at the side of a pretty pool, into which water dripped from the top of a rock thirty or forty feet high. It was only a thread of water, but it made quite a noise. That was why she didn't hear me.

"This may be the place of disappearing beauty," I thought, "but they haven't vanished you yet, my dear, and I hope they won't."

The Place of Disappearing Beauty

I walked up close, and touched her bare shoulder. She looked up, squeaked, and jumped to her feet. For a bad minute and a half, it looked as if she were going to bolt. Then she pulled herself together and spoke. What she said sounded perfectly familiar, but I couldn't catch the drift. I came back with my best specimens of Polynesian dialect; but they weren't any good to her. After that, because it was easier, I accompanied a vigorous sign-talk dialect with English. I told her everything I knew about myself except that I had been drunk the night before. And I asked her to be my wise guide and friend. She shook her head. Then she pointed off through the tree-stems and down into the valley places, and shook her head still harder.

"Mean me stay here?" I invited, with appropriate gestures. I knew she didn't understand. But, at the time, I thought otherwise. Anyhow, she nodded so vehemently—oh, well, I suppose I *did* get fresh. And I got my deserts.

I suppose the stone she'd been pounding the bark with weighed about four pounds. It was pestle-shaped, and she still had it in her hand. She jerked her right arm free, swung it, and gave me that stone endwise, square between the eyes. I felt as if inside my head a volcano had suddenly begun activities—I could see the sparks—and I knew that I was traveling backward through thorn-bushes.

I may or may not have been a long time coming to. I don't know. Anyhow, I found myself looking up at her face. But she wasn't looking at me; she had her head cocked to one side, as if she were listening. I made some sort of a squeaky noise, and she put her finger to her lips. Then I thought I heard voices way off, down the mountain. I spoke again. This time, she looked square at me, frowned hard, and again put her finger to her lips. Not understanding what she was driving at, I shook my head. And she, not understanding what the head-shake meant, hauled off and hit me again with that stone.

The next time I came to, I knew enough to keep quiet. It was almost dark. She'd dragged me inside the hut, and she had my poor sick head hugged to her breast, and she was crying as if her heart would break.

There's only one best way to learn a language. By the time the bump on my forehead had gone down, and the red-and-black-and-purple sunset effect had faded to skin-color, we were able to exchange rudimentary facts about love and housekeeping. Even if her language had been Russian, I'd have learned it in six weeks. Her lips gave the word, and her eyes gave the translation, so that, when I knew enough, I renamed her and called her Talin Ine—which was her language for Talking Eyes. Sounds a little the same, doesn't it? Well, that's part of the story; but it was twenty-one days, as I know by the notched-stick calendar I kept, before we began to slip from plain statements of fact such as: "I love you because you are good and beautiful," "Your hands are like flowers," or "Pass the breadfruit" to argument and explanation.

Meanwhile, I led a life that was at once triumphant and humiliating. Left to ourselves, I was monarch of everything in sight. Her chief industry was pounding bark into dress-material; but I was much too kingly and aristocratic a person to be allowed to help. And I had to be waited on and pampered in every way. And I was made to understand that I had bestowed my royal affections on one so humble that she didn't even deserve the admiring glance of a toad. But, at certain times, especially when we heard voices coming up the mountain, I became a very insignificant person. She may have been proud of me (I think she was), but she was ashamed to have her friends see me. Sometimes, just to tease her, I'd pretend that this time I certainly was not going to hide; but it wasn't good teasing. It almost drove her crazy with fright, so that after a while, so great is habit, I took my sudden hidings-away as casually as a sensible-minded person takes a bad-tasting medicine. But always I said to myself:

"It's only because I'm reserving judgment. *Why* she wants me to do thus and so, I don't know. When I do know, I'll be in a better position to decide whether she is right or wrong."

And that time came soon enough. And the joke of it was that if we had had better luck or better sense, we could have understood each other from the first.

All the South Sea dialects are like soft and gentle music. That is because the islanders are too lazy to tackle the harsh consonants of the conquering languages. Talin Ine talked such a dialect, but in no other way had it even a remote relationship to Polynesian. And it differed, also, in being mysteriously easy to learn.

One night, it was so hot that we couldn't sleep. We took turns standing under the little waterfall back of the hut; but the pool in which the mountain drippings gathered before they fell had been so grilled by the sun that it would have turned a lobster red, and the more I thought of it the more I longed to go down to the beach and have a dip in the good salt sea. And I said as much. Talin Ine was wildly excited. She



"Please," I said, "don't hit me. Because I can't hit back. You must see that"

had often longed to do the very thing, but had never dared. If I was game, she was.

So, stumbling much and giggling, for it was pitch-dark, we climbed down the mountain. Half-way to the inner beach, things brightened a little, and we knew that the moon was rising. When we came out into the open, the night was as bright as it is on Broadway at Forty-second Street.

Used to bathing in a pool, the lagoon looked very big and ominous to Talin Ine. As we waded out from the shore, I could see that she was trembling like a child going alone into the dark. But salt water is the friendliest thing in nature, and when, at the end of an hour, I had actually taught her to float, it took real power of persuasion to get her back to the beach. Once there, she turned and gazed back at the lagoon and the ocean beyond, and in all my born days I never saw a face so innocent and so wistful.

"What are you looking at?"

"Nothing."

And she kept on looking. I found a bit of pointed stick and started to draw her, full-length in the sand. I must have caught some of the outlines right, for the tracing actually looked like her. And the chances are that I felt at the time as pleased as Sargent does when he's finished a portrait.

"By George," I thought, "I wish I could fold that up and keep it always to remember her by!"

I still had the idea that some day I'd get away from the island, and that, following the usual course of Polynesian love-affairs, I'd leave the lady behind and not break my heart over her. Fond of her? Yes—but as the city man loves the North Woods.

I was so pleased with my reproduction that I had forgotten the original. She had turned and seen the portrait in the sand.

"Talin Ine?"

"Obviously," I said.

She took the pointed stick from my hand, knelt, and began to make marks under the feet of the portrait.

"What are you making?"

"My name."

She finished and rose to her feet. But I was looking at the marks she had made in the sand. And a shiver of wonder went through me. She had made a printing in the sand. And each letter of that printing was as clear and distinct as I could have made it myself. This was what she had printed:

TALKING EYES

After a while, I said,

"Say it."

And she said,

"Talin Ine."

And, at that, many things became clear. I had been working like a dog for weeks, learning to mispronounce my own language. Her talk was my talk, with all the harshness excluded. And this was such an extraordinary discovery that I felt silly and shivery. And then I snatched the stick from her and wrote an English phrase, and she read aloud all that there was of music in it and knew what it meant—knew what it meant, and took the stick and wrote the answer. I had written, "Why do you always want me to hide when the others come near?"

And she had answered.

"Because you are beautiful, and they would kill you."

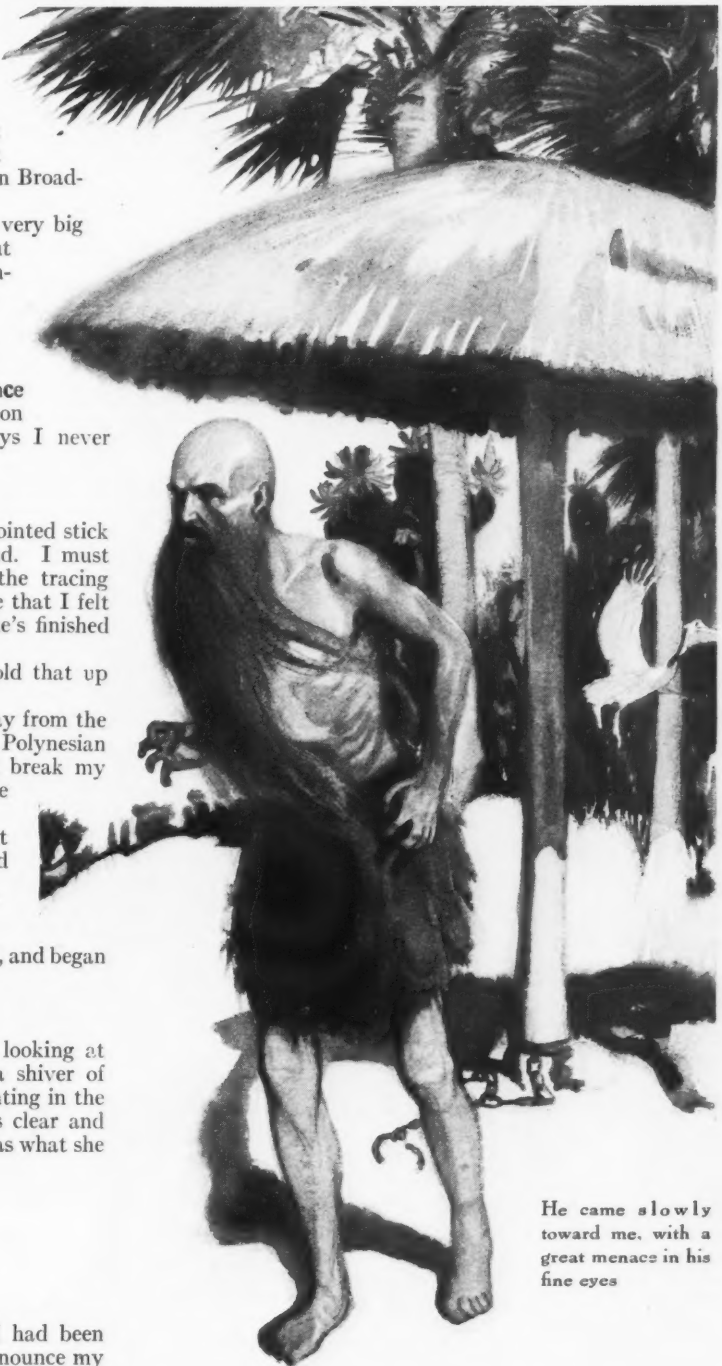
Next, I wrote,

"Then why don't they kill you?"

And she answered,

"I am an offense to the eye."

"You? An offense to the eye?" (I didn't write this). And I caught her in my arms and made her show me her



He came slowly toward me, with a great menace in his fine eyes

face, which she was trying to hide, and I said, "Beautiful—beautiful!" And before and after each saying of that word, I kissed her by way of proof.

III

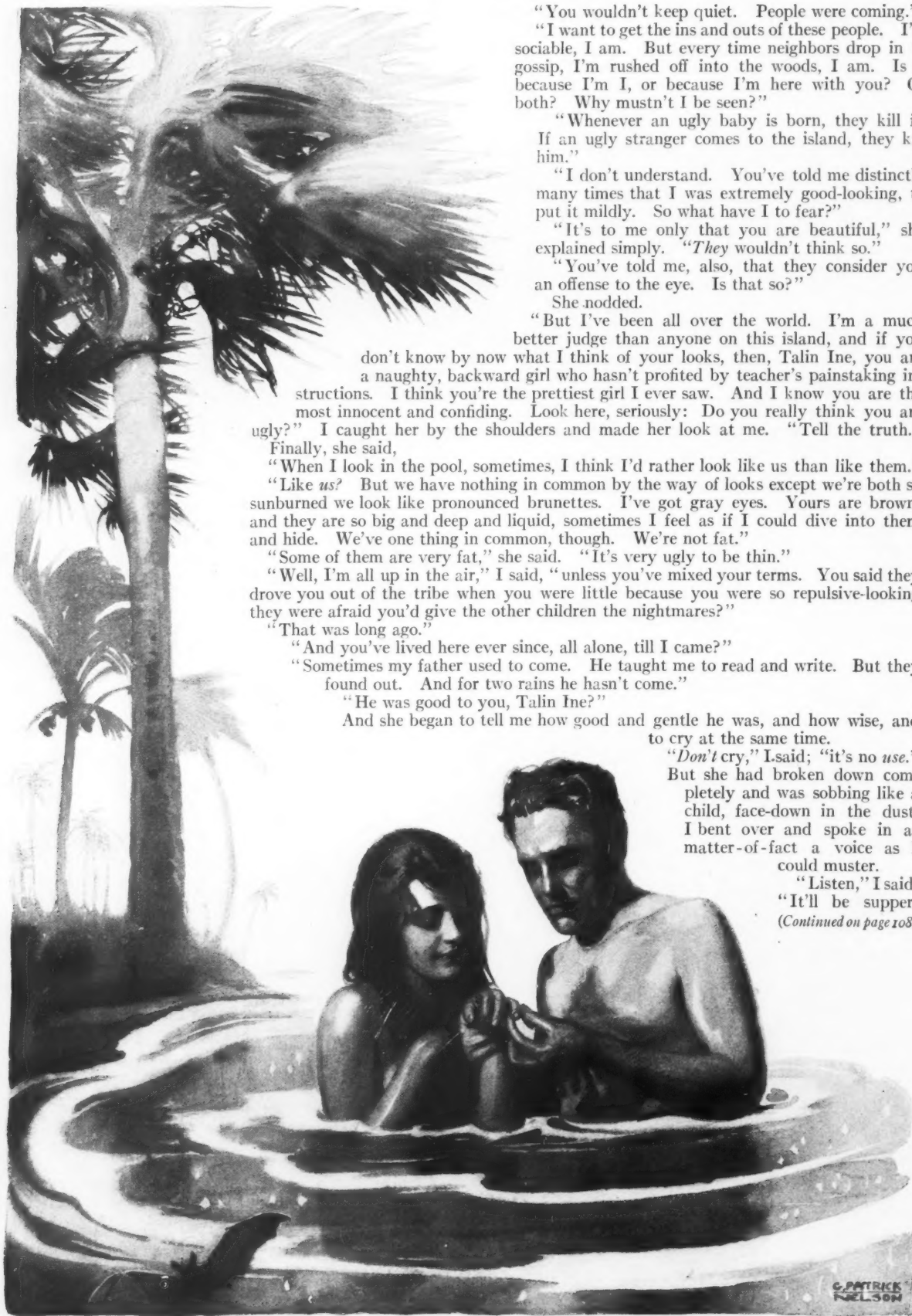
A WEEK later, I could speak her language like a native. And she was beginning to rouse tropic indolence to the harshnesses of mine. We had a lot to talk about.

"That first day," I asked her, "why did you hit me with a stone? Didn't you know you were going to like me?"

She shrugged the prettiest pair of shoulders off Broadway, but said nothing.

"And just when I was coming to, and trying to laugh, and say, 'It's all right; I forgive you,' you hit me again."

The Place of Disappearing Beauty



"You wouldn't keep quiet. People were coming."

"I want to get the ins and outs of these people. I'm sociable, I am. But every time neighbors drop in to gossip, I'm rushed off into the woods, I am. Is it because I'm I, or because I'm here with you? Or both? Why mustn't I be seen?"

"Whenever an ugly baby is born, they kill it. If an ugly stranger comes to the island, they kill him."

"I don't understand. You've told me distinctly many times that I was extremely good-looking, to put it mildly. So what have I to fear?"

"It's to me only that you are beautiful," she explained simply. "They wouldn't think so."

"You've told me, also, that they consider you an offense to the eye. Is that so?"

She nodded.

"But I've been all over the world. I'm a much better judge than anyone on this island, and if you don't know by now what I think of your looks, then, Talin Ine, you are a naughty, backward girl who hasn't profited by teacher's painstaking instructions. I think you're the prettiest girl I ever saw. And I know you are the most innocent and confiding. Look here, seriously: Do you really think you are ugly?" I caught her by the shoulders and made her look at me. "Tell the truth."

Finally, she said,

"When I look in the pool, sometimes, I think I'd rather look like us than like them."

"Like us? But we have nothing in common by the way of looks except we're both so sunburned we look like pronounced brunettes. I've got gray eyes. Yours are brown, and they are so big and deep and liquid, sometimes I feel as if I could dive into them and hide. We've one thing in common, though. We're not fat."

"Some of them are very fat," she said. "It's very ugly to be thin."

"Well, I'm all up in the air," I said, "unless you've mixed your terms. You said they drove you out of the tribe when you were little because you were so repulsive-looking they were afraid you'd give the other children the nightmares?"

"That was long ago."

"And you've lived here ever since, all alone, till I came?"

"Sometimes my father used to come. He taught me to read and write. But they found out. And for two rains he hasn't come."

"He was good to you, Talin Ine?"

And she began to tell me how good and gentle he was, and how wise, and to cry at the same time.

"Don't cry," I said; "it's no use."

But she had broken down completely and was sobbing like a child, face-down in the dust. I bent over and spoke in as matter-of-fact a voice as I could muster.

"Listen," I said:

"It'll be supper-

(Continued on page 108)

I slipped the seal-ring from my little finger over the fourth finger of her left hand and said, "With this ring, I thee wed"

Cupid

the Homeopath

An Episode of
The Loves of Henry the Ninth

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

THE first chorus-rehearsal for the performances of "Iolanthe" was called for eight o'clock Monday evening in the ballroom of the country club. The opera was to be given late in August for the benefit of the Sunbury Hospital.

Henry Calverly, 3d awoke on that sunny morning to a depression so deep that even he recognized it for an illness of the spirit that must be checked at any cost to his will. The only remedy he knew of for this sort of trouble rested on the counter-irritant theory. The only available counter-irritant was work. It was to be, anyway, a rushing sort of day, but he went at it fiercely. There was matter to plan at the printer's. The club piano needed a tuner, and he spent two hours on Rufus Bowes' bicycle, running to earth old fat Mr. Sibelius over in Rockwell Park and personally conducting him to the instrument. Many of the chorus had not yet been notified, it appeared, and through the noon hours he rode like mad from house to house. After one o'clock, it transpired that the books had not come, and he took the two-six to Chicago to get them. He had promised to call at Clemency Snow's during the afternoon. Clem had been insistent, her manner perturbed.

Fifty copies of the text and piano-score of "Iolanthe" make a heavy parcel for a July day. Henry came leaping down the wide stairway in the old red-brick Chicago depot (everybody said "depot" then, excepting certain precise ladies, who called it "deppo"), ran past the ticket-office, through groups of forlorn Swedish immigrants, and out along one of the long wooden platforms, swung his parcel on the rear steps of the last yellow car in the already moving train, the three-forty-two, swung his person up after it, dropped, hot and breathless, into a red-plush seat, and mopped a dripping face. His red-and-black-striped blazer clung damply to his slim young body. Below, and in front of his blazer-cap, that was perched on the extreme back of his head, his brown hair, usually plastered to his scalp, straggled down to his eyebrows, exhibiting a tendency to curl at the ends. A smudge of soot partly covered the freckles on the bridge of his turned-up nose. The naturally pleasant gray eyes were somber.

The train rumbled along through the miles of yards, puffing, clanking, clogging the air with cinders and with the odor of coal-gas. Henry sat limp beside the parcel, considering his case. One hand dropped to his knees and lay inertly there; the other supported chin and cheek. The heat-color faded slowly from his face.

"It's girls," he announced to himself, by way of a diagnosis. "I'm just weak. I'm demoralized—all soft



"I've known you for years and years and years"

inside. Got to do something about it. That's it—do something about it!"

The counter-irritant, it appeared, had not been efficacious. A new symptom developed—a slight but definite weakness at the pit of the stomach. And there was a quivery sensation at the back of his head that crept around to his jaw-muscles. He seemed to be losing control of his teeth; they chattered. It was like stage fright as he had known that malady, but worse.

One mental resource left to him was getting angry at John W. MacLouden. Mr. MacLouden was a Scot who had lived for years—the early 'Eighties—in London, an insurance man. Gilbert and Sullivan had then been at the height of production; brilliant operettas, born of their blended genius, had appeared in rapid succession. Mr. MacLouden often mentioned the happy occasion of his meeting with the late Mr. Gilbert. It was at the Savoy Theatre, on the occasion (as he sometimes told it) of the first night of "The Mikado;" at other times, the opera was "Patience," and I have heard him associate it with the immortal "Pinafore." Gilbert had said, "I am glad my work meets with your approval, Mr. MacLouden."

A further word regarding the Scot: He had long arms and legs that dangled grotesquely when he moved (we always tittered when he rose to address the Sunday-school at the First Church). His voice, whispery, with a pronounced burr, hinted at complex concealments. Henry's dislike of the man was shared by others. I never liked the painstaking care with which he kept those long side-locks of sandy gray hair brushed across the bald top of his head. And once,

when he was carrying a respectable square parcel out from Chicago on the five-eighteen, it slipped from his hand, a bottle within broke, and whisky flowed forth over the aisle of the car. Sunbury was a temperance town then.

As a specially endowed conservator of the true Gilbert and Sullivan tradition, Mr. MacLouden had felt called upon to enter actively into the plans for "Iolanthe." As a member of the hospital board, he had found no difficulty in putting himself on the opera committee, of which William B. Snow was chairman. Whether he took any stand in the beginning against the employment of the youthful Henry Calverly, I cannot say; but it is certain that he went ahead to assemble the cast without consulting the boy. He had completed this task, all but a few minor characters and the part of Iolanthe, when he was called away on business. Even then he neglected to give the names to Henry; but Mrs. Arthur V. Henderson had a copy of the list, and passed it on to him.

A detail disturbing to Henry was that no such brilliant cast had ever appeared in Sunbury. Mr. MacLouden had secured Henry Harper Hispeth, alternate leading tenor of the McCall Opera Company, for Lord Tolloler, which little diplomatic achievement made it easy to get Mrs. Henderson as accompanist at rehearsals, though we will not go into that story here; then there was Anne Mayer Stelton, the very well known Chicago soprano, for Phyllis; David Mansfield, of the Music School, who had actually traveled at one time with the Bostonians, for Strephon; the immense Mrs. G. B. Williams, with her immense contralto voice, for the Queen; Harry B. Hemper, precentor at the Baptist Church, for the Sentry; and (this was suggested by William B. Snow) Henry himself, who had made something of a hit in the same opera over at Borea, for Lord Mountarat. Mr. MacLouden even succeeded, where others had during two years failed, in dragging Abel C. Diehlman, the architect, from his seclusion and his pretty, haughty third wife to assume the wig and robe of the Lord Chancellor.

Henry found the list in his pocket, knit his brows over it. He pondered heavily the problem of holding the attention of such a cast as that—grown-up singers with reputations, who wouldn't know that he was alive.

It was then, I think, that the full force of his stage fright broke on him. For the first time in this thrilling business, he was driven outside himself, and left there with the painful gift of looking on. He could see himself sitting moodily beside a big parcel, cheek on hand, desperately counting passing freight-cars in an effort to stay the panic in his breast—the boy who hadn't enough energy (or something) to finish high school; the boy who had, but a fortnight back, been fired from a miserable job in Thomas P. Wilson's gents' furnishing store; the boy who lived with his mother, straining against pressing walls of poverty, in Mrs. Wilcox's boarding-house on Douglass Street. He could not recall the occasions when his voice had been admired. His great moment, only a fortnight back, over in Borea, singing, "When Britain Really Ruled" to more than a thousand persons and taking seven encores, was no more than an echo of some former life. He could remember it, but couldn't remember how he had felt. His successes in the high-school dramatics and as leader of the glee-club had often been noted in the local weekly papers, but he couldn't reconstruct them.

No; here was his opportunity—to-day—now! And he felt that he was hopelessly unequal to it. Everything worth while in life had slipped away, just beyond the reach of his outstretched hands. It was no good even hating John W. MacLouden. "I'm my own worst enemy," he thought. The phrase interested him, and he turned it over and over in his mind. "My own worst enemy—worst enemy."

He considered the girls that now appeared to his heated fancy like mile-stones along his downward path, beginning with Martha Caldwell, who had been his girl for a year and a quarter. It seemed to him that he had been all right then, steady and loyal, barring a slight diversion, spooning on the

lake shore with that little Bessie Alston. Then Ban Widdicombe, by the adroit use of theater-tickets, candy, flowers, and an apparently unlimited charge-account at McAllister's livery, had alienated Martha's affections. There was no doubt of the fact—Ban had turned the trick. Henry decided now that his confusion dated from the loss of Martha.

Wandering in spirit, hurt in pride, he had been caught up by Clemency Snow. Clem was his girl now. She was, on many accounts, the most desirable young person in town. He could kiss her whenever he wanted to. And he didn't love her. He wasn't sure that he didn't hate her. He dreaded going down there this afternoon—there was no telling what he might do or say, feeling like this.

The episode that he couldn't explain at all was the swift, unnerving affair over at Borea, with that ripely attractive cousin of Al Knight's, Janet Bulger. He hadn't meant a thing. He didn't like her slightly protruding eyeballs. And her silent expertness had alarmed him. Yet he had kissed her, then snubbed her. She might yet make some claim on him. His cheeks whitened at the thought. Or Clem might find him out—or, worse yet, Martha. He didn't mind Martha's knowing about Clem; that little success put him in the light of having gumption enough to get even. But Martha mustn't think him weak. Still, Borea was twenty-six miles away. "Ought to be all right," he reflected, momentarily relieved, "as long as you can keep 'em that far apart." Ban Widdicombe, now—he wouldn't think anything of managing half a dozen girls in different parts of town; but Ban had a cold gift.

This brooding brought him around the circle again. His misery rose like a wave and overwhelmed him. "It's girls!" he whispered. "I'm all to pieces. Got to cut 'em out! I will cut 'em out!"

He turned then, flushing, wondering if he had been heard, and saw a girl standing by his seat, looking down at him. He hurriedly moved his parcel to the floor.

The girl took the seat, smiled, said,

"Henry, I want to speak to you a minute."

He saw now that it was Mary Ames. He thought, too, as you thought when you paused to consider Mary, that she was pretty, in a quiet way. Ordinarily, you didn't pause to consider her, though she was liked well enough. She fitted unobtrusively into any group, and gave pleasant parties.

Bitterness rose in Henry, had to be gulped down. "I s'pose I'll be trying to make love to Mary next," he reflected. "Why not? I fall for 'em as fast as they come. Doesn't seem to matter who it is."

She was speaking.

"Listen, Henry: I don't think you've met my friend, Ernestine Lambert." Henry gloomily shook his head. "She's sitting over there with me." Mary indicated a seat further down the car. Henry glimpsed a neat little hat and a bit of fluffy hair that was unusually light in color. "She's just come. I met her at the New York train. She's from the East." Mary was not a snob at heart, and put no more than a permissible slight emphasis on this impressive fact. "I want you to meet her. But, first, let me tell you—she sings beautifully, *beautifully*! And she does fancy dancing. And she—oh, you've no idea!—she writes the cleverest little verses and makes pictures for them with water-colors. And she makes the prettiest dinner-cards! I've felt sure you'd be glad to have her in 'Iolanthe.'"

Henry glanced again at the little hat and the fluffy hair, and perversely hardened his heart.

"You can bring her to the rehearsal," he said stiffly. "I'll try her voice."

"Oh, but, Henry, you wouldn't make her stand up there, just like the girls that beg to come in—"

"I might. Can't say."

Rebuffed, Mary looked away, knit her brows a very little, fell back on feminine strategy.

"Come"—she rose—"I want you to meet her. She's going to be awfully popular." And she threw this out with



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"It's girls!" he whispered. "I'm all to pieces. Got to cut 'em out! I will cut 'em out!"

Cupid the Homeopath

a snap in her eyes. "She was Pitti Sing in 'The Mikado,' last spring, at Binghamton, New York."

Henry's teeth were set as he followed along the aisle. And there was a look of resignation on his face. He was thinking: "Lord knows it ain't *my* fault! I did everything I could to keep out of it. They can't blame *me*!"

He stood over the neat hat, beheld a face.

Ernestine Lambert was small, with the littlest of hands and feet. She was dressed better than Henry would ever know. Her face was a thought too plump to be the perfect oval that Henry instantly termed it; the skin was a shade darker than is usual in so pronounced a blonde—tanned a little, very likely; the light hair was silk-fine and of an uncontrollable waviness, and out of this creamy brown oval that was framed in pale spun gold looked the largest, deepest, softest brown eyes Henry had ever seen. "She's golden," he thought, a wave of nervous exultation rising and dashing against the gloom-waves that had so submerged his spirit. "She's all golden—a golden girl!" He was tossing on an emotional chop-sea.

The color that had this afternoon been coming and going like a foolish girl's now returned to Henry's face. His eyes, after a moment of intent gazing, wandered out the car window, then down at his city-grimed hand on the seat-back before her. He withdrew it swiftly and thrust it behind him, then, all hands, plunged both into his pockets. He said,

"I'm pleased to meet you."

Mary Ames saw what Henry was incapable of seeing—the faintest imaginable touch of answering color on the cheek of her guest, followed by a rather unnecessary dropping of the golden-brown eyes. And Mary, while sure now that she had made a place for Ernestine in the opera, was confronted with a possible new problem. She had mentally reserved for Ernestine a tall youth named Elberforce Jenkins, who danced well and possessed a red high cart, which he drove, with polo-ponies, tandem. Besides, by all the laws of the crowd, Henry belonged outright to Clem Snow, as last year he had belonged to Martha Caldwell. Quite without enthusiasm, Mary suggested that Henry sit with Ernestine. He accepted instantly. And, seated alone with her thoughts by his parcel, Mary decided that Henry Calverly was fickle.

Meantime, Ernestine was saying,

"I've heard *such* interesting things about you."

Henry, at this point, became aware that his depression was not gone, only momentarily lighted up. The gloom in his voice surprised himself when he heard it issuing from his lips.

"There's nothing interesting about me."

"Oh, I'm sure there is! I know you sing."

He was shaking his head.

"And Mary wrote that they chose you to direct the opera, and I thought it was pretty wonderful for a boy only seventeen—"

"Eighteen," he muttered, like an explosion far underground. "Not old enough!"

"I—I don't think I know what you mean by that."

"I'm no good."

"Oh, but you are!"

"How could *you* know—possibly—when even the people in Sunbury are wrong about me?"

"Well—of course—it's just the way you seem to me—"

"That's the trouble." There was a quivering in his voice. Ernestine had never heard anyone talk as he was talking. She stole a glance at him, and decided that he was very temperamental and interesting. He was awfully good-looking, too, in spite of spectacles. "That's it—what I seem. I'm always seeming. I fool people. Sometimes I fool myself. But I'm no good." He turned on her. "Did you ever feel a power that comes all of a sudden and makes you feel as if you could do anything—makes you feel like God—"

"O-oh!" breathed Ernestine, frightened but fascinated.

"And then it goes, and you can't even remember how it felt. I'm that way. Sometimes, when I feel it, it seems as if I could do anything. I do wonderful things. Then it goes away, and people expect me to keep on doing wonderful things, and I can't. No good. That's what I mean. Ever feel that way?"

Ernestine was knitting her pretty brows.

"Why, I don't know!" she faltered. "Aren't you afraid of being too—too inspective?"

This didn't seem to be quite the word. They were silent for a minute.

"But I'm sure you've felt a power, kind of, sometimes."

"Well, I've been—but how *could* you be sure? You don't know me."

"I guess it's just the way you make me feel. You must have temperament, or I wouldn't feel so. Why, just think—hear how I'm talking to you—you don't suppose I talk this way to other girls?"

"Why—no!"

"It's the way you make me feel."

She folded her little hands, looked down at them.

"Of course, a girl doesn't usually say much about how she really feels."

"A fellow doesn't, either."

Ernestine thought this over, pursed her lips, shook her head with some emphasis.

"They're more likely to than girls," she said.



Henry lifted the chair, smashed it down. "What right's that old goat got butting in?"

"Sometimes I think"—Henry's eyes were seeing visions through the roof of the car; his voice was hushed and breathy—"sometimes it seems to me that a fellow could do

wonderful things if he had a girl who could understand and sympathize."

Do not judge Henry too harshly. He hadn't known he was going to say that. In fact, the words frightened him into abruptly changing the subject.

"You'll help us with the opera, won't you?" he said.

"Mary's in it, you know."

"Why," she breathed, "if you want me—"

"I do—ever so much!"

"I love to do those things."

"We like almost exactly the same things," said he.

"I'm awfully glad you're not just the usual sort of girl."

"I'm pretty usual," she said demurely.

"Most of the girls around here can't do anything. They haven't any originality at all. I can see that you have."

"I'm afraid you won't think so when you know me better."

Henry's face had been gradually brightening; but now a shadow crossed it.

"S'posing I should fail and get fired from the opera. You wouldn't like me then."

"Why should that make any difference?"

"Oh, it does—with girls. They like you while you're going strong." She looked again at her hands. "Wouldn't it be wonderful"—there was a sudden new light in his eye—"if my just meeting you this way should stir me all up and bring the Power? You know—sometimes it's that way with girls and fellows."

"I suppose it is, sometimes."

"Oh, it is! I know it!" He leaned forward, faced her, rested an arm on the seat-back before them. "Just think: When the train started, I was sitting there alone, and oh, you can't imagine how I felt! I was perfectly discouraged. And I was thinking terrible things—oh, you've no idea!"

"You mustn't think such things."

He spread his hands.

"What can you do when the thoughts come? I really almost made the plan to go to that rehearsal to-night and tell 'em it was all a dreadful mistake—I'd been deceiving 'em. And—and worse things. I'd hardly dare tell you. Everything got so black. I was thinking maybe I'd go down to the lake late to-night and—"

The hush of dramatic horror was in his voice. She was gazing at him with the look of a hypnotic subject in those wonderful eyes. She shivered a little.

"Oh—you mustn't!" she whispered.

"But it's true. That's what I was thinking. And then I met you, and—and I'm changed. I don't feel that way now. Isn't it wonderful, you know, that it could happen that way—in a minute, almost—"

"It is wonderful!" she murmured.

Then her eyes slowly lifted, and, a thought too slowly, the shine died out of them, and the demure expression returned. Henry felt a chill in the atmosphere. He looked around. The train had stopped; passengers were crowding along the aisle; Mary Ames stood there, at his elbow.

"We're at Sunbury," she said dryly.

Henry pressed after the two girls. At the door, however, Mary remarked, in that same dry voice,

"You've forgotten your parcel, Henry."

He had to turn and struggle back against the stream of people. When he finally reached the platform, the Ames' carriage was just disappearing up Simpson Street.

He stood a moment, looking after it. "Ernestine wouldn't have done that," he thought. "It was Mary. She's sly, Mary is." And the warmth that the surprising new experience had brought to his cold and tortured heart continued and spread.

She cared. He was sure of it. "It's love at first sight," he told himself, as he loaded the parcel into a hack. "There is such a thing. There is!"

The pleasantly glowing sensation had an odd if momentary effect on his point of view. He felt no responsibility for what had happened.

It didn't occur to him that he might be thought disloyal to Clemency. He had never felt so kindly toward Clemency as at this moment. The new expansive spirit of gentle tolerance spread out to include Janet, twenty-six miles away. He even found himself thinking, with an impersonal tenderness, of Martha. And he forgave Ban Widdicombe.

After leaving the books at the club and trying the newly tuned piano and arranging the chairs, he hurried down toward Clemency's house. In the new mood, he didn't mind going. Just as a matter of common tact, he might not tell Clem—
not right now; but he didn't mind going.

On the corner, almost at this moment, he met Martha Caldwell face to face. An hour back, it would have been the most awkward thing that could have happened. The two had not spoken a direct word since Ban had cut him out. Friends had avoided inviting them to the same parties. On the few occasions when they had passed, they had bowed with austere dignity.

Martha, he thought, looked nice. She wore a white dress that came down to her shoe-tops. Her abundant hair was tied at the neck with a large pink



bow. The color flamed from her pleasantly freckled face.

Henry stopped short, put out his hand. She faltered, stopped, and extended hers. Not until he started to speak did confusion come to him. Then he could hardly believe the voice was his own. What he said was,

"You—you're going to be with us—in the opera?"

"You mean—you mean—" Her voice was huskier than his.

"Sing in the chorus. Going to be fun, I think."

"Why—why—if you're sure you—"

This direct allusion to the gulf between them was awkward. Both were suddenly redder.

"I have to go down-town—for butter," she said.

"I'm going this way." He couldn't very well say he was going to Clem's. "Got to run. I'm all worn out. No time at all. Remember, country club at eight."

"Of course you must be," said she.

He did nearly run. The glow seemed to have left him. Certainly, he had mixed things. It wouldn't help any to have Martha around at every rehearsal—might cramp him some with Ernestine.

"Why haven't I got a little brains?" he muttered.

In the middle of the next block, he stopped short. He was losing his sense of Ernestine. He couldn't even remember how she looked. He thought irresolutely of going around to the Ames'. He was, I must admit, capable of doing that. But there was Clem expecting him. She had insisted, and he had promised. And, after all, he only had to last until eight o'clock.

Slowly, heavily, he moved toward lower Chestnut Avenue and the great stone residence of William B. Snow that was set back amid huge soft maples and perfect turf.

Clemency herself met him at the door. She wore a smartly cut suit of cream-white broadcloth. Her hair was coiled smoothly on her well-poised head. She was trying to smile. He was unaware of the effort the smile cost her. Very self-assured she seemed to him, very calm. The minute square of black court-plaster that she always wore over her right cheek-bone added a piquant touch to her appearance. In manner, she was brisk to the point of bluntness.

"Come in and sit down," she commanded. "You're frightfully busy, of course. But what I have to say won't take long."

She placed him on the couch in the big living-room and seated herself in a wicker armchair. Even sitting thus, she bore an alert look. Clem never lounged or sat on her foot.

"Henry," she observed, "you're tired." He made a nervous little gesture of assent. His eyes wandered about the room. "Look at me, Henry!" He brought his eyes to her for a moment; then they wandered off again. "Henry—look at me! And, for heaven's sake, keep your hand still! You act like a nervous wreck."

"Quit talking about me," he muttered. "What was it you wanted to say?"

She studied him, decided to go on with it.

"This, Henry: I've begun wrong with you. I've let you kiss me." She paused. With those fidgety hands, he waved her on. "And it won't do! It was foolish. I won't

do foolish things—I won't! The sooner you understand that, Henry Calverly, the better you and I will get along. They're saying now that we're engaged."

Henry went white, sat up.

"Who's saying that?"

"Gossips. They're whispering. Somebody must have seen us. And I won't have it. I won't have it!" She stamped her foot.



"And then came Ernestine, in filmy, creamy fairy princess."

Henry sprang up, walked to the window, stood, hands deep in pockets, feet braced apart, staring out.

"Gosh, it's fierce!" he muttered.

"What are you saying?"

"Nothing."

"Henry"—she stamped again—"turn around! Answer me!"

"I thought, from what you said, *you* had settled it."

"Turn around!"

"I'll quit kissing you, Clem."

"Henry Calverly—turn around! You're rude!"

"What else you got to say?"

"You're rude—I won't talk to you."

"All right; I'll go."

"If that's all you've got to say to me, perhaps you'd better."

His voice failed.

"Henry, for goodness' sake! You are frightening me."

"Good Lord, can't you see I'm scared myself?"

She compressed her lips, thought him over—he had never been so attractive—then said steadily,

"Father and mother are going to the rehearsal to-night—with the MacLoudens."

"Wha—what for?" He stood gripping a chair.

"Mr. MacLouden has some more ideas about the cast. He just got back from Nebraska to-day—"

She was interrupted. Henry lifted the chair, smashed it down.

"What right's that old goat got butting in?"

"Henry—don't shout!"

"Wha'd they tell me to do it for, anyway? I ain't doing it—he is! I won't have him there!" Suddenly his voice

dropped. He looked intently at Clem. "Were *you* thinking of coming?"

"Why, no," she replied very quietly; "I wasn't."

He jerked his fat Waterbury watch from a breast-pocket, stared at it.

"Got to run," he said, hoarsely.

Clem followed him to the door.

"At least," she murmured, "let me wish you good luck, Henry." She extended her hand. He took it gingerly in his. Her lips twisted into a half-smile. She hesitated, lowered her fringed eyelids, and looked at the hand he so lightly held. "You may—this once, Henry—kiss my hand."

Instead of kissing it, however, he dropped it, glared at her, bit his lip, and ran down the stone steps. He walked very rapidly up Chestnut Avenue toward Simpson Street. Jane Bellman reported a few minutes later to her friend Clem that Henry Calverly had cut her dead, had fairly run past her. Which information brought no light to the perturbed Clemency.

At the second crossing, a shamefaced youth stepped from behind a tree and waylaid the madly rushing one.

"Oh, hello, Hen!" he said. "Wait a minute! What's your hurry?" Henry mumbled. "Say, look here: It don't make any difference to me, but—it's this way, you see—Janet's visiting at our house—"

"She is?"

"Yep. Came to-day." Alfred Knight dug with the toe of his shoe at the edge of the plank sidewalk. "From some things she said, I can see that she's sort o' crazy to be in your show. She was awfully good, you know, in Borea."

Janet *had* been good in the Borea performance. She sang Leila.

(Continued on page 135)



white with touches of gold, moving with the grace of a Mary Ames was with her

"Clem, I'm half sick. Let me be—can't you?"

"Why—Henry—"

"Don't you see what's the matter? They've made a terrible mistake. They're going to find it out."

"What on earth, Henry—"

"I can't do it. I'm a bluff. I'm all hollow. I've thought of running away. Or, perhaps, the lake—"

Beyond

A Drama of Heart's Counseling

By John Galsworthy

Author of "The Dark Flower"

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams



He very swiftly knelt down, and, taking her hand, turned it over and put his face to it

WHEN Ghita (or Gyp, as she nicknamed herself when a baby, and as she is called by her friends) was eight years old, her real father, Major Charles Clare Winton, decided that she should henceforth bear his name. This is shortly after the death of the country squire who thought himself the little girl's parent. His wife, Gyp's mother, had died at the birth of her and Winton's child, and the heart-broken lover was just then recalled to his regiment for active service. In Egypt, he lost his right hand. He does not see Gyp until she is seven, and the child becomes devotedly attached to him. The squire, never suspecting the reason, is grateful for Winton's interest in the child and makes him her guardian and trustee. Winton takes the girl to his hunting-box at Mildenhall, and there she is brought up with a governess and her old nurse, Betty. She develops into a sympathetic and lovable girl, with affection for dogs and horses, hunting, and all forms of outdoor life—also for music; she studies hard under a teacher of the piano. Winton's sole passion is for hunting, and he is delighted at Gyp's fondness for the sport, but of music he knows nothing. She spends part of the year with her aunt Rosamund, Winton's sister, in London.

When she is nineteen, Gyp attends the hunt-ball for the first time, and overhears an elderly woman say, referring to her, "Of course he really is her father." The next day she puts the dreaded question to Winton, and he tells her the truth. The girl's only comment is, "I'm glad." Afterward, when she learns that her fortune amounts to over twenty thousand pounds, she says she will take only eight thousand—her mother's estate.

At the age of twenty-three, Gyp, against her father's wishes and not at all sure of her own love, marries a Swedish violinist, Gustav Fiorsen, and soon finds that her husband can never possess her heart. He proves to be selfish, irritable, and jealous, and sometimes drinks to excess. He owes money, which the conscientious Gyp pays. In fact, he seems to have no sense of responsibility whatsoever, and usually behaves like a child. His protestations of love and constancy to Gyp are frequent, but as she comes to know his true character, she puts little faith in their sincerity. Altogether, she realizes that she has made a bad bargain, but is determined to keep to it.

During their first season together in London, they meet a dancer from the music-halls, Daphne Wing. Gyp sees that the girl attracts her husband, but she makes friends with her and has her out to their home in St. John's Wood. A further difficulty for her is that Fiorsen's friend and manager, Count Paul Rosek, makes love to her. After some months, Gyp knows that she is going to have a child. She does not want one; neither does her husband, and he makes a scene when she tells him. Her thoughts now begin to take this shape: "Perhaps he'll get tired of me. If only he would get tired!"

SEPTEMBER and October passed. There were more concerts, not very well attended. Fiorsen's novelty had worn off, nor had his playing sweetness and sentiment enough for the big Public. There was also a financial crisis. It did not seem to Gyp to matter. Everything seemed remote and unreal in the shadow of her coming time. Unlike most mothers to be, she made no garments, no preparations of any kind. Why make what might never be needed? She played for Fiorsen a great deal, for herself not at all, read many books—poetry, novels, biographies—

taking them in at the moment, and forgetting them at once, as one does with books read just to distract the mind. Winton and aunt Rosamund, by tacit agreement, came on alternate afternoons. And Winton, almost as much under that shadow as Gyp herself, would take the evening train after leaving her, and spend the next day racing or cub-hunting, returning the morning of the day after to pay his next visit. He had no dread just then like that of an unoccupied day face to face with anxiety.

Betty, who had been present at Gyp's birth, was in a queer

state. The obvious desirability of such events to one of motherly type defrauded by fate of children was terribly impinged on by that old memory and a solicitude for her "pretty" far exceeding what she would have had for a daughter of her own. What a peony regards as a natural happening to a peony, she watches with awe when it happens to the lily. That other single lady of a certain age, aunt Rosamund, the very antithesis of Betty—a long, thin nose and a mere button, a sense of divine rights and no sense of rights at all, a drawl and a comforting wheeze, length and circumference, decision and the courtesy to providence, humor and none, dyspepsia and the digestion of an ostrich, with other oppositions—aunt Rosamund was also uneasy, as only one could be who disapproved heartily of uneasiness, and habitually joked and drawled it into retirement.

But of all those round Gyp, Fiorsen gave the most interesting display. He had not even an elementary notion of disguising his state of mind. And his state of mind was weirdly, wistfully primitive. He wanted Gyp as she had been. The thought that she might never become herself again terrified him so at times that he was forced to drink brandy and come home only a little less far gone than that first time. Gyp would have to help him to go to bed. On two or three occasions, he suffered so that he was out all night. To account for this, she devised the formula of a room at Count Rosek's, where he slept when music kept him late, so as not to disturb her. Whether the servants believed her or not, she never knew. Nor did she ever ask him where he went—too proud, and not feeling that she had the right.

Deeply conscious of the unesthetic nature of her condition, she was convinced that she could no longer be attractive to one so easily upset in his nerves, so intolerant of ugliness. As to deeper feelings about her—had he any? He certainly never gave anything up, or sacrificed himself in any way. If she had loved, she felt she would want to give up everything to the loved one; but then—she would never love! And yet he seemed frightened about her. It was puzzling! But perhaps she would not be puzzled much longer about that or anything; for she often had the feeling that she would die. How could she be going to live, grudging her fate? What would give her strength to go through with it? And, at times, she felt as if she would be glad to die. Life had defrauded her, or she had defrauded herself of life. Was it really only a year since that glorious day's hunting when dad and she and the young man with the clear eyes and the irrepressible smile had slipped away with the hounds ahead of all the field—the fatal day Fiorsen descended from the clouds and asked for her. An overwhelming longing for Mildenhall had come over her, to get away there, with her father and Betty.

She went at the beginning of November.

Over her departure, Fiorsen behaved like a tired child that will not go to bed. He could not bear to be away from her, and so forth; but when she had gone, he spent a furious bohemian evening. At about five, he woke with "an awful cold feeling in my heart," as he wrote to Gyp next day—"an awful feeling, my Gyp; I walked up and down for hours" (in reality, half an hour at most). "How shall I bear to be away from you at this time? I feel lost." Next day, he found himself in Paris with Rosek. "I could not stand," he wrote, "the sight of the streets, of the garden, of our room. When I come back, I shall stay with Rosek. Nearer to the day I will come; I must come to you." But Gyp, when she read the letter, said to Winton: "Dad, when it comes, don't send for him. I don't want him here."

With those letters of his, she buried the last remnants of her feeling that somewhere in him there must be something as fine and beautiful as the sounds he made with his violin. And yet she felt those letters genuine in a way, pathetic and with real feeling of a sort.

From the moment she reached Mildenhall, she

began to lose that hopelessness about herself; and, for the first time, had the sensation of wanting to live in the new life within her. She first felt it going into her old nursery, where everything was the same as it had been when she first saw it, a child of eight—gazing at her old red doll's house, the whole side of which opened to display the various floors; at the worn Venetian blinds, the rattle of whose fall had sounded in her ears so many hundred times; the high fender, near which she had lain so often on the floor, her chin on her hands, reading Grimm, or "Alice in Wonderland," or histories of England. Here, too, perhaps, this new child would live among the old familiars. And the whim seized her to face her hour in her old nursery, not in the room where she had slept as a girl. She would not like the daintiness of that room deflowered. Let it stay



She deliberately looked in. He and Daphne Wing! His arm was round her neck

the room of her girlhood. But in the nursery—there was safety, comfort! And when she had been at Mildenhall a week, she made Betty change her over.

No one in that house was half so calm to look at in those days as Gyp. Betty was not guiltless of sitting on the stairs and crying at odd moments. Mrs. Markey had never made such bad soups; Markey so far forgot himself as frequently to talk. Winton lamed a horse trying an impossible jump that he might get home the quicker, and, once back, was like an unquiet spirit. If Gyp were in the room, he would make the pretense of wanting to warm his feet or hand just to stroke her shoulder as he went back to his chair. His voice, so measured and dry, had a ring in it that too plainly disclosed the anxiety of his heart. Gyp, always sensitive to atmosphere, felt cradled in all the love about her. Wonderful that they should all care so much! What had she done for anyone, that people should be so sweet—he especially, whom she had so grievously distressed by her wretched marriage? She would sit staring into the fire with her wide, dark eyes, unblinking as an owl's at night—wondering what she could do to make up to her father, whom already once she had nearly killed by coming into life. And she began to practise the bearing of the coming pain, trying to project herself into this unknown suffering, so that it should not surprise from her cries and contortions.

She had one dream over and over again, of sinking and sinking into a feather bed, growing hotter and more deeply walled in by that which had no stay in it, yet through which her body could not fall and reach anything more solid. Once, after this dream, she got up and spent the rest of the night, wrapped in a blanket and the eider-down, on the old sofa where, as a child, they had made her lie flat on her back from twelve to one every day.

Betty was aghast at finding her there asleep in the morning. Gyp's face was so like the child-face she had seen lying there in the old days that she bundled out of the room and cried bitterly into the cup of tea. It did her good.

Going back with the tea, she scolded her "pretty" for sleeping out there,—with the fire out, too!

But Gyp only said:

"Betty darling, the tea's awfully cold! Please get me some more!"



"No, Gustav: go out to the music-

X

FROM the day of the nurse's arrival, Winton gave up hunting. He could not bring himself to be out of doors for more than half an hour at a time. Distrust of doctors did not prevent him having ten minutes every morning with the old practitioner who had treated Gyp for mumps, measles, and the other blessings of childhood. The old fellow—his name was Rivershaw—was a most peculiar survival. He smelled of mackintosh, had round, purplish cheeks, a rim of hair which people said he dyed, and bulging gray eyes slightly bloodshot. He was short in body and wind, drank port



room if you want a companion"

wine, was suspected of taking snuff, read *The Times*, spoke always in a husky voice, and used a very small brougham with a very old black horse. But he had a certain low cunning, which had defeated many ailments, and his reputation for assisting people into the world stood extremely high. Every morning, punctually at twelve, the crunch of his little brougham's wheels would be heard. Winton would get up, and, taking a deep breath, cross the hall to the dining-room, extract from a sideboard a decanter of port, a biscuit-canister, and one glass. He would then stand with his eyes fixed on the door till, in due time, the doctor would appear and he could say:

"Well, doctor? How is she?"

"Nicely; quite nicely."

"Nothing to make one anxious?"

The doctor, puffing out his cheeks, with eyes straying to the decanter, would murmur:

"Cardiac condition, capital—a little—um—not to matter. Taking its course. These things!"

And Winton, with another deep breath, would say,

"Glass of port, doctor?"

An expression of surprise would pass over the doctor's face.

"Cold day—ah, perhaps—"

And he would blow his nose on his purple-and-red bandanna.

Watching him drink his port, Winton would remark,

"We can get you at any time, can't we?"

And the doctor, sucking his lips, would answer:

"Never fear, my dear sir! Little Miss Gyp—old friend of mine. At her service day and night. Never fear!"

A sensation of comfort would pass through Winton, which would last quite twenty minutes after the crunching of the wheels and the mingled perfumes of him had died away.

In these days, his greatest friend was an old watch that had been his father's before him, a gold repeater from Switzerland, with a chipped dial-plate and a case worn wondrous thin and smooth—a favorite of Gyp's childhood. He would take it out about every quarter of an hour, look at its face without discovering the time, finger it, all smooth and warm from contact with his body, and put it back. Then he would listen. There was nothing whatever to listen to, but he could not help it. Apart from this, his chief distraction was to take a foil and make passes at a leather cushion set up on the top of a low book-shelf. In these occupations, varied by constant visits to the room next the nursery, where—to save her the stairs

—Gyp was now established, and by excursions to the conservatory to see if he could not find some new flower to take her, he passed all his time, save when he was eating, sleeping, or smoking cigars, which he had constantly to be relighting.

By Gyp's request, they kept from him knowledge of when her pains began. After that first bout was over and she was lying half asleep in the old nursery, he happened to go up. The nurse—a bonny creature—one of those free, independent, economic agents that now abound—met him in the sitting-room. Accustomed to the "fuss and botheration of men" at such times, she was prepared to deliver him a little

lecture. But, in approaching, she became affected by the look on his face, and, realizing, somehow, that she was in the presence of one whose self-control was proof, she simply whispered:

"It's beginning; but don't be anxious—she's not suffering just now. We shall send for the doctor soon. She's very plucky." And, with an unaccustomed sensation of respect and pity, she repeated, "Don't be anxious, sir."

"If she wants to see me at any time, I shall be in my study. Save her all you can, nurse."

The nurse was left with a feeling of surprise at having used the word "sir." She had not done such a thing since—since— And, pensive, she returned to the nursery, where Gyp said at once:

"Was that my father? I didn't want him to know."

The nurse answered mechanically,

"That's all right, my dear."

"How long do you think before—before it'll begin again, nurse? I'd like to see him."

The nurse stroked her hair.

"Soon enough—when it's all over and comfy. Men are always fidgety."

Gyp looked at her, and said quietly:

"Yes. You see, my mother died when I was born."

The nurse, watching those lips, still pale with pain, felt a queer pang. She smoothed the bedclothes and said,

"That's nothing—it often happens—that is, I mean—you know it has no connection whatever."

And seeing Gyp smile, she thought, "Well, I am a fool."

"If by any chance I don't get through, I want to be cremated; I want to go back as quick as I can. I can't bear the thought of the other thing. Will you remember, nurse? I can't tell my father that just now; it might upset him. But promise me."

And the nurse thought: "That can't be done without a will or something, but I'd better promise. It's a morbid fancy, and yet she's not a morbid subject, either." And she said:

"Very well, my dear; only, you're not going to do anything of the sort. That's flat."

Gyp smiled again, and there was silence till she said:

"I'm awfully ashamed, wanting all this attention and making people miserable. I've read that Japanese women quietly go out somewhere by themselves and sit on a gate."

The nurse, still busy with the bedclothes, murmured abstractedly:

"Yes; that's a very good way. But don't you fancy you're half the trouble most of them are. You're very good, and you're going to get on splendidly." And she thought: "Odd! She's never once spoken of her husband. I don't like it for this sort—too perfect, too sensitive; her face touches you so."

Gyp murmured again,

"I'd like to see my father, please—and rather quick."

The nurse, after one swift look, went out.

Gyp, who had clenched her hands under the bedclothes, fixed her eyes on the window. November! Acorns and the leaves—the nice, damp, earthy smell—acorns all over the grass! She used to drive the old retriever in harness on the lawn covered with acorns and the dead leaves, and the wind still blowing them off the trees—in her brown velvet—that was a ducky dress! Who was it had called her once "a wise little owl," in that dress? And, suddenly, her heart sank. The pain was coming again. Winton's voice from the door said,

"Well, my pet?"

"It was only to see how you are. I'm all right. What sort of a day is it? You'll go riding, won't you? Give my love to the horses. Good-by, dad; just for now."

Her forehead was wet to his lips.

Outside, in the passage, her smile, like something actual on the air, preceded him—the smile that had just lasted out. But when he was back in the study, he suffered—suffered! Why could he not have that pain to bear instead?

The crunch of the brougham brought his ceaseless march over the carpet to an end. He went out into the hall and looked into the doctor's face—he had forgotten that this old fellow knew nothing of his special reason for deadly fear. Then he turned into his study. The wild south wind brought wet drift-leaves whirling against the panes. It was here that he had stood looking out into the dark, when Fiorsen came down to ask for Gyp, a year ago. Why had he not bundled the fellow out, neck and crop, and taken her away? India, Japan—anywhere would have done! She had not loved that fiddler, never really loved him. Monstrous—monstrous! The full bitterness of having missed right action swept over Winton, and he positively groaned aloud. He moved from the window and went over to the bookcase; there, in one row, were the few books he ever read, and he took one out. "Life of General Lee." He put it back and took another, a novel of Whyte-Melville's: "Good for Nothing." Sad book—sad ending! The book dropped from his hand and fell with a flump on the floor. In a sort of icy discovery, he had seen his life as it would be if for a second time he had to bear such loss. She must not—could not die! If she did—then, for him! In old times, they buried a man with his horse and his dog, as if at the end of a good run. There was always that! The extremity of this thought brought relief. He sat down, and, for a long time, stayed staring into the fire in a sort of coma. Then his feverish fears began again. Why the devil didn't they come and tell him something, anything—rather than this silence, this deadly solitude and waiting? What was that? The front door shutting. Wheels. Had that hell-hound of an old doctor sneaked off? He started up. There, at the door, was Markey, holding in his hand some cards. Winton scanned them.

"Lady Summerhay; Mr. Bryan Summerhay. I said, 'Not at home,' sir."

Winton nodded.

"Well?"

"Nothing at present. You have had no lunch, sir."

"What time is it?"

"Four o'clock."

"Bring in my fur coat and the port, and make the fire up. I want any news there is."

Markey nodded.

Odd to sit in a fur coat before a fire, and the day not cold! They said you lived on after death. He had never been able to feel that *she* was living on. She lived in Gyp. And now if Gyp—Death—your own—no great matter! But for her! The wind was dropping with the darkness. He got up and drew the curtains.

It was seven o'clock when the doctor came down into the hall, and stood rubbing his freshly washed hands before opening the study door. Winton was still sitting before the fire, motionless, shrunk into his fur coat. He raised himself a little and looked round dully.

The doctor's face puckered, his eyelids drooped half-way across his bulging eyes; it was his way of smiling.

"Nicely," he said; "nicely—a girl. No complications."

Winton's whole body seemed to swell; his lips opened; he raised his hand. Then, the habit of a lifetime catching him by the throat, he stayed motionless. At last, he got up and said,

"Glass of port, doctor?"

The doctor, spying at him above the glass, thought: "This is the 'Fifty-two.' Give me the 'Sixty-eight'—more body."

After a time, Winton went up-stairs. Waiting in the outer room, he had a return of his cold dread. "Perfectly successful—the patient died from exhaustion!" The tiny, squawking noise that fell on his ears entirely failed to reassure him. He cared nothing for that new being. Suddenly, he found Betty just behind him, her bosom heaving horribly.

"What is it, woman? Don't!"

She had leaned against his shoulder, appearing to have



DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

He moved swiftly to her, and said very low: "Gyp, it is a year since I told you of this. You did not believe me then. I told you, too, that I loved you. I love you more now—a hundred times! Don't move! I am going up to Gustav"

lost all sense of right and wrong, and out of her sobbing, gurgled,

"She looks so lovely—oh dear, she looks so lovely!"

Pushing her abruptly from him, Winton peered in through the just-opened door. Gyp was lying perfectly still, very white; and her eyes, very large, very dark, were fastened on her baby. Her face wore a kind of wonder. She did not see Winton, who stood stone-quiet, watching, while the nurse moved about her business behind a screen. This was the first time in his life that he had seen a mother with her just-born baby. That look on her face—gone right away somewhere, right away—amazed him. She had never seemed to like children, had said she did not want a child. She turned her head and saw him. He went in. She made a faint motion toward the baby, and her eyes smiled. Winton looked at that swaddled, speckled mite; then, bending down, he kissed her hand and tiptoed away.

At dinner, he drank champagne, and benevolence toward all the world spread in his being. Watching the smoke of his cigar wreath about him, he thought, "Must send that chap a wire." After all, he was a fellow being—might be suffering, as he himself had suffered only two hours ago. To keep him in ignorance—it wouldn't do! And he wrote out the form:

All well. A daughter.

WINTON.

and sent it out with the order that a groom should take it in that night.

Gyp was sleeping when he stole up at ten o'clock.

He, too, turned in, and slept like a child.

XI

RETURNING the next afternoon from the first ride for several days, Winton passed the station fly rolling away from the drive-gate with the light-hearted disillusionment peculiar to quite empty vehicles.

The sight of a fur coat and broad-brimmed hat in the hall warned him of what had happened.

"Mr. Fiorsen, sir; gone up to Mrs. Fiorsen."

Natural, but a bore! And bad, perhaps, for Gyp. He asked,

"Did he bring things?"

"A bag, sir."

"Get a room ready, then."

To dine *tête-à-tête* with that fellow!

Gyp had passed the strangest morning in her life, so far. Her baby fascinated her, also the tug of its lips, giving her the queerest sensation, almost sensual; a sort of meltedness, an infinite warmth, a desire to grip the little creature right into her—which, of course, one must not do. And yet, neither her sense of humor nor her sense of beauty were deceived. It was a queer little affair with a tuft of black hair, in grace greatly inferior to a kitten. Its tiny, pink, crisped fingers with their infinitesimal nails, its microscopic curly toes, and solemn black eyes—when they showed, its inimitable stillness when it slept, its incredible vigor when it fed were all, as it were, miraculous. Withal, she had a feeling of gratitude to one that had not killed or even hurt her so very desperately—gratitude, because she had succeeded, performed her part of mother perfectly—the nurse had said so—she, so distrustful of herself! Instinctively, she knew, too, that this was *her* baby, not his, going "to take after her," as they called it. How it succeeded in giving that impression she could not tell, unless it were the passivity and dark eyes of the little creature. Then, from one till three they had slept together with perfect soundness and unanimity. She awoke to find the nurse standing by the bed, looking as if she wanted to tell her something.

"Some one to see you, my dear."

And Gyp thought: "He! I can't think quickly; I ought

to think quickly—I want to, but I can't." Her face expressed this, for the nurse said at once,

"I don't think you're quite up to it yet."

Gyp answered:

"Yes. Only, not for five minutes, please."

Her spirit had been very far away; she wanted time to get it back before she saw him—time to know in some sort what she felt now, what this mite lying beside her had done for her and him. The thought that it was his, too—this tiny, helpless being—seemed unreal. No; it was not his! He had not wanted it, and, now that she had been through the torture, it was hers, not his—never his! The memory of the night when she first yielded to the certainty that the child was coming, and he had come home drunk, swooped on her, and made her shrink and shudder and put her arm round her baby. It had not made any difference. Only—Back came the old accusing thought, from which these last days she had been free: "But I married him—I chose to marry him. I can't get out of that." And she felt as if she must cry out to the nurse:

"Keep him away; I don't want to see him. Oh, please; I'm tired!" She bit the words back; and presently, with a very faint smile, said, "Now I'm ready."

She noticed first what clothes he had on—his newest suit, dark gray, with little lighter lines—she had chosen it herself; that his tie was in a bow, not a sailor's knot, and his hair brighter than usual—as always just after being cut; and surely the hair was growing down again in front of his ears. Then, gratefully, almost with emotion, she realized that his lips were quivering, his whole face quivering. He came in on tiptoe, stood looking at her a minute, then crossed very swiftly to the bed, very swiftly knelt down and, taking her hand, turned it over and put his face to it. The bristles of his mustache tickled her palm; his nose flattened itself against her fingers, and his lips kept murmuring words into the hand with the moist, warm touch of his lips. Gyp knew he was burying there all his remorse, perhaps the excesses he had committed while she had been away from him, burying the fears he had felt and the emotion at seeing her so white and still. She felt that, in a minute, he would raise a quite different face. And it flashed through her: "If I loved him, I wouldn't mind what he did—ever! Why don't I love him? There's something lovable. Why don't I?"



He did raise his face; his eyes lighted on the baby, and he grinned.

"Look at this!" he said. "Is it possible? Oh, my Gyp, what a funny one! Oh, oh, oh!" He went off into an ecstasy of smothered laughter; then his face grew grave and slowly puckered into a sort of comic disgust. Gyp, too, had seen the humors of her baby, of its queer little reddish pudge of a face, of its twenty-seven black hairs, and the dribble at its almost invisible mouth; but she had also seen it as a miracle; she had felt it, and there surged up from her all the old revolt and more against his lack of consideration. It was not a funny one—her baby! It was not ugly. Or, if it were, she was not fit to be told of it. Her arm tightened round the warm, bundled thing against her. Fiorsen put his finger out and touched its cheek.

"It is real—so it is! Mademoiselle Fiorsen! Tk, tk!"

The baby stirred. And Gyp thought: "If I loved, I wouldn't even mind his laughing at my baby. It would be different."

"Don't wake her," she whispered. She felt his eyes on her, knew that his interest in the baby had ceased as suddenly as it came. He touched her hair. And, suddenly, she had a fainting, sinking sensation that she had never yet known. When she opened her eyes again, the economic agent was holding something beneath her nose and making sounds that seemed to be the words, "Well, I am a fool!" repeatedly expressed. Fiorsen was gone.

Seeing Gyp's eyes once more open, the nurse withdrew the ammonia, replaced the baby, and saying, "Now go to sleep," withdrew behind the screen. Like all robust personalities, she visited on others her vexations with herself. But Gyp did not go to sleep; she gazed now at her sleeping baby, now at the pattern of the wall-paper, trying mechanically to find the bird caught at intervals among its brown-and-green foliage—one bird in each alternate square of the pattern, so that there was always a bird in the center of four other birds. And the bird was of green and yellow with a red beak.

On being turned out of the nursery, with the assurance that it was "all right—only a little faint," Fiorsen went downstairs disconsolate. The atmosphere of this dark house where he was a stranger, an unwelcome stranger, was insupportable. He wanted nothing in it but Gyp, and Gyp had fainted at his touch. No wonder he felt miserable. He opened a door. What room was this? A piano! The drawing-room. Ugh! No fire—what misery! He recoiled to the doorway and stood listening. Not a sound. Gray light in the cheerless room; almost dark already in the hall behind him. What a life these English lived—worse than the winter in his old country home in Sweden, where, at all events, they kept good fires. And, suddenly, all his being revolted. Stay here and face that father—and that image of a servant! Stay here for a night of this! Gyp was not his Gyp, lying there with that baby beside her in this hostile house. Smothering his footsteps, he made for the outer hall. There were his coat and hat. He put them on. His bag? He could not see it. No matter! They could send it after him. He would write to her—say that her fainting had upset him, that he could not risk making her faint again, could not stay in the house so near her, yet so far. She would understand. And there came over him a sudden wave of longing. Gyp! He wanted her. To be with her! To look at her, and kiss her, and feel her his own again! And, opening the door, he passed out onto the drive and strode away, miserable and sick at heart. All the way to the station through the darkening lanes, and in the railway carriage going up, he felt that aching wretchedness. Only in the lighted street, driving back to Rosek's, did he shake it off a little. At dinner and after, drinking that special brandy, he nearly lost it; but it came back when he went to bed, till sleep relieved him with its darkness and dreams.

XII

Gyp's recovery proceeded at first with a sure rapidity which delighted Winton. As the economic agent pointed out, she was beautifully made, and that had a lot to do with it.

Before Christmas day, she was already out, and on Christmas morning the old doctor, by way of present, pronounced her fit and ready to go home when she liked. That afternoon, she was not so well, and next day back again up-stairs. Nothing seemed definitely wrong, only a sort of desperate lassitude—as if the knowledge that to go back was within her power, only needing her decision, had been too much for her. And since no one knew her inward feelings, all were puzzled except Winton. The nursing of her child was promptly stopped. (Continued on page 120)



He did not immediately rise, but stared hard at Gyp. "Ah," he said, at last, "my little old friend! She has come back! Now, that is good!"



DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"But it was *here* that he died!" And she struck her beautiful bosom fiercely, as though it had been an anvil. Little Millie May shivered. "Oh, poor Goldie! And what did you do then?"

What Would You Have Done in *Her* Place?

Gratitude is classed by psychologists among the unpleasant emotions. So it is really human to avoid indulging in it. But there is another element of character which no one can fail to reckon with or thrust entirely from the heart in deciding what to do were one placed in such a curious position as is Millie May. Do you see what it is?

By Edith Macvane

Illustrated by

James Montgomery Flagg

MILLIE MAY JEWETT was tired. Not an ordinary dead tired, or even dog-tired, but a swimmy, marble-legs, spots-floating-before-the-eyes sort of tiredness that made it seem a matter of perfect indifference if she managed even to live to Saturday night and get her envelop. And, to cap the climax, it seemed as though everybody in New York, just this very afternoon, wanted gloves—and wanted them tried on, too—six pairs at a time.

Millie May was at the "gloves." Last spring, before she was taken down with typhoid, she had been at the "notions." Which meant that the firm, after her illness, had not only treated her square and taken her back but had promoted her as well—to seven dollars and a half a week instead of six and a half. At the hospital, too, she had received the best of treatment during her illness and the convalescence that followed. If by the time she was finally discharged as cured, her strength was a matter of theory rather than of fact, the trouble was with the wickedly destructive nature of typhoid itself, not with the provision made by society for girls in Millie May's position. She was able to walk; so it was clear that her bed at the hospital must be given to some one who couldn't. And Millie May, having no money and no means of supplying her defective capital, must go back to work for a living.

Which, in theory, works out like an example in the back of the arithmetic. This did not hinder, however, the fact that, at the end of a few weeks' work, what with the poor air, and the strain of standing on her feet all day, and the effort of remembering her stock and waiting on her customers, she found that her returning strength seemed to have halted at some half-way station, and her knees just got heavier and her head lighter with each busy, crowded winter day that passed by.

This afternoon, the rush was on in full force. "Yes, madam; sure they wash—dry out pliable's new— Men's gloves other side of the aisle— No, madam; those elbow suède mentioned in yest'day's ad are all sold out— Corsets? Take the elevator, second floor to the left— Yes, madam; I gotta send down to the stock-room for the other four pairs to make the dozen of thirty-button whites. They'll be here in five minutes if you'll kindly wait—"

And so on. The last order, which was for a girl in magnificent ermine furs, whose profession was written as with a finger on her beautiful dark face, caused Millie May a



She began to climb out of the satin-covered bed. "I gotta go! Where are my clothes?"

sudden heartburning. "She buys five-dollar gloves by the dozen, while I, who've always lived straight as a string, gotta trot and fetch an' carry for her like I was her hired help," was Millie May's angry thought. And following a blind, implicit instinct, as though to prove to herself and to the universe that the said straightness was the result of high moral principles and not for the lack of personal attractions, she tossed her pretty little golden head with a weary coquetry as a new customer pushed into the throng on the other side of the aisle.

"Men's gloves, other side o' the aisle," she repeated, for the fifty-seventh time this afternoon.

The new customer, a sleek, fresh-colored young man in a fur-lined overcoat of marked elegance, smiled at her gaily.

"But I don't want men's gloves, this time. I want to see suèdes, elbow-length, for a lady."

A little excited color sprang into Millie May's pale face, and a little giggly tone into her voice as she demanded,

"Suède—what color?"

The customer, instead of answering, surveyed her with outspoken pity.

"You poor kid, you're as sick and tired as a dawg, aren't you? Say, it just makes me sick, too, to see a sweet little queen like you slaving here to fit the paws of a bunch of mutts! Where you otta be is in one of these swell six-room flats, all black oak and Bokhara rugs, with some lucky fellow fetching his envelop home to you Saturday nights—"

Millie May's bloodless face flushed to a geranium red. Not that she had never heard such expressions before. In fact, the young shoe salesman from Boston, Florence's cousin, who had been Millie May's escort on the Coney

Island party last June, just before the disastrous typhoid, had used almost the same words. Why was it that the picture of the little flat, which last spring had thrilled her and whose remembrance remained like a secret yearning, failed in this instant to touch any responsive chord? Was it on account of the speaker's eyes, which, belying the honest friendliness of his words, traveled from her slim form to her big blue eyes with too vividly bold an interest? At any rate, Millie May pulled him up shortly,

"What size?"

For answer, he demanded what size she wore herself, bought a pair of pale-gray suede, elbow-length, and when the parcel came, tried to crowd it on her as a belated Christmas present. And, in the same breath, he begged her for a date to go to dinner and the "movies" with him, that very evening.

Millie May's "No!" to both propositions was as prim and unbending as her careful bringing-up and her rigid little code of conduct demanded. How far was this code the result of immovable conviction, and how far the result of lack of opportunity? Swell young men offering classy invitations and expensive presents did not come Millie May's way every day. And though she had thrown the young man down, as was her duty, still, even after he had disappeared in the crowd, instinct told her that he had not gone far. When closing-time came, would she find him waiting for her near the salespeople's exit? Her heart beat fast, sending a flush of life through her dragging limbs.

But an hour later, when, buttoned up into her little imitation astrakhan jacket, Millie May stepped out into the brightly lit February night, she was too numb in mind and body even to glance about her. After the suffocating heat of the store, the icy outdoor air pierced her like a knife. Heavily she dragged herself along the slippery sidewalk.

Suddenly, a stout lady in Russian sables, sweeping out to her limousine, jostled against the slowly moving little figure. At that same instant, Millie May's foot struck a ridge of ice, and her head took a sudden dizzy turn. The next thing she knew she was flat on the icy sidewalk and content to lie there without moving, in the delicious relaxation that comes to exhausted muscles even upon frozen bricks.

Far away, as though coming to her at the bottom of a well, she heard voices—first, a throaty, important sort of woman's voice, declaring:

"There, I'm sorry; but that was her fault! She ought to

have looked where she was going." Then, a younger, fresher voice that replied:

"Do you think we ought to take her into the car, mamma?"

A flutter of the eyelids told Millie May that the stout lady who had bumped into her, with a young girl, was bending above her. Other faces, too—swimming in a kind of dark confusion; she was aware of the young man in the



She was aware of the young man in the fur overcoat again, and she listened, with a perfectly detached in-

terest, to the voices that played like waves above her.

"I suppose," boomed the throaty voice doubtfully, "we might take her into the car to some sort of institution—I know we subscribe to lots of places."

"She works in the store! I seen her, but I don't know her name!" piped up the shrill voice of a cash-girl.

Then the masculine voice spoke decidedly, falling down to Millie May as from the rim of a well where she lay hopelessly, profoundly submerged.

Away down in the dark bottom of the well where she lay, Millie May made a frantic effort to deny, to protest, to call out for aid. Her enfeebled will failed, however, to dominate the weakness of the fainting flesh. And, unable to produce any sound beyond a faint murmur, she was conscious of the growing clash of far-away voices above her head. A new voice, slightly hoarse but oddly mellow and seductive, and just now pitched to a muffled tone of indignant rage, breathed above her.

"Say, you, Percy Wickman, where are you carryin' that kid off to?"

"I'm carrying her home to her mother, don't you see?"

"Oh, you black liar! You know where you're carryin' her off to! Here—leggo that girl!"

"And what'll happen to her?"

"I—I'll take her myself!"

The young man's answering laugh was of an ugly quality which penetrated even the torpor of the prostrate girl.

"It's all over; I'm dead, and this is hell!" the horrifying thought shot through her, as the laughter's voice turned into a whisper that hissed like a snake.

"You, Goldie—you're a peach to take charge of an innocent girl! Here—leggo her hand, or I'll call the poliee!"

"Do you want *me* to call the police, Percy?"

There was a pause, during which the current generated by two furiously opposing human wills snapped and crackled above Millie May's motionless head with such violence as almost to galvanize her into life. She made a violent effort to call for help—opened her eyes a moment, and this time fell back fainting in good earnest. For any spark of that small vital flame known as Millie May Jewett, it might as well have been the girl's dead body that was hastily picked up and deposited tenderly on the cushions of the waiting limousine.

II

A SWEET and brooding perfume, almost oppressive in its combination of sachet-powder and of cut flowers, was the first sensation which marked

Millie May's return to life. Her hands, stirring feebly, were aware of the smoothness of satin below them; while her soul, streaming home with the violence of a falling star, demanded: "Is this me? What am I? Where am I?" And her blue eyes, flying wide open, found themselves staring into the smiling face of a smart, white-capped negress, bending compassionately over her.

"Fo' the Lawd's sake! Here she is wakin' up! Miss



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

lifting her head to his knee. Then her heavy lids fell to rest, to the voices that played like waves above her.

"I know her well. I'll take her home myself directly. Her mother keeps a delicatessen shop down on Ninth Avenue and Eleventh Street. Poor Mrs. Mulhausen! She'll be scared to pieces to see Lily like this. Come on, you poor kid!"



"Millie May, do you know that woman?"

serving in the midst of so much gorgeousness, took in a startled breath and desperately sought for words in which to express her gratitude. The newcomer, however, spoke quickly.

"You poor kid—you're a whole lot better already, aren't you, dearie?"

The voice, slightly hoarse but oddly mellow and seductive, struck with a curiously familiar note on the ears of the prostrate girl. The beautiful dark face bending over her—where was it that she had seen it before? The next instant, with an odd thrill of misgiving, Millie May perceived that the brilliant tints of the lips and cheeks at which she was staring were obviously and flagrantly artificial. And, at the same moment, as her quick eye read the impalpable, unmistakable signs which had set their tragic seal on that beautiful, painted face, remembrance flashed upon her. The girl in the splendid ermine furs, who bought long white gloves by the dozen, and who, for months past, had been the object of Millie May's mingled envy and horror—this was she! This was her house! And Millie May was here alone! With what object had she been carried here, while she lay helpless and unconscious?

In a shock of terror that almost robbed her of her breath, Millie May recalled certain stories she had read in the newspapers, various rumors and warnings wherein she and her mates, with goose-flesh running down their spines, had whispered among each other of that fear which runs like a slimy undercurrent beneath their little world. And now it was her turn! Terror caught her by the throat. She began to climb out of the satin-covered bed.

"I gotta go! Where are my clothes? What was in that cup o' stuff I drank? Oh, where are my clothes? Lemme go, or I'll scream!" she cried wildly.

This time, there was no doubting the genuineness of the crimson which dyed her hostess's face. For an instant, the two girls remained glaring at each other. Then, to her infinite amazement, Millie May saw the scarlet Cupid's bow begin to twitch, and the bold, dark eyes swim and soften in a sudden glittering moisture.

"Your clothes are there, on the chair. When you're dressed,

Goldie! Here she is all right at last!" cried the hearty tones of the maid, raised as though to catch the ear of some one in the next room. Then Millie May was aware of a cup of warm milk with brandy in it being held to her lips.

"Now drink dat, honey!" came the command, and she gratefully obeyed. The next moment, renewed life flowed like quicksilver through the girl's veins. She raised her head.

"What's happened? Where am I?" she cried, staring in bewilderment from the brocaded hangings of the large bed wherein she was lying to the dimly desecrated elegance of the half-lit room dwindling off in visions of tightly drawn red-satin window-curtains and shining plate-glass mirrors. The next instant, there was a quick step, a swish of silk, a gust of new perfume, and the tall, slim figure of a strange woman, wrapped in a pink negligée of surpassing and bewildering elegance, bent suddenly over the satin-covered bed. Poor little Millie May, feeling herself very humble and unde-



The harsh, horrified tones were beyond Millie May's recognition as those of her lover

Florence'll take you to the front door. And—and thank you very much for the polite way you're behavin' to me, when I was just tryin' to treat you a little bit decent. Good-by!"

Millie May, sitting unsteadily on the edge of the magnificent bed, snatched at her cheap little black-cotton stockings. But just the same, across her bewildered brain shot a new perception, fairly staggering in its novelty. Of what was owing to her, as an honest working girl, from her employers and from society at large, she had heard and thought much. That she, in her turn, had certain obligations which she must fulfil or else be branded as a quitter had never before occurred to her mind. The thought was perhaps not so fully defined, but it was there, as through Millie May's self-centred, narrow little soul, just now fiercely strung up on the defensive, there rushed the realization that this other girl had been good to her, and now in return was being made to cry.

"I beg your pardon," faltered Millie May; "you've been awful kind to me. Thank you, ma'am—miss—ma'am—" She broke off in trembling confusion, as her utter physical weakness laid its grip once more on her failing limbs. "It's time I was goin'!" she finished, and reached for her shabby white-topped boot.

The effort at stooping finished her. The next moment, she found herself once more deposited in the downy softness of the bed, with the hot-water bottle at her feet and the satin coverlet drawn up under her chin. And her hostess, bending anew over her, spoke with subdued violence.

"Don't be a darned fool! Don't kill yourself gettin' up when you're sick, and don't scream till you're hurt! An' most of all, don't treat people like rats when they're tryin' to do you a good turn. Those two swell dames that knocked you down, there outside the store—I didn't see them pickin' you up an' carryin' you home—not so's you'd notice it! For all that they'd 'a' stirred a little finger to help you, Percy Wickman might 'a' carried you off, as he's done many another girl, spite o' the police, with his hot air about knowin' your family an' takin' you home to your mother—"

"Percy—the young man that wanted to give me the gloves? Why, he don't know my family, an' I haven't any mother!" faltered Millie May.

The other girl nodded grimly.

"So he's been coughin' gloves for you, has he? Well,

that's a sign he meant business, 'cause Percy's the grand little tight-wad in the red-light district. And slick, too. The police have been after him for three years, an' never nailed him yet. Say, kid, instead o' yelpin' at me, I sh'd think you might own at least it was lucky I happened along to get you out o' his grip!"

"Thank you," murmured Millie May, completely subdued by weakness and her sense of her own ingratitude. "You've been awful good to me, and I'm just as grateful as I can be—"

Her hostess waved her thanks impatiently aside.

"I'm not one of these uplifters, out after gratitude! All I want is to be treated like a lady, an' not like a white slaver in the 'movies.' Look here: What's your real name?"

Millie May told her. The other girl laughed grimly.

"I knew Percy was lyin'! Well, no matter now. Listen: My name's Goldie Altamont—at least, that's my name here in N' York. I know—you an' your

kind think I'm too rotten to touch with the tongs, and mebbe you're right. An' then again, mebbe you're not. I'm on the square, anyhow. I don't say that this house is exactly a young ladies' boardin'-school. But while you're in it, you'll be treated right, or I'll know the reason why. This is my chum's room. She's gone to Palm Beach for a month with—a friend. So there's no reason you shouldn't stay, if you'd like to. I'll arrange with the madam. And if you don't feel quite as safe as you might, why Florence'll sit up with you to-night, an' to-morrow I'll have a man in to put steel bolts on these two doors an' the window, too, so's you can fasten them from the inside."

Goldie's voice rose urgently, full of an unconscious wistfulness. Millie May stared up at her in feeble surprise.

"You're askin' me to stay on for a visit?" she demanded suspiciously, with a sharp recurrence of her former fears. And, involuntarily, she added, "Why?"

Again Goldie's face flushed to that hot crimson.

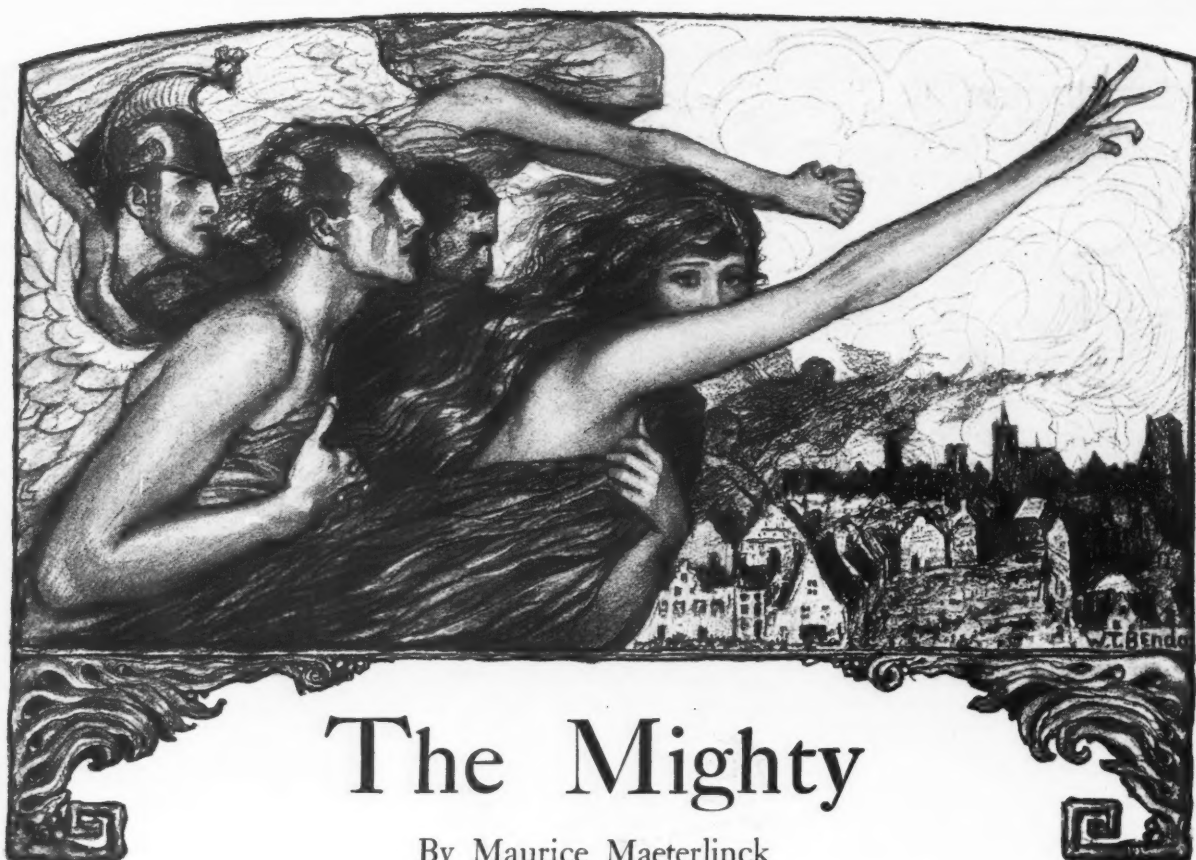
"You think I gotta have my reasons? Well, mebbe even the toughest of us gets sick of just pluggin' on one day after another, thinkin' o' nothin' but number one. Why, even a dog don't do that, does he? An' then, mebbe you make me think of a little sister I had once—or may have now, for all I know. My family ain't written me in five years." Her painted face twitched. "Well, no matter. But as you laid there on that icy sidewalk, with your hat fallen off an' your hair all tumbled sideways, why—it's funny, but you looked just like my kid sister useta, when she was small an' I useta put her to bed. She was as fair as I'm dark—awful pretty hair she had, just like yours. Good-night."

Goldie Altamont, having locked the doors and whispered minute directions to Florence concerning the care of the sick girl through the night, tiptoed away to her adjoining room. Her lips were strangely pinched, and her beautiful dark eyes burned with a tragic fire, as, with the help of the maid, she wearily made her sumptuous toilet for the evening.

III

A WET Sunday afternoon, about three weeks later, Goldie came strolling into Millie May's room, with a fur-trimmed automobile bonnet dangling from her hand and a bored frown on her brilliantly tinted face.

(Continued on page 142)



The Mighty

By Maurice Maeterlinck

Decoration by W. T. Benda

IN "A Beleaguered City," a little book which, in its curious way, is a masterpiece, Mrs. Oliphant shows us the dead of a provincial town suddenly waxing indignant over the conduct and the morals of those inhabiting the town which they had founded. They rise up in rebellion, invest the houses, the streets, the market-places, and, by the pressure of their innumerable multitude, all-powerful though invisible, repulse the living, thrust them out of doors, and, setting a strict watch, permit them to return to their rooftrees only after a treaty of peace and penitence has purified their hearts, atoned for their offenses, and insured a more worthy future.

There is, undoubtedly, a great truth beneath this fiction, which appears too far-fetched because we perceive only material and ephemeral realities. The dead live and move in our midst far more really and effectually than the most venturesome imagination could depict. It is very doubtful whether they remain in their graves. It even seems increasingly certain that they never allowed themselves to be confined there. Under the tombstones, where we believe them to lie imprisoned, there are only a few ashes, which are no longer theirs, which they have abandoned without regret, and which, in all probability, they no longer deign to remember. All that was themselves continues to have its being in our midst. How, and under what aspect? After all these thousands, perhaps millions, of years, we do not yet know, and no religion has been able to tell us with satisfying certainty, though all have striven to do so; but we may, by means of certain tokens, hope to learn.

Without further considering a mighty but obscure truth,

EDITOR'S NOTE—Maeterlinck is no dreamer or reasoner from preconceived ideas. His work will stand as a monument to the success of the inductive method. All who are familiar with his investigations of the psychic mysteries of life recognize the value of his conclusions and regard him as a safe guide. Furthermore, like Spinoza, Goethe, and our own Emerson, he seems to have been granted a vision of the universe beyond the material and ephemeral realities, and his writings have, in consequence, a very special and fascinating appeal through their enlightening contributions to that subject of passionate curiosity—the Great Unknown. We do not believe that the matter of this essay will be alien to the heart or unwelcome to the mind of any human being in the world to-day.

which it is, for the moment, impossible to state precisely or to render palpable, let us concern ourselves with one which cannot be disputed. Whatever our religious faith may be, there is, in any case, one place where our dead cannot perish, where they continue to exist as really as when they were in the flesh and often more actively; and this living abiding-place, this consecrated spot, which for those whom we have lost becomes heaven or hell according as we draw close to or

depart from their thoughts and their desires, is in us.

And their thoughts and their desires are always higher than our own. It is, therefore, by uplifting ourselves that we approach them. It is we who must take the first steps, for they can no longer descend; whereas, it is always possible for us to rise. For the dead, whatever they have been in life, become better than the best of us. The least worthy of them, in shedding the body, have shed its vices, its little-nesses, its weaknesses, which soon pass from our memory as well; and the spirit alone remains, which is pure in every man and able to desire only what is good. There are no wicked dead, because there are no wicked souls. This is why, as we purify ourselves, we restore life to those who are no more, and transform our memory, which they inhabit, into heaven.

And what was always true of all the dead is far more true to-day, when only the best are chosen for the tomb. In the region which we call the kingdom of the shades and which, in reality, is the ethereal region and the kingdom of light, there are, at this moment, perturbations no less profound than those which we are experiencing on the surface of our earth. The young dead are (Concluded on page 152)

Marjorie Jones' Picnic

*Penrod
experiences the
Fickleness of Favor*

By Booth Tarkington

Illustrated by Worth Brehm

THE surest of all weather-signs is this: when boys are interested in the weather on Wednesday, anxious about it on Thursday, and worried about it on Friday, either a circus or some sort of a picnic is set for Saturday.

This time, approaching the last Saturday in May, the meteorological observations of Penrod Schofield and Samuel Williams foretold a picnic. Marjorie Jones, the prettiest little girl in all the world, had invited her friends (particularly including Penrod) to straw-ride out to her uncle's farm, there to disport themselves for the afternoon, and then straw-ride home again. No possible doubt was left in any mind that Refreshments were intended, and, on Saturday morning, Penrod and Sam had absolute proof of what was in store. They were invited to be at Marjorie's at half-past one; and as they sat in Penrod's front yard at about eleven, doing nothing whatever but looking forward to the great times ahead, they saw a caterer's wagon pass—a vehicle known to them as "Beck's ice-cream wagon." The driver wore a new straw hat and had just lit a large cigar. Here were overwhelming significances: a freshly lit cigar in the mouth of a driver may well mean that his drive will be a long one, and Who might better wear a new hat than a man taking ice-cream to a Party? Penrod and Sam did not deliberately observe, deduct, and apply, but they felt these things. At their age, nutrition is still the strongest instinct.

"I bet you," said Sam, "I bet you he's on his way out *here!*"

And the tone of his voice, as he said, "*out there!*" was that in which a confident Wall Street operator can easily be imagined to pronounce the words, "*Forty Million Dollars!*"

"Yes, sir!" cried Penrod.

Then, overcome by the future, both of them were unable to restrain their feelings; they rolled in the grass, shouting; they waved their feet in the air.

"Yay!" Sam shouted.

"Whee-ee!" So Penrod expressed his ecstasy.

There was nothing but sunshine in their world; the morning air stirred upon them, warm yet lively, and they had not learned that the hour before the Party may be merrier than the Party itself. Very likely, therefore, they were the two happiest creatures on the earth just then, and certainly



"My goo'ness," the larger called to him, "what fer you had to go an' ack so mad? Ack like you goin' to tear me an' Verman's heads off!"

their behavior indicated such a probability. They rose to gyrate, to hop, to leap in the air, to chuckle, to bellow uncouthly, and to prance grotesquely. They exchanged buffets and even kicks of congratulation.

"Yay!" shouted Sam finally. "I'm goin' home to get dressed up!" And he galloped out of the gate, making it evident that his departure was equestrian.

"So'm I!" Penrod called after him. "Whoa, you Bill! Git up there now!"

He entered the house in a manner so heartily inspired by that of his friend—it was fortunate indeed that no one had a headache. Indoors, he was unable to dismount, even throughout the processes of a Party toilet, but remained upon horseback, to the frequent inconvenience of his mother and sister, who felt called upon to assist him for their own credit.

Sam came by for him at one o'clock, and they cantered down the street to where two big wagons, filled with straw and decorated with bunting, stood before Marjorie Jones' sacred gate. Then, for a time, both boys became hushed and polite; in fact, they remained in this sweet condition all the way to the farm, Penrod sitting by Marjorie, who was naturally a little self-important, and Sam sitting by Mabel Rorebeck, who seemed resigned to that neighborliness.

But when the farm was reached and the children had jumped down from the wagons, the time had come, of course, for all the boys to show what bold stuff they were made of. Within ten minutes after their arrival, Penrod fell out of a

Marjorie Jones' Picnic

tree to the pleasant accompaniment of shrieks and commiseration from Marjorie and other surprised little girls. They were not horrified, because the tree was only an apple-tree and Penrod fell from its lowest branch. What was additionally reassuring, several unimpressed boys instantly accused him of doing it on purpose, and his denials were feeble. In fact, the performance was almost a fiasco; but he presently redeemed it—at least in the eyes of Marjorie—by some grandeurs in the presence of a calf.

This calf was standing in an enclosure in the barn-lot, and it frightened Marjorie by approaching the fence as she passed and suddenly shaking its head to get rid of a fly. Marjorie supposed the action to be a threatening gesture personal to herself, and she jumped and screamed. Without hesitation, Penrod climbed the fence, leaped straight down into the enclosure, not three feet from the calf, and laughed scornfully as Marjorie besought him to return.

"Fuff!" he sneered (at the calf, not at Marjorie). "Get away from here, you ole calf, you!"

And as the calf extended its nose toward him curiously, Penrod slapped that nose with his open hand.

"Hop, you ole calf, you!" he commanded. Then, with other contemptuous blows, he began to chase the creature about the enclosure, protracting this recreation until a man's voice was heard hoarsely shouting from the dark interior of the barn:

"Here, you! You leave that calf alone!" Whereupon Penrod rejoined Marjorie, feeling that he had appeared to advantage.

"They can't hurt you much," he informed her, alluding to calves. "Not if you go right up to 'em and kind of slap 'em on the nose, like I do."

"Ooh!" she cried. "I *couldn't*!" And her wonderful eyes showed what she thought of him.

"Not girls," he said graciously. "Girls wouldn't be s'posed to."

The children trooped over the place, exploring and skylarking, a jolly band running everywhere, and looking, at a little distance, like *confetti* thrown on the breeze. Presently they all lined up against the hither side of a rail fence, staring earnestly; for beyond was a two-acre lot of dried and cracked mud, pitted and wavy, but at about the middle of it there remained a black wallow, still wet, wherein reposed a ponderous sow and nine pigs. Gazing upon these, the whole Party paused, fascinated. Penrod climbed to the top of the fence and sat there.

"You better get down off that fence, Penrod," Georgie Bassett warned him. "When they've got pigs, everybody knows they're the most dangerous animals there is. If that ole mother pig ever looked around once and took after you—"

"That's nothin'," Maurice Levy interrupted. "That ole thing couldn't run all the way here before you could jump down from the fence, could she? I ain't afraid to get up on the fence myself."

"Neither am I," said Sam. And he and Maurice forthwith mounted to sit beside Penrod, whereupon most of the other boys also climbed the fence and began to shout tauntingly at the mother and her brood.

"Please come down, Penrod!" Marjorie pleaded. "That man in the barn said nobody better go near the pigs, and said that old one was bad as he could be. I heard of a little boy that was killed by one once, and he ate him up, too. Please come down!"

Penrod laughed heartily.

"Fuff! I wouldn't be afraid to walk right up to that ole thing," he said. "If I *felt* like it, I'd walk right up and slap her on the nose."

But the boast produced a poor effect. All the other boys shouted in mockery; they howled, echoing in many keys Penrod's unfortunate provisional clause, "If I *felt* like it," and Penrod became pink.

"I would, too!" he cried.

"Yes, you would!" they shouted. "If you *felt* like it!"

And Master Roddy Bitts was fain to climb down from the fence and attempt a somersault to assuage pangs of laughter.

"I would!" the badgered Penrod insisted, though he, too, had heard the story of the little boy who was eaten. "I wouldn't be afraid to, *any* day. I'd do it right now, if—if—"

He paused, but the injurious chorus loudly finished the sentence for him—"If you *felt* like it."

"I wouldn't be afraid to push a house over," said Maurice Levy, and added, "if I *felt* like it."



He jumped down into the pig-lot, picked and, running toward the sow,

"I'd go right up to a nelephant!" shouted Sam, making himself heard over the shrill riot that rewarded Maurice's waggishness. "I'd go right up to a nelephant and twist his ole trunk—if I *felt* like it!"

Other wits declared themselves in like manner, describing dangers they would confront—if they *felt* like it—and Penrod began to see that the hateful clause threatened to become his badge of shame for the whole day, and perhaps permanently. Somehow, it was fastening itself upon him horribly; and the more he vociferated, "I would, too!" the less such defense availed him. He was outshouted and howled down by force of numbers. All in a moment, he fell

from the position of one having prestige among his fellows to that of the butt of their derision. He was the loudest yet the lowest there, a joke—all on account of a few simple words. And with Marjorie Jones looking on!

"Yes, you would!" rang the horrid cry. "You would, if you *felt* like it!"

The desperate boy slowly climbed down into the enclosure and walked toward the family in the wallow.

The mockers were stilled, but Marjorie cried loudly:

"Oh, Penrod, come back! Penrod, *please* come back!"

On went the rash Penrod.

The mother of the pig family, already annoyed by the unusual shouting from the fence, lifted her head and looked inscrutably at the slowly approaching visitor. She perceived that he was a stranger, not formidable in size and of unknown purpose, and she was not alarmed. However, the better to study him, she raised the fore part of her ponderous person, without disturbing the rest of her or her

and he assumed what he intended to be a placative expression.

"Piggy, piggy?" he said, in an inquiring tone. "Nice ole piggy? I won't hurt you, piggy."

All at once, the sow decided that it would be better if this boy went away. She rose aft as well as forward, upsetting the pigs, who protested passionately, and her intense gaze became disquieting. At the same time, she lifted her head and operated her nostrils in a manner strange and new to Penrod.

"Piggy, piggy?" he quavered. "I won't hurt you."

This friendly promise appeared to decide a question in the mind of the mother of the family. With the frantic voices of her offspring sounding in her ears, she advanced a few steps toward Penrod, and then, as he turned uncertainly away, she increased her speed surprisingly and charged.

Penrod gulped once, and ran for the fence, whence came shrieks both of fright and derision. But, closely pursued, he felt that the animal would be upon him if he paused to climb the fence, which was much too high to be either jumped or vaulted, and, before he reached it, he swerved, and ran toward the other side of the lot. The sow was not far behind him, and, though it would be an exaggeration to say that Penrod "gave himself up for lost," his state of mind was lamentable.

"Help!" he shrieked, undoubtedly with some hoarseness. "Help! Help! Help! *Hay-ulp!*"

Thereupon, a small farm-boy, in blue overalls, blue shirt, and broken-coned old straw hat of volcanic shape—a stocky, sunburned little boy, a full head shorter than Penrod—this boy appeared over the top of the farther fence. He jumped down into the pig-lot, picked up a stick from the ground in a businesslike manner, and, running toward the sow, intervened between her and the fleeing Penrod.

"You git back to yer pigs!" he said.

The sow halted, turned, received a rap from the stick, and thoughtfully rejoined her family.

"Come on," the boy said to

Penrod; "I'll take you back to where all them other chulder'n is. *She* won't do nothin' to you long as she sees you're with me."

Thus, under escort, the panting and solemn Penrod returned to the Party, and his soul was disturbed by misgivings and uncomfortable presages.

"Yay, Penrod!" Sam bellowed, as his friend and the little guardian farm-boy climbed the fence. "Why didn't you *feel* like it?"

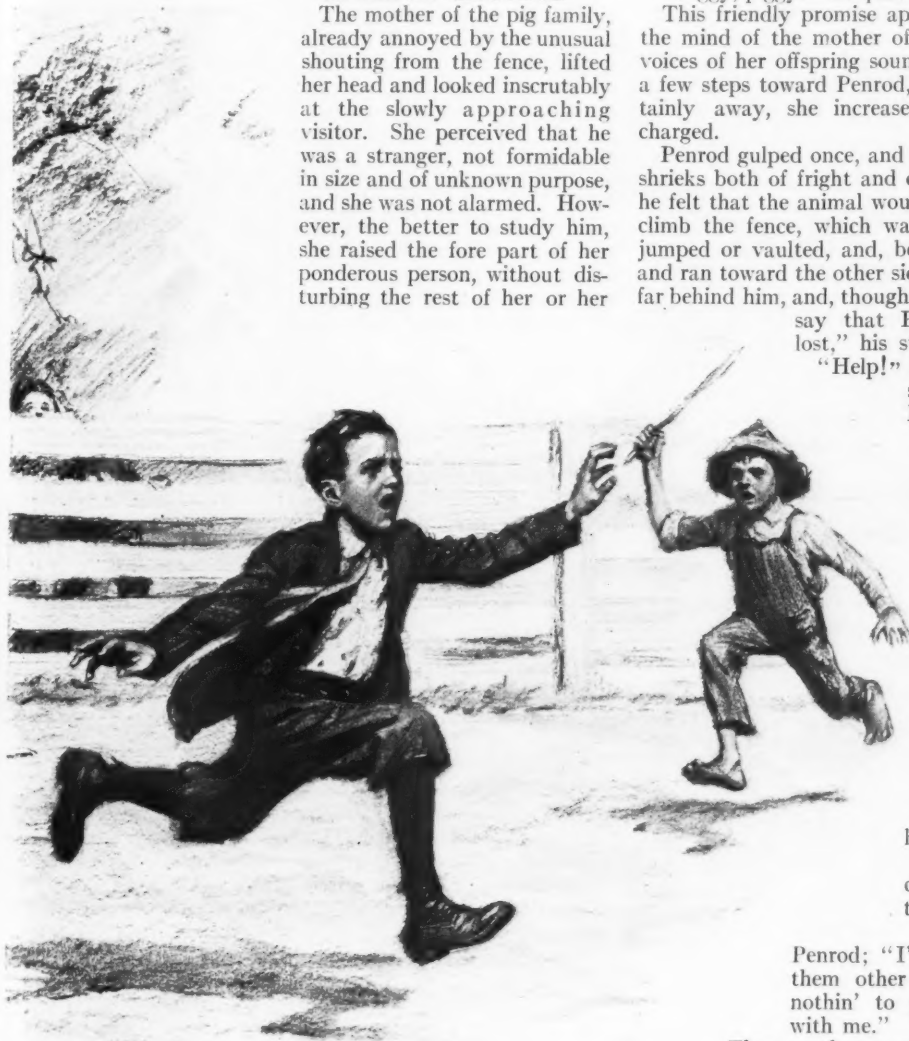
There followed a vicious explosion of delight.

Hootings and further derisive inquiries arose from the populace, and one cry, prevailing over others, came to be the favorite: "Nice ole piggy, piggy! *Dear* ole piggy, piggy! I won't hurt you, piggy!"

But most darkening of all to Penrod was the curiosity and admiration concerning his preserver, especially among the girls.

"Who is that brave little boy?"

"It's Freddie," explained Marjorie, proud of her possessions. "He's the tenants' boy. You see, my uncle owns this farm"—this was information which she seemed never to tire of offering—"and the people that live here are his



up a stick from the ground in a businesslike manner, intervened between her and the fleeing Penrod

family, and, simultaneously with this action, she uttered a few guttural monosyllables.

Penrod stopped short. It seemed to him that this mud lot was vast and that he was all alone in the middle of it; the fence seemed a long, long way behind him.

But the instant he stopped, unbearable taunts began to pipe from that quarter.

"Yay! Said he'd slap her right on the nose—if he *felt* like it!"

"*Please* come back, Penrod!"

"Oh, he *will*!" Thus, Marjorie was unkindly reassured.

Penrod advanced again, even more slowly than before;

Marjorie Jones' Picnic

tenants, you see. Well, this boy belongs to them. He's my uncle's tenants' boy, and his name's Freddie. Isn't he the bravest boy you ever saw?"

Then something sharper than a serpent's tooth nipped the vitals of Penrod, for Marjorie took her uncle's tenants' Freddie by the hand.

"Come on, Freddie," she said winningly; "we're going to play black-man, and we want you to play with us. You haf to play with us all the rest of the afternoon, and when refreshments come, you haf to have some, too. Come on!"

Still holding his hand, she ran with him, leading the Party to the broad, open yard before the farmhouse.

"Come ahead, Penrod!" Sam cried, looking back over his shoulder. "What you want to hang around there for? You might as well come—there isn't any pigs around in front where we're goin'."

Others looked back to where the morose Penrod lingered.

"Come on, ole piggy!" they shouted. "We won't hurt you! Help! Help! Help!"

"Shut up!" he bellowed.

After a time he followed, but halted and sat in bitterness upon a horse-trough, not joining the game. Anon, one of the players would fling a jibe at him, or several might cry, from the midst of things:

"Nice ole piggy! I won't hurt you! Help! Help! Help!"

Marjorie stood with the odious Freddie in the center of the open space. They were "black-men."

"What you goin' do when the black-man comes?" they called.

"Run right through,
Like we all-waze do!"

But Maurice Levy and Sam Williams altered the question and response.

"What you goin' to do when the mother pig comes?" Sam shouted, when he was made a "black-man." And Maurice replied:

"Run forty-five miles and get under the bed.
Help! Help! Help! Go bring little Fred!"

Penrod turned his back, and, after a little while, the jibers, in the excitement of black-man and other games, apparently forgot him. He continued to sit upon the rim of the horse-trough, a detached figure of gloom, no longer seeming to belong to the Party; and his expression (invisible to the merry-makers) was lonely but vindictive. His hands were in his trouser pockets; he dug his heels into the ground, and frowned at a glowing dandelion near by, finding its cheerfulness mysteriously hateful. And once, when a loud burst of happy shouting came to his ears from the field of play—"Freddie's it!" "Marjorie caught Freddie!" "He's it!"—Penrod removed his right hand from his pocket and made a hostile gesture, dealing a blow upon the air.

"There," he muttered, "how did you like that one? You say much, and I'll give you one right on the snoot!" Unhappily, such were precisely his words.

A discreditable symptom of his present condition was the sheer ingratitude of it. All his bitterness concentrated not upon the jibers and tormentors but upon the capable and stocky little Freddie, who had done him only the greatest kindness. It was audible how increasingly popular the farm-boy became.

"No; let Freddie choose which side he'll be on!" "Let Freddie choose up with Marjorie!" "I'm goin' to be on Freddie's side!" "Oh, Freddie, choose me!" "Please choose me, Freddie!"

The venomous air was full of Freddie.

"There," muttered Penrod, and he struck another blow; "I guess that'll show you!"

Without doubt, it was the imagined nose of his preserver that received the dolorous stroke.

Penrod suffered most hotly under what he felt to be the injustice of popular opinion. Of course, the farm-boy

wasn't afraid of that ole sow and could drive her around the lot wherever he pleased. That was because he *knew* her, and she knew him. Penrod's little old dog Duke, at home, had sometimes frightened grown men, such as drivers of delivery wagons, but Penrod would rush straight upon the belligerent dog, and Duke would cower and run. If that little country smarty ever came into town and tried to fool around good ole Duke any—well, he'd see!

And then Penrod's fancies grew more grandiloquent. Next summer vacation, he would, in some manner, obtain a pair of lion cubs, and perhaps some young tigers and panthers. He would train them constantly, and grow up with them; then he would bring them out to this Party—there was an inconsistency here which he did not pause to observe—and after showing how he behaved with them ("Sit up on your hind legs, you ole lion you! Git out o' my way, you tigers!") he would invite little Freddie into the cage with him.

"Come on, Freddie; I won't let 'em do anything to you much. Well, why don't you come? You don't want to? Why, that's funny! I should think you'd just love to!"

And he writhed with acid laughter.

Now a forerunner of Refreshments appeared. Large pitchers of lemonade and trays of glasses were brought from the farmhouse and set upon a table under the trees, whither the thirsty children rushed, swarming. But the lonely figure on the horse-trough did not move.

"Come, Penrod!" called Mrs. Jones, the mother of Marjorie. "Come get some lemonade!"

Still he remained aloof, his back turned, and replied with a brief shake of the head; whereupon, in pity, she filled a glass and brought it to him.

"Here, Penrod," she said, smiling; "you drink this, and come and join the games. They won't tease you any more."

He kept his eyes upon his slowly moving feet as they dug up the surface of the ground.

"I don't care what they do," he said. "They never teased me any."

"Well, then, won't you drink this lemonade?"

"Nt want 'ny, thank you."

"You mustn't let a little thing like their chaffing you spoil your afternoon, Penrod," she said. "Think how you tease them, sometimes. Do take the lemonade."

He wanted the lemonade; he thirsted for it—and yet he was unable to take the glass from her extended hand. Some inexorable barrier withheld him in spite of his great desire.

"I got kind of a headache," he muttered, keeping his eyes all the while upon his feet.

The kind woman knew that he had no headache, but she decided it would be better not to urge him; so she gave him a final compassionate glance, a faint smile beneath the compassion, and withdrew. A few moments later, the renewal of shouts and laughter behind him brought Penrod knowledge that fresh games were in progress. So time wore on—and still he sat upon the horse-trough with his back to the Party.

Now, while he thus suffered, things went not altogether well with the former friend of his bosom. Samuel Williams likewise experienced an anguish due to tampering with unfamiliar animals in the country. Sam and Mabel Rorebeck had wandered away from their companions, and stood together upon a board walk leading to a spring-house. Nowhere did the world seem more peaceful or less threatening, and the moment was sweet to Sam. Miss Rorebeck's mood, usually disdainful or hoydenish, was placid to-day. The Party had affected her favorably, and she had spoken to Sam with unaccustomed politeness throughout. Once or twice he had detected a gleam actually coy, almost tender, in her eye. Such a gleam was in it now, as they stood together on the board walk.

"Listen here, Mabul," said Sam.

"What you want?"

Sam's mind was not devious; his ways and his character were sterling.



Then something sharper than a serpent's tooth nipped the vitals of Penrod, for Marjorie took her uncle's tenant's Freddie by the hand. "Come on, Freddie," she said winningly; "we're going to play black-man, and we want you to play with us"

"Listen here," he said: "You're my girl."

"Not either!" Mabel said promptly—but not crossly.

"You are, too," Sam insisted, without any embarrassment. "You have been, a long while."

"Have not!"

"Yes, sir," he said; "I told pretty near ev'rybody you are."

At this, Mabel gave her head a little toss of superiority.

"Pooh! I guess I know that!"

"Well, anyways, you are."

She was not adamant.

"Well"—she paused and looked away; then she swung her left foot, scuffing the planks of the walk—"well, I don't care whether I am or whether I'm not. It don't make any difference to me. Let's go back and play some more."

"All right," said Sam; "I just as soon."

And as they turned to go, she gave him a sidelong look such as he had never received from her—there was both acquiescence and proprietorship in it—and Sam knew that their affair was settled; they were pledged. All at once, Mabel had taken a new attitude toward him; she was visibly fond, and, so strange is the human heart, Sam felt no elation. Instead, he noticed, for the first time, that Mabel had a shiny nose. Suddenly she caught his arm.

"Look!" she cried. "Look at that nasty spider! It scares me! Stamp on him, Sam!"

Sam gallantly tried to stamp on the spider, which was crawling across the board walk; but the spider was agile, and Sam brought down his foot on the planks several times without success. However, the stamping was not without effect, since it took place directly over a spot where an industrious tribe of insects had established their commune.

"Look there—oh, look, Sam!" Mabel exclaimed, pointing to a wide crack between the planks. "What are those things? What are they doing?"

Sam bent over the crack, which was displaying a curious life and movement.

"Nothin' but bumblebees," he said. "There's more of 'em than I ever saw in one place before. Looks as if they'd got caught in this crack and was tryin' to get out."

"Wouldn't they sting us?" Mabel asked.

"No. They just buzz around apple trees and flower-beds. They don't—"

That was the extent of his coherent observations. The emerging bumblebees, conceiving themselves pledged to a war for existence, and easily identifying their stamping invaders, took wing for battle—and five seconds later Sam and Mabel rejoined the Party. Rather, they did not rejoin but dispersed the Party; they came in a frenzy of gesture, each closely attended by four or five poising and darting bumblebees; and the other children shrieked and ran, not desiring the companionship of Sam or Mabel at that time.

Again the stocky little farm-boy proved his intelligence and his capacity. Instead of running away, he gathered two thick branches from a bush, and, with one of these in each hand, he beat the air about Mabel, slaying such bees as would not desist from attacking her, driving the others off; and then he went to Sam's assistance in the same manner.

"The ones that ain't dead'll go on home now," this competent Freddie said. "Soon as they see you're fur enough away from the honeycomb they're makin' and ain't goin' back there, why, most always they won't do nothin' much more to pester you."

"Ow-ow!" Mabel wailed, and Sam moaned, holding one hand to his cheek while he eloquently waved the other in the air.

"They didn't git at you much," said Freddie. "Wait till some *hornets* stings you up! All you need's a few mud poultices, and you won't hardly hurt at all."

Thereupon the talented boy made mud poultices for them, and presently they found that he was right—the pain of their stings became bearable, and then virtually disappeared. Sam had four—two on his chin, one on his cheek, and one on the end of his left forefinger—while Mabel had only two, both on the lower lip.

Naturally, little Freddie was more admired than ever; and when play was resumed, the whole Party clamored to be "on Freddie's side." That is, everybody except Penrod and Sam. Penrod remained a miserable, brooding hermit, and Sam was in no mood for games.

This aloofness of Sam's was curious, and but indirectly attributable to bumblebees. The pain of his wounds no longer troubled him, and both he and Mabel felt so much better that they removed their poultices; but, of course, there were swollen places where the stings had been, and these were the cause of Sam's peculiar state of mind. It is a fact that he never once even thought of how far from improved his own face looked; nor did Mabel think (Continued on page 114)



Charlie Chitten remained at the pump, ministering to himself, and near him lingered the morbid Penrod

*Jane Grey's
Ship
Comes in*



JANE GREY, a New England girl of Pilgrim stock, has added fortune to fame by entering the field of moving pictures. Her impersonation of Silver Sands, the charming heroine of the International's new photo-play, "When My Ship Comes In," shows how splendidly she can get the full effect of a quiet, simple character on the screen.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS. 535 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK



MURIEL MARTIN remained to grace New York's unique after-theater spectacle, the "Midnight Frolic," when the metropolitan engagement of "The Follies of 1916" came to an end. Her sprightly efforts win much applause from the pleasure-seekers who ask for more when curtains are rung down along the Great White Way.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS



***VIOLET HEMING** is a real daughter of the drama, for she can trace a histrionic lineage back to the days of good Queen Bess. She came to this country from her father's theater in the Isle of Man, and was soon a popular favorite among the younger leading women. Her most recent part has been that of the heroine of "The Flame."*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS



MARILYNN MILLER has become a permanent fixture of the diverting entertainments at the Winter Garden, New York. "The Show of Wonders," as the latest production is called, puts the chief burden of its two big acts upon this youthful dancer, who is now in her third year with the organization. She is indeed one of the wonders.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS



The warm contact of his velvet body put a change in Skipper's sick dream, for he began to mutter, in cold and bitter ominousness, "Any black that as much as bats an eye at that puppy——"

Jerry

By Jack London

Illustrated by

Anton Otto Fischer

JERRY is a smooth-coated, full-blooded Irish terrier, son of Terrence and Biddy and brother of Michael, born on Meringe Plantation, Ysabel Island, one of the British Solomons. When he is six months old, Tom Haggin, his owner, gives him to Captain Van Horn, skipper of the sixty-foot ketch, Arangi, who uses his vessel chiefly for "black-birding"—that is, carrying new-caught cannibal blacks to labor on the island plantations, and returning them to their homes at the end of three years. He is now taking back some sixty of these blacks, of whom twenty are from Meringe, to the island of Malaita. Jerry quickly adapts himself to his new environment, and is all devotion to Van Horn, who, with the exception of the Danish mate, Borckman, is the only white man on board. Jerry has learned to have contempt for the black men and will not make friends with them. He finds on the Arangi a wild dog, with whom he is unable to have a fair fight. A special object of his displeasure is Lerumie, one of the return-boys from Meringe, and he attacks him viciously whenever he has the chance. The first night out, the little vessel encounters a violent squall. In the resulting excitement, Lerumie seizes Jerry and throws him overboard. The puppy goes under and comes up strangling with the salt water in his lungs, but still able to swim.

SWIMMING was one of the things Jerry did—not have to think about. He had been compelled to learn to walk; but he swam as a matter of course.

The wind screamed about him. Flying froth, driven on the wind's breath, filled his mouth and nostrils, and beat into his eyes, stinging and blinding him. In the struggle to breathe, he, all unlearned in the ways of the sea, lifted his muzzle high in the air to get out of the suffocating welter. As a result, off the horizontal, the churning of his legs no longer sustained him, and he went down perpendicularly. Again he emerged, strangling with more salt water in his windpipe. This time, without reasoning it out, merely moving along the line of least resistance, which was to him the line of greatest comfort, he straightened out in the sea and continued so to swim as to remain straightened out. Through the darkness, as the squall spent itself, came the slatting of the half-lowered mainsail, the shrill voices of the boat's crew, a curse of Borckman's, and, dominating all, Skipper's voice, shouting:

"Grab the leech, you fella boys! Hang on! Drag down, strong fella! Come in mainsheet two blocks! Jump; jump!"

At the recognition of Skipper's voice, Jerry, floundering in the stiff and crisping sea that sprang up with the easing of the wind, yelped eagerly and yearningly, all his love for his new-found beloved eloquent in his throat. But quickly all sounds died away as the Arangi drifted from him. And then, in the loneliness of the dark, on the heaving breast of the sea, that he recognized as one more of the eternal enemies, he began to whimper and cry plaintively like a lost child.

Further, by the dim, shadowy ways of intuition, he knew his weakness in that merciless sea with no heart of warmth that threatened the unknowable thing, vaguely but terribly guessed—namely, death. As regarded himself, he did not comprehend death. He, who had never known the time when he was not alive, could not conceive of the time when he would cease to be alive.

Yet it was there, shouting its message of warning through every tissue-cell, every nerve-quickness and brain-sensitivity of him—a totality of sensation that foreboded the ultimate catastrophe of life about which he knew nothing at all, but which, nevertheless, he *felt* to be the conclusive, supreme disaster. And so he whimpered and cried—lost child, lost puppy-dog that he was, less than half a year existent in the fair world sharp with joy and suffering. And he *wanted Skipper*. Skipper was a god.

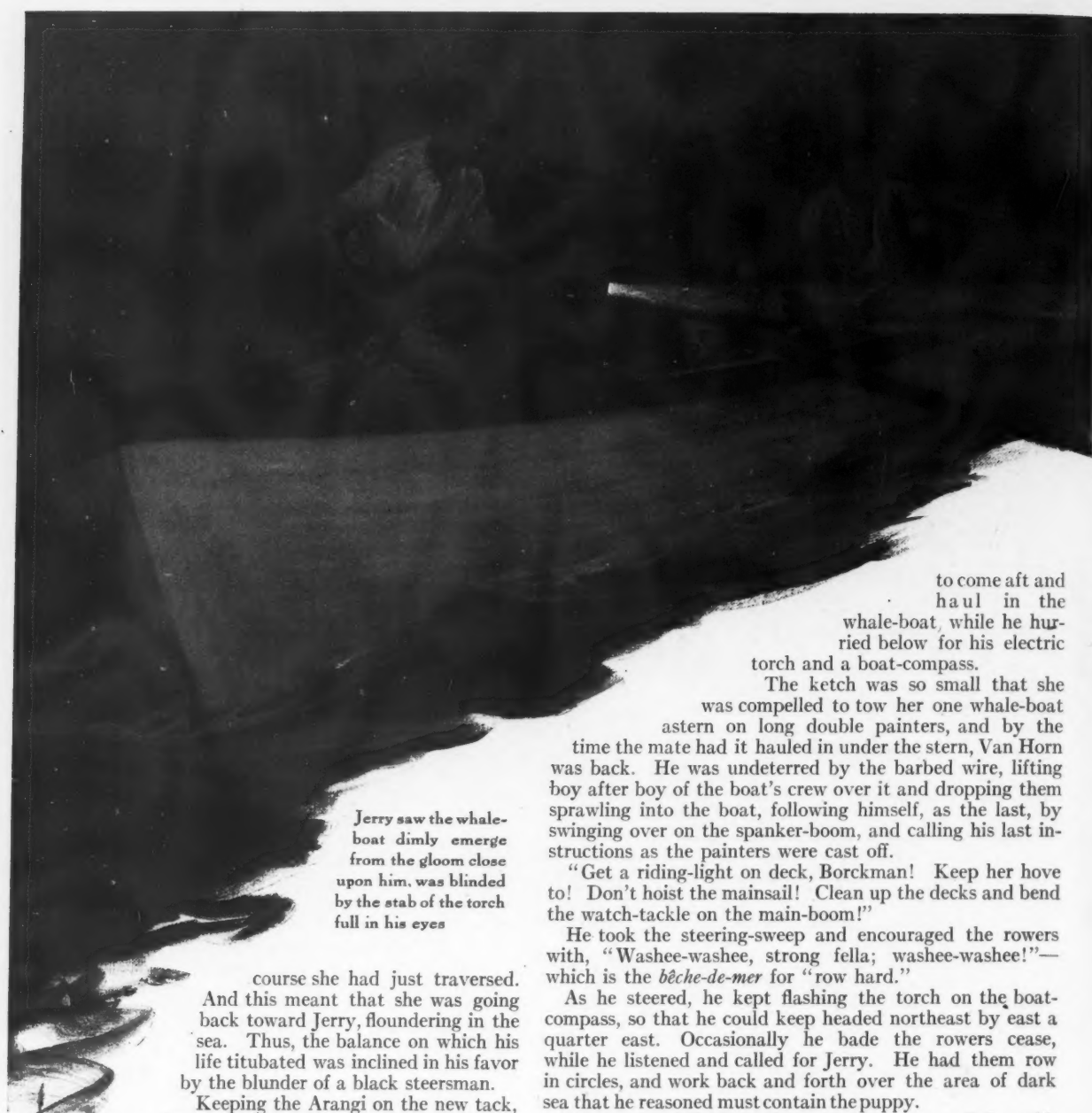
On board the Arangi, relieved by the lowering of her mainsail, as the fierceness went out of the wind and the cloud-burst of tropic rain began to fall, Van Horn and Borckman lurched toward each other in the blackness.

"A double squall," said Van Horn. "Hit us to starboard and to port."

"Must 'a' split in half just before she hit us," the mate concurred.

"And kept all the rain in the second half—" Van Horn broke off with an oath. "Hey! What's the matter along you fella boy?" he shouted to the man at the wheel.

For the ketch, under her spanker, which had just then been flat-hauled, had come into the wind, emptying her after-sail and permitting her head-sails to fill on the other tack. The Arangi was beginning to work back approximately over the



Jerry saw the whale-boat dimly emerge from the gloom close upon him, was blinded by the stab of the torch full in his eyes

course she had just traversed. And this meant that she was going back toward Jerry, floundering in the sea. Thus, the balance on which his life titubated was inclined in his favor by the blunder of a black steersman.

Keeping the Arangi on the new tack, Van Horn set Borckman clearing the mess of ropes on deck, himself squatting in the rain, undertaking to long-splice the tackle he had cut. As the rain thinned, so that the crackle of it on deck became less noisy, he was attracted by a sound from out over the water. He suspended the work of his hands to listen, and, when he recognized Jerry's wailing, sprang to his feet, galvanized into action.

"The pup's overboard!" he shouted to Borckman. "Back your jib to wind'ard!" He sprang aft, scattering a cluster of return-boys right and left. "Hey! You fella boat's crew! Come in spanker-sheet! Flatten her down, good fella!"

He darted a look into the binnacle, and took a hurried compass-bearing of the sounds Jerry was making.

"Hard down your wheel!" he ordered the helmsman, then leaped to the wheel and put it down himself, repeating over and over aloud, "Nor'east by east a quarter."

Back, and peering into the binnacle, he listened vainly for another wail from Jerry, in the hope of verifying his first hasty bearing. But not long he waited. Despite the fact that, by his maneuver, the Arangi had been hove to, he knew that windage and sea-driftage would quickly send her away from the swimming puppy. He shouted to Borckman

to come aft and haul in the whale-boat, while he hurried below for his electric torch and a boat-compass.

The ketch was so small that she was compelled to tow her one whale-boat astern on long double painters, and by the time the mate had it hauled in under the stern, Van Horn was back. He was undeterred by the barbed wire, lifting boy after boy of the boat's crew over it and dropping them sprawling into the boat, following himself, as the last, by swinging over on the spanker-boom, and calling his last instructions as the painters were cast off.

"Get a riding-light on deck, Borckman! Keep her hove to! Don't hoist the mainsail! Clean up the decks and bend the watch-tackle on the main-boom!"

He took the steering-sweep and encouraged the rowers with, "Washee-washee, strong fella; washee-washee!"—which is the *bêche-de-mer* for "row hard."

As he steered, he kept flashing the torch on the boat-compass, so that he could keep headed northeast by east a quarter east. Occasionally he bade the rowers cease, while he listened and called for Jerry. He had them row in circles, and work back and forth over the area of dark sea that he reasoned must contain the puppy.

"Now you, fella boy, listen ear belong you," he said, toward the first. "Maybe one fella boy hear 'm piccaninny dog sing out; I give 'm that fella boy five fathom calico, two ten sticks tobacco."

At the end of half an hour he was offering "Two ten fathoms calico and ten ten sticks tobacco" to the boy who first heard "piccaninny dog sing out."

Jerry was in bad shape. Not accustomed to swimming, strangled by the salt water that lapped into his open mouth, he was getting loggy when first he chanced to see the flash of the captain's torch. This, however, he did not connect with Skipper, and so took no more notice of it than he did of the first stars showing in the sky. He continued to wail and to strangle with more salt water. But when he, at length, heard Skipper's voice, he went immediately wild. He attempted to stand up and to rest his fore paws on Skipper's voice coming out of the darkness, as he would have rested his fore paws on Skipper's leg had he been near. The result was disastrous. Out of the horizontal, he sank down and under, coming up with a new spasm of strangling.

This lasted for a short time, during which the strangling prevented him from answering Skipper's cry, which con-



tinued to reach him. But when he could answer, he burst forth in a joyous yelp. Skipper was coming to take him out of the stinging, biting sea that blinded his eyes and hurt him to breathe! Skipper was truly a god—his god—with a god's power to save!

Soon he heard the rhythmic clack of the oars on the tholepins, and the joy in his own yelp was duplicated by the joy in Skipper's voice, which kept up a running encouragement, broken by objurgations to the rowers.

"All right, Jerry, old man! All right, Jerry! All right! Washee-washee, you fella boy! Coming, Jerry, coming! Stick it out, old man! Stay with it! Here we are, Jerry! Stay with it! Easy—easy! 'Vast washee!'"

And then, with amazing abruptness, Jerry saw the whale-boat dimly emerge from the gloom close upon him, was blinded by the stab of the torch full in his eyes, and, even as he yelped his joy, felt and recognized Skipper's hand clutching him by the slack of the neck and lifting him into the air.

He landed wet and soppy against Skipper's rain-wet chest, his tail bobbing frantically against Skipper's containing arm, his body wriggling, his tongue dabbing madly all over Skipper's chin and mouth and cheeks and nose. And Skipper did not know that he was himself wet and that he was in the first shock of recurrent malaria precipitated by the wet and the excitement. He knew only that the puppy-dog was safe back in his arms.

Again on board the ketch, Van Horn stated his reasoning to the mate.

"The pup didn't just calmly walk overboard. Nor was he washed overboard. I had him fast and triced in the blanket with a rope-yarn."

He walked over, into the center of the boat's crew and of the sixty-odd return-boys, who were all on deck, and flashed his torch on the blanket still lying on the yams.

"That proves it! The rope-yarn's cut. The knot is still in it. Now, who's responsible?"

He looked about at the circle of dark faces, flashing the light on them, and such was the accusation and anger in his eyes that all eyes fell before his or looked away.

"If only the pup could speak," he complained, "he'd tell who it was." He bent suddenly down to Jerry, who was standing as close against his legs as he could, so close that his wet fore paws rested on Skipper's bare feet. "You know 'm, Jerry; you know the black fella boy!" he said, his words quick and exciting, his hand moving in questing circles toward the blacks.

Jerry was all alive on the instant, jumping about, barking with short yelps of eagerness.

"I do believe the dog could lead me to him," Van Horn confided to the mate. "Come on, Jerry; find 'm, sick 'm, chase 'm, shake 'm down! Where is he, Jerry? Find 'm! Find 'm!"

All that Jerry knew was that Skipper wanted something. He must find something that Skipper wanted, and he was

eager to serve. He pranced about aimlessly and willingly for a space, while Skipper's urging cries increased his excitement. Then he was struck by an idea, and a most definite idea it was. The circle of boys broke to let him through as he raced for'ard along the starboard side to the tight-lashed heap of trade-boxes. He put his nose into the opening where the wild dog laired, and sniffed. Yes; the wild dog was inside. Not only did he smell him but he heard the

menace of his snarl. He looked up to Skipper questioningly. Was it that Skipper wanted him to go in after the wild dog? But Skipper laughed and waved his hand to show that he wanted him to search in other places for something else.

He leaped away, sniffing in likely places where experience had taught him cockroaches and rats might be. Yet it quickly dawned on him that it was not such things Skipper was after. His heart was wild with desire to serve, and, without clear purpose, he began sniffing legs of black boys.

This brought livelier urgings and encouragements from Skipper, and made him almost frantic. That was it! He must identify the boat's crew and the return-boys by their legs. He hurried the task, passing swiftly from boy to boy, until he came to Lerumie.

And then he forgot that Skipper wanted him to do something. With a cry of rage, a flash of white teeth, and a bristle of short neck-hair, he sprang for the black. Lerumie fled down the deck and Jerry pursued, amid the laughter of all the blacks. Several times, in making the circuit of the deck, he managed to scratch the flying calves with his teeth. Then Lerumie took to the main-rigging, leaving Jerry impotently to rage on the deck beneath him.

About this point the blacks grouped in a semicircle at a respectful distance, with Van Horn to the fore beside Jerry. Van Horn centered his electric torch on the black in the rigging, and saw the long, parallel scratches on the fingers of the hand that had invaded Jerry's blanket. He pointed them out significantly to Borckman.

Skipper picked Jerry up and soothed his anger with:

"Good boy, Jerry! You marked and sealed him. Some dog, you; some big-man dog!"

He turned back to Lerumie, illuminating him as he clung in the rigging, and his voice was harsh and cold.

"What name belong along you fella boy?" he demanded.

"Me fella Lerumie," came the chirping, quavering answer.

"You come along Penduffryn?"

"Me come along Meringe."

Captain Van Horn debated, the while he fondled the puppy in his arms. After all, it was a return-boy. In a day, in two days at most, he would have him landed and be quit of him.

"My word," he harangued, "me angry along you! Me angry big fella too much along you. Me angry along you any amount. What name you fella boy make 'm piccaninny dog belong along me walk about along water?"

Lerumie was unable to answer. He rolled his eyes helplessly, resigned to receive a whipping such as he had long since bitterly learned white masters were wont to administer. Captain Van Horn repeated the question, and the black repeated the helpless rolling of his eyes.

"For two sticks tobacco I knock 'm seven bells outa you," the skipper bullied. "Now me give you strong-fella talk too much. You look 'm eye belong you one time along this fella

dog belong me, I knock 'm seven bells and whole starboard watch outa you. Savve?"

"Me savve," Lerumie plaintively replied; and the episode was closed.

The return-boys went below to sleep in the cabin. Borckman and the boat's crew hoisted the mainsail and put the Arangi on her course. And Skipper, under a dry blanket from below, lay down to sleep with Jerry, head on his shoulder, in the hollow of his arm.

VII

At seven in the morning, when Skipper rolled him out of the blanket and got up, Jerry celebrated the new day by chasing the wild dog back into his hole and by drawing a snicker from the blacks on deck when, with a growl and a flash of teeth, he made Lerumie sidestep half a dozen feet and yield the deck to him.

He shared breakfast with Skipper, who, instead of eating, washed down, with a cup of coffee, fifty grains of quinine wrapped in a cigarette-paper, and who complained to the mate that he would have to get under the blankets and sweat out the fever that was attacking him. Despite his chill, and despite his teeth, that were already beginning to chatter while the burning sun extracted the moisture in curling mist-wreaths from the deck planking, Van Horn cuddled Jerry in his arms and called him princeling and prince and a king and a son of kings.

For Van Horn had often listened to the recitals of Jerry's pedigree by Tom Haggin over Scotch and sodas, when it was too pestilentially hot to go to bed. And the pedigree was as royal-blooded as was possible for an Irish terrier to possess, whose breed, beginning with the ancient Irish wolfhound, had been molded and established by man in less than two generations of men.

So Jerry knew the ecstasy of loving and of being loved in the arms of his love-god, although little he knew of such phrases as "king's son" and "son of kings," save that they connoted love for him in the same way that Lerumie's hissing noises connoted hate. One thing Jerry knew without knowing that he knew, namely, that, in the few hours he had been with Skipper, he loved him more than he had loved Derby and Bob, who, with the exception of *Mister Haggin*, were the only other white gods he had ever known. He was not conscious of this. He merely loved, merely acted on the prompting of his heart, or head, or whatever organic or anatomical part of him that developed the mysterious, delicious, and insatiable hunger called "love."

Skipper went below. He went all unheedful of Jerry, who padded softly at his heels until the companionway was reached. Skipper was unheedful of Jerry, because of the fever that wrenched his flesh and chilled his bones, that

made his head seem to swell monstrously, that glazed the world to his swimming eyes and made him walk feebly and totteringly, like a drunken man or a man very aged. And Jerry sensed that something was wrong with Skipper.

Skipper, beginning the babblings of delirium, which alternated with silent moments of control in order to get below and under blankets, descended the ladderlike stairs, and Jerry, all-yearning, controlled himself in silence and watched the slow descent with the hope that, when Skipper reached the bottom, he would raise his arms and lift him down. But Skipper was too far gone to remember that Jerry existed. He staggered, with wide-spread arms to keep from falling, along the cabin floor for'ard to the bunk in the tiny stateroom.

With the going below of Skipper, evidently in great trouble, the light had gone out of the day for Jerry.

Just as it was tremblingly imperative that he must suddenly squat down, point his nose at the zenith, and vocalize his heartrending woe, an idea came to him. There is no explaining how this idea came. No more can it be explained than can a human explain why, at luncheon to-day, he selects green peas and rejects string beans, when only yesterday he elected to choose string beans and to reject green peas. Jerry obeyed the idea as a marionette obeys the strings, and started forthwith down the deck aft in quest of the mate.

He had an appeal to make to Borckman. Borckman was also a two-legged white god. Easily could Borckman lift him down the precipitous ladder, which was to him, unaided, a tabu, the violation of which was pregnant with disaster. But Borckman had in him little of the heart of love, which is understanding.

Also, Borckman was busy. Besides overseeing the continuous adjustment, by trimming of sails and orders to the helmsman, of the Arangi to her way on the sea, and overseeing the boat's crew at its task of washing deck and polishing brass-work, he was engaged in steadily nipping from a stolen bottle of his captain's whisky which he had stowed away in the hollow between the two sacks of yams lashed on deck, aft the mizzenmast.

Borckman was on his way for another nip when Jerry appeared before him and blocked the way to his desire. But Jerry did not block him as he would have blocked Lerumie, for instance. He was all placation and appeal, all softness of pleading in a body denied speech that, nevertheless, was articulate, from wagging tail and wriggling sides to flat-laid ears and eyes that almost spoke to any human sensitive of understanding.

But Borckman saw in his way only a four-legged creature of the brute-world, which, in his arrogant brutality, he esteemed more brute than himself. All the pretty picture of the soft puppy, instinct with communicativeness, bursting with tenderness of petition, was veiled to his vision. What he saw was merely a four-legged animal to be thrust aside while he continued his lordly two-legged progress toward that bottle.



Jerry yearned his head over the combing in the direction in which he had seen Skipper disappear

And thrust aside Jerry was, by a rough and naked foot, as harsh and unfeeling in its impact as an inanimate breaking sea on a beach-jut of insensate rock. He half sprawled on the slippery deck, regained his balance, and stood still and looked at the white god who had treated him so cavalierly. The meanness and unfairness had brought from Jerry no snarling threat of retaliation, such as he would have offered Lerumie or any other black. Nor in his brain was any thought of retaliation. This was no Lerumie. This was a superior god, two-legged, white-skinned, like Skipper, like *Mister Haggin* and the couple of other superior gods he had known. Only did he know hurt, such as any child knows under the blow of a thoughtless or unloving mother.

Leaving this god as a god unliked and not understood, Jerry sadly trotted back to the companionway and yearned his head over the combing in the direction in which he had seen Skipper disappear. What bit at his consciousness and was a painful incitement in it was his desire to be with Skipper, who was not right and who was in trouble. He wanted Skipper. He wanted to be with him, first and sharply, because he loved him, and, second and dimly, because he might serve him. And, wanting Skipper, in his helplessness and youngness in experience of the world, he whimpered and cried his heart out across the companion-combing.

From the crest of the combing to the cabin floor was seven feet. He had, only a few hours before, climbed the precipitous stairway; but it was impossible, and he knew it, to descend the stairway. And yet, at the last, he dared it. So compulsive was the prod of his heart to gain to Skipper at any cost, so clear was his comprehension that he could not climb down the ladder head first, with no grippingness of legs and feet and muscles such as was possible in the ascent, that he did not attempt it. He launched outward and down, in one magnificent and love-heroic leap. He knew that he was violating a tabu of life, just as he knew he was violating a tabu if he sprang into Meringe Lagoon where swam the dreadful crocodiles. Great love, is always capable of expressing itself in sacrifice and self-immolation. And only for love, and for no less reason, could Jerry have made the leap.

He struck on his side and head. The one impact knocked the breath out of him; the other stunned him. Even in his unconsciousness, lying on his side and quivering, he made rapid, spasmodic movements of his legs as if running for'ard to Skipper. The boys looked on and laughed, and when he no longer quivered and churned his legs, they continued to laugh. To them, the sight of a stunned and possibly dead puppy was a side-splitting, ludicrous event. Not until the fourth minute ticked off did returning consciousness enable Jerry to crawl to his feet and, with wide-spread legs and swimming eyes, adjust himself to the Arangi's roll. Yet, with the first glimmerings of consciousness, persisted the one idea that he must gain to Skipper. Without a turn of head or roll of eye, he trotted for'ard along the cabin floor and into the state-room where Skipper babbled maniacally in the bunk.

Jerry, who had never had malaria, did not understand. But, in his heart, he knew great trouble in that Skipper was in trouble. Skipper did not recog-

nize him, even when he sprang into the bunk, walked across Skipper's heaving chest, and licked the acrid sweat of fever from Skipper's face. Instead, Skipper's wildly thrashing arms brushed him away and flung him violently against the side of the bunk.

This was roughness that was not love-roughness. Nor was it the roughness of Borckman spurning him away with his foot. It was part of Skipper's trouble. Jerry did not reason this conclusion. But, and to the point, he acted upon it as if he had reasoned it. In truth, it can only be said that Jerry *sensed* the new difference of this roughness.

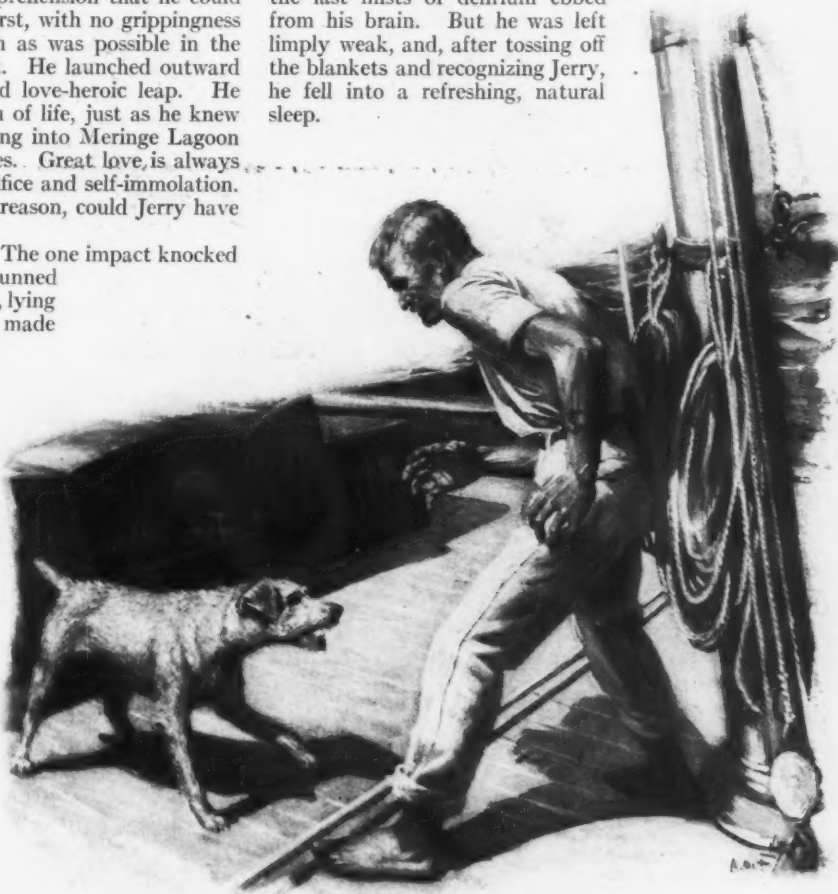
He sat up, just out of range of one restless, beating arm, yearned to come closer and lick again the face of the god who knew him not and who, he knew, loved him well, and palpitantly shared and suffered all Skipper's trouble.

But, after a while, Skipper lay motionless. This was Jerry's chance. He crept inside the arm that tossed, snuggled against Skipper's side, laid his head on Skipper's shoulder, his cool nose barely touching Skipper's cheek, and felt the arm curl about him and press him closer. The hand bent from the wrist and caressed him protectingly, and the warm contact of his velvet body put a change in Skipper's sick dream, for he began to mutter, in cold and bitter ominousness,

"Any black that as much as bats an eye at that puppy—"

VIII

WHEN, in half an hour, Van Horn's sweat culminated in profusion, it marked the breaking of the malarial attack. Great physical relief was his, and the last mists of delirium ebbed from his brain. But he was left limply weak, and, after tossing off the blankets and recognizing Jerry, he fell into a refreshing, natural sleep.



And still Jerry came back. As any screaming creature of the jungle, he hysterically squalled his indignation

Not till two hours later did he awake and start to go on deck. Half-way up the companion, he deposited Jerry on deck and went back to the stateroom for a forgotten bottle of quinine. But he did not immediately return to Jerry. The long drawer under Borckman's bunk caught his eye. The wooden button that held it shut was gone, and it was far out and hanging at an angle that jammed and prevented it from falling to the floor. The matter was serious. There was little doubt in his mind, had the drawer, in the midst of the squall of the previous night, fallen to the floor, that no Arangi and no soul of the eighty souls on board would have been left. For the drawer was filled with a heterogeneous mess of dynamite sticks, boxes of fulminating caps, coils of fuses, lead sinkers, iron tools, and many boxes of rifle-, revolver-, and pistol-cartridges. He sorted and arranged the varied contents, and, with a screw-driver and a longer screw, reattached the button.

In the mean time, Jerry was encountering new adventure, not of the pleasantest. While waiting for Skipper to return, Jerry chanced to see the wild dog brazenly lying on deck a dozen feet from his lair in the trade-boxes. Instantly, stiffly crouching, Jerry began to stalk. Success seemed assured, for the wild dog, with closed eyes, was apparently asleep.

And, at this moment, the mate, two-legging it along the deck from forward in the direction of the bottle stored between the yam-sacks, called, "Jerry!" in a remarkably husky voice. Jerry flattened his filbert-shaped ears and wagged his tail in acknowledgment, but advertised his intention of continuing to stalk his enemy. And at sound of the mate's voice, the wild dog flung quick-opened eyes in Jerry's direction and flashed into his burrow, where he immediately turned around, thrust his head out with a show of teeth, and snarled triumphant defiance.

Balked of his quarry by the inconsiderateness of the mate, Jerry trotted back to the head of the companion to wait for Skipper. But Borckman, whose brain was well acrawled by virtue of the many nips, clung to a petty idea after the fashion of drunken men. Twice again, imperatively, he called Jerry to him, and twice again, with flattened ears of gentleness and wagging tail, Jerry good-naturedly expressed his disinclination. Next, he yearned his head over the combing and into the cabin after Skipper.

Borckman remembered his first idea, and continued to the bottle, which he generously inverted skyward. But the second idea, petty as it was, persisted, and, after swaying and mumbling to himself for a time, after unseeingly making believe to study the crisp, fresh breeze that filled the Arangi's sails and slanted her deck, and, after sillily attempting on the helmsman to portray eaglelike vigilance in his dark-swimming eyes, he lurched amidships toward Jerry.

Jerry's first intimation of Borckman's arrival was a cruel and painful clutch on his flank and groin that made him cry out in pain and whirl around. Next, as the mate had seen Skipper do in play, Jerry had his jowls seized in a tooth-clattering shake that was absolutely different from Skipper's rough love-shake. His head and body were shaken; his teeth clattered painfully, and, with the roughest of roughness, he was flung part-way down the slippery slope of deck.

And still Jerry was all gentleness. He came back in a feeble imitation rush of the whole-hearted rush that he had learned to make on Skipper. He was, in truth, acting, play-acting, attempting to do what he had no heart-prompting to do. He made believe to play, and uttered simulated growls that failed of the verity of simulation.

He bobbed his tail good-naturedly and friendlily, and growled ferociously and friendlily; but the keenness of the drunkenness of the mate discerned the difference, and aroused in him, vaguely, the intuition of difference, of play-acting, of cheating. Jerry was cheating—out of his heart of consideration. Borckman drunkenly recognized the cheating without crediting the heart of good behind it. On the instant, he was antagonistic. Forgetting that he was only

a brute, he posited that this was no more than a brute with which he strove to play in the genial, comradely way that Skipper played.

Red war was inevitable—not first on Jerry's part, but on Borckman's part. Borckman felt the abysmal urgings of the beast, as a beast, to prove himself master of this four-legged beast. Jerry felt his jowl and jaw clutched still more harshly and hardly, and, with increase of harshness and hardness, he was flung farther down the deck, which, on account of its growing slant due to heavier gusts of wind, had become a steep and slippery hill.

He came back, clawing frantically up the slope that gave him little footing; and he came back, no longer with poorly attempted simulation of ferocity but impelled by the first flickerings of real ferocity. His teeth flashed more quickly and with deeper intent at the jowl-clutching hand, and, missing, he was seized and flung down the smooth incline harder and farther than before. He was growing angry as he clawed back, though he was not conscious of it. But the mate, being a man, albeit a drunken one, sensed the change in Jerry's attack ere Jerry dreamed there was any change in it. And not only did Borckman sense it but it served as a spur to drive him back into primitive beastliness, and fight to master this puppy, as a primitive man, under dissimilar provocation, might have fought with the members of the first litter stolen from a wolf-den among the rocks.

True, Jerry could trace as far back. His ancient ancestors had been Irish wolfhounds, and, long before that, the ancestors of the wolfhounds had been wolves. The note in Jerry's growls changed. The unforgotten and inefaceable past strummed the fibers of his throat. His teeth flashed with fierce intent in the desire of sinking as deep in the man's hand as passion could drive. For Jerry, by this time, was all passion. He had leaped back into the dark, stark rawness of the early world almost as swiftly as had Borckman. And, this time, his teeth scored, ripping the tender and sensitive skin and flesh of all the inside of the first and second joints of Borckman's right hand. Jerry's teeth were needles that stung, and Borckman, gaining the grasp on Jerry's jaw, flung him away and down, so that almost he hit the Arangi's tiny rail ere his clawing feet stopped him.

And Van Horn, having finished his rearrangement and repair of the explosive-filled drawer under the mate's bunk, climbed up the companion-steps, saw the battle, paused, and quietly looked on.

But he looked across a million years, at two mad creatures who had slipped the leash of the generations and who were back in the darkness of spawning life ere dawning intelligence had modified the chemistry of such life to softness of consideration. All the endeavor and achievement of the ten thousand generations was not, and, as wolf-dog and wild man, the combat was between Jerry and the mate. Neither saw Van Horn, who was inside the companionway hatch, his eyes level with the combing.

To Jerry, Borckman was now no more a god than was he himself a mere smooth-coated Irish terrier. Both had forgotten the million years stamped into their heredity more feebly, more erasably than what had been stamped in prior to the million years. Jerry did not know drunkenness, but he did know unfairness; and it was with raging indignation that he knew it. Borckman fumbled his next counter to Jerry's attack, missed, and had both hands slashed in quick succession ere he managed to send the puppy sliding.

And still Jerry came back. As any screaming creature of the jungle, he hysterically squalled his indignation. But he made no whimper. Nor did he wince or cringe to the blows. He bored straight in, striving, without avoiding a blow, to beat and meet the blow with his teeth. So hard was he flung down the last time that his side smashed painfully against the rail, and Van Horn cried out:

"Cut that out, Borckman! Leave the puppy alone!"

The mate turned in the startle of surprise at being observed. The sharp, authoritative words of Van Horn



PICTURED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"My word, King o' Babylon," he muttered in the chief's ears, as the boat's crew bent to the oars, "one fella boy make 'm trouble, I shoot 'm you first thing!"

were a call across the million years. Borckman's anger-convulsed face ludicrously attempted a sheepish, deprecating grin, and he was just mumbling, "We was only playing," when Jerry arrived back, leaped in the air, and sank his teeth into the offending hand.

Borckman immediately and insanelly went back across the million years. An attempted kick got his ankle scored for his pains. He gibbered his own rage and hurt, and, stooping, dealt Jerry a tremendous blow alongside the head and neck. Being in mid-leap when he received the blow, Jerry was twistingly somersaulted sidewise before he struck the deck on his back. As swiftly as he could scramble to footing and charge, he returned to the attack, but was checked by Skipper's:

"Jerry! Stop it! Come here!"

He obeyed, but only by prodigious effort, his neck bristling and his lips writhing clear of his teeth as he passed the mate. For the first time, there was a whimper in his throat; but it was not the whimper of fear or of pain, but of outrage and of desire to continue the battle which he struggled to control at Skipper's behest.

Stepping out on deck, Skipper picked him up and soothed him, the while he expressed his mind to the mate:

"Borckman, you ought to be ashamed! You ought to be shot or have your block knocked off for this. A puppy, a little puppy scarcely weaned! For two cents, I'd give you 'what for' myself. The idea of it! A little puppy, a weanling little puppy! Glad your hands are ripped. You deserved it. Hope you get blood-poisoning in them. Besides, you're drunk. Go below and turn in, and don't you dare come on deck until you're sober. Savve?"

And Jerry, far-journeyer across life and across the history of all life that goes to make the world, strugglingly mastering the abysmal slime of the prehistoric with the love that had come into existence and had become warp and woof of him in far later time, his wrath of ancientness still faintly reverberating in his throat like the rumblings of a passing thunder-storm, knew, in the wide, warm ways of feeling,

the augustness and righteousness of his Skipper. Skipper was, in truth, a god who did right, who was fair, who protected, and who imperiously commanded this other and lesser god that slunk away before his anger.

IX

UNDER a brisk beam-wind, which had sprung up with the rising of the sun, the Arangi flew north. At high noon, with Van Horn, ever attended by Jerry, standing for'ard and conning, the Arangi headed into the wind to thread a passage between two palm-tufted islets. There was need for conning. Coral patches uprose everywhere from the turquoise depths, running the gamut of green from deepest jade to palest tourmaline, over which the sea filtered changing shades, creamed lazily, or burst into white fountains of sun-flashed spray.

Smoke columns along the heights became garrulous, and long before the Arangi was through the passage, the entire leeward coast, from the salt-water men of the shore to the remotest bush-villagers, knew that the labor-recruiter was going in to Langa Langa. As the lagoon, formed by the chain of islets lying off shore, opened out, Jerry began to smell the reef-villages. Canoes, many canoes, urged by paddles or sailed before the wind by the weight of the freshening southeast trade on spread fronds of coconut-palms, moved across the smooth surface of the lagoon.

Once inside the lagoon, the Arangi filled away with the wind abeam. At the end of a swift half-mile, she rounded to, with head-sails running down and with a great flapping of main and mizzen, and dropped anchor in fifty feet of water so clear that every huge fluted clam-shell was visible on the coral floor. The whale-boat was not required to put the Langa Langa return-boys ashore. Hundreds of canoes lay twenty deep along both sides of the Arangi, and each boy, with his box and bell, was clamored for by scores of relatives and friends.

In such height of excitement, Van (Continued on page 164)



The pistol of the centuries went off. Loaded with two slugs and a round bullet, its effect was that of a sawed-off shotgun. And Van Horn knew the blaze and the black of death, even as his fingers relaxed from the part-lifted automatic, dropping it to the floor

Lie Down, and Hurry Up

By Gerald Stanley Lee

Author of "Crossed" and "We"

Photographic Decorations by Lejaren A. Hiller



WHEN people cannot stop moving, they need to be warned that what keeps many people back from success in this country is inertia, and that there is the inertia of motion as well as the inertia of rest. Many people would get on quickly by lying down.

I was talking with an English friend, one day, at our railway station, when a New Haven engine thought it would join in our conversation and began blowing off. We waited a minute and watched it express itself as well as it could.

"All your country is like that," he said; then he went on to complain of the atmosphere of American life. "All the air in America beats like a trip-hammer. Nothing but muscles can live in it."

Of course, he was a bit unreasonable and too full, too, of the many dinners he had been hurried around to, and I was going to talk back to him when suddenly I remembered guiltily how New York feels when one sails in from Europe.

The first thing one feels on entering the harbor of New York, as he stands on the deck of the steamer, is that he must go ashore and *run* somewhere. If it wasn't for the custom-house, all the passengers on Atlantic liners, the moment they touch the dock, would be seen falling over one another, running for dear life up the streets of New York—nowhere in particular—just running.

I leave it to the readers of COSMOPOLITAN. It's in the air. It's something in the very ground of the continent. It comes up through one's legs. It—

"Oh, it's the long voyage!" some one says.

Does anyone land that way in Liverpool—or want to? It's the getting-on atmosphere. You feel it coming over you before you get around Sandy Hook. You feel it off Long Island. There's no escaping it. It takes you like the grip. It's the "getting-on" germ—the American germ. Every offshore breeze has the Thing in it. The only way to shake it off is to turn around in the same ship and go back again.

I hear five million readers sigh.

But I cannot but go on. Take our streets, for instance.

"You are always talking about streets," some one says.

Well, take anything. Take our women. Take the typical American woman's voice. Take her any time you like, talking or not talking, day or night. Being in the room with her is like being in the room with the tick of a dollar clock. Her very silence beats. It's in her face—I mean the average American woman. Her face is like an alarm-clock. She may look at you perfectly still, but you never know when she's going off—I appeal to anybody's, to everybody's experience—and, when she whirs, there's no stopping her, and when she stops whirring, she ticks.

I spent a whole night last year, when I was with W—

Lie Down and 'Hurry Up

at his house in Sussex, trying to stop an American clock that had, somehow, got into his guest-chamber. I got up and tried smothering it in the bedding, and I tried shutting it up in the closet, and I tried shaking it, and I tried putting everything I had in my trunk on top of it, and still it kept ticking. It couldn't have been stopped with a hammer. Finally, along toward morning sometime, I let it gently down with two pajama-strings out of the window.

I am not saying, of course, that this is what the average American husband would like to do with his wife, but many a man has had his wild moments. It is very hard work to come home from hurrying all day to a hurrying and anxious home. Millions of our American women are too much like the husbands to rest them. They seem to go on the theory that almost anything can get done in America by bearing on a little harder, or by pushing, or by just being responsible and anxious.

Even audiences—people that have got nothing to do but sit and let knowledge be poured on them—have, in this country, a hard-worked look. (At least, mine do.) They seem to think it is the proper thing at a lecture in America—audiences do—to look anxious. All of the women's clubs are very polite about it and look anxious at once, the moment one gets up on the platform.

They limber up and get better after a little, of course, but I would give the world—speaking for myself—if the first fifteen minutes of my lectures could regularly be skipped.

The first fifteen minutes of everything in America really ought to be skipped—dinners, especially—because people in America won't relax and won't play and be natural with their minds. It's because everybody is feeling so responsible for the conversation the first fifteen minutes at dinners that there isn't any.

In the same way, the first fifteen

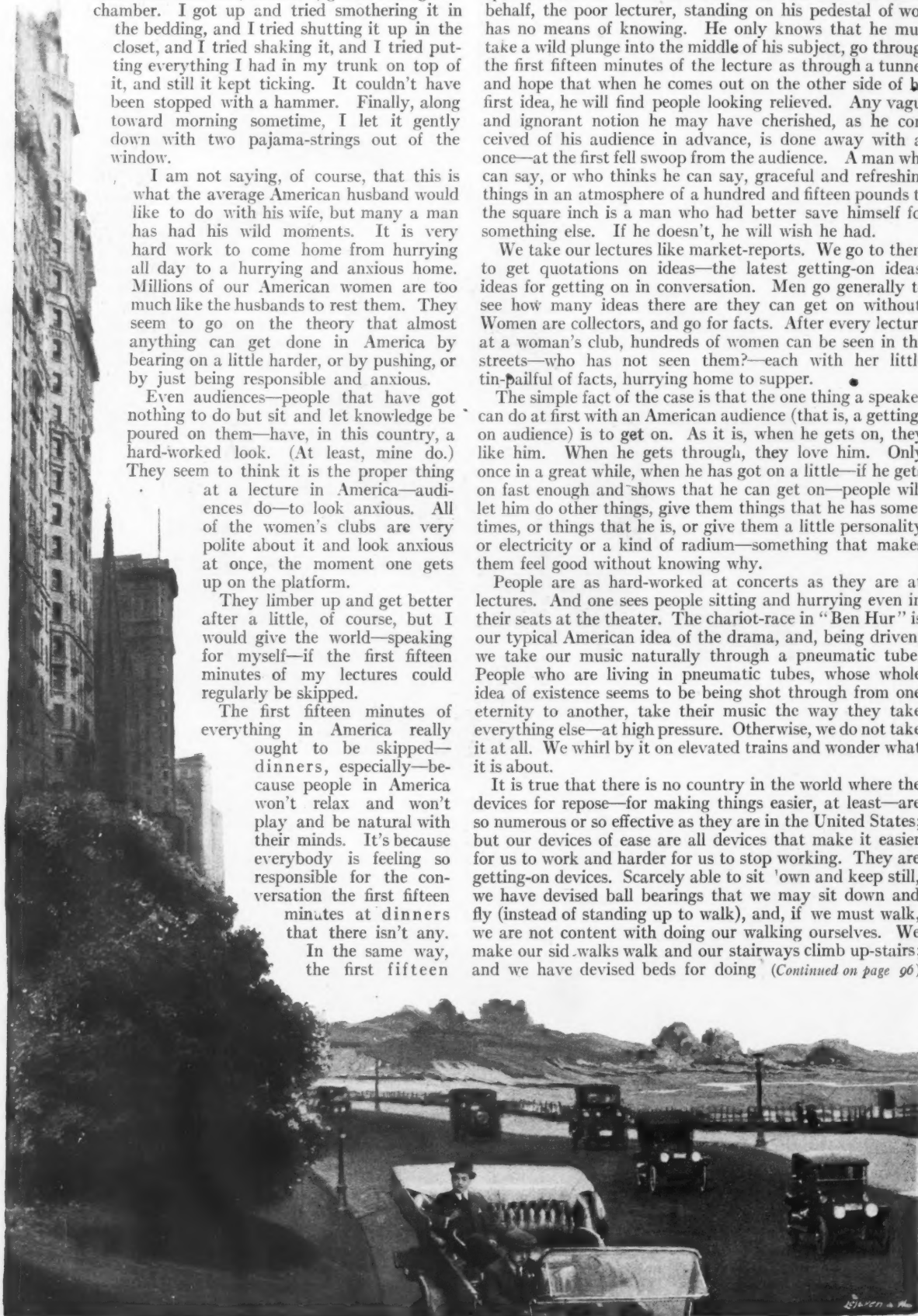
minutes is wasted at a lecture. Whether the anxious, responsible look in the audience is on its own behalf or on *his* behalf, the poor lecturer, standing on his pedestal of woe, has no means of knowing. He only knows that he must take a wild plunge into the middle of his subject, go through the first fifteen minutes of the lecture as through a tunnel, and hope that when he comes out on the other side of his first idea, he will find people looking relieved. Any vague and ignorant notion he may have cherished, as he conceived of his audience in advance, is done away with at once—at the first fell swoop from the audience. A man who can say, or who thinks he can say, graceful and refreshing things in an atmosphere of a hundred and fifteen pounds to the square inch is a man who had better save himself for something else. If he doesn't, he will wish he had.

We take our lectures like market-reports. We go to them to get quotations on ideas—the latest getting-on ideas, ideas for getting on in conversation. Men go generally to see how many ideas there are they can get on without. Women are collectors, and go for facts. After every lecture at a woman's club, hundreds of women can be seen in the streets—who has not seen them?—each with her little tin-pailful of facts, hurrying home to supper.

The simple fact of the case is that the one thing a speaker can do at first with an American audience (that is, a getting-on audience) is to *get on*. As it is, when he gets on, they like him. When he gets through, they love him. Only once in a great while, when he has got on a little—if he gets on fast enough and shows that he can get on—people will let him do other things, give them things that he has sometimes, or things that he is, or give them a little personality or electricity or a kind of radium—something that makes them feel good without knowing why.

People are as hard-worked at concerts as they are at lectures. And one sees people sitting and hurrying even in their seats at the theater. The chariot-race in "Ben Hur" is our typical American idea of the drama, and, being driven, we take our music naturally through a pneumatic tube. People who are living in pneumatic tubes, whose whole idea of existence seems to be being shot through from one eternity to another, take their music the way they take everything else—at high pressure. Otherwise, we do not take it at all. We whirl by it on elevated trains and wonder what it is about.

It is true that there is no country in the world where the devices for repose—for making things easier, at least—are so numerous or so effective as they are in the United States; but our devices of ease are all devices that make it easier for us to work and harder for us to stop working. They are getting-on devices. Scarcely able to sit 'own and keep still, we have devised ball bearings that we may sit down and fly (instead of standing up to walk), and, if we must walk, we are not content with doing our walking ourselves. We make our sid-walks walk and our stairways climb up-stairs; and we have devised beds for doing (Continued on page 96)



The Sunken Treasure

A member of New York's detective force recently said, "It has been proved that science is better in obtaining evidence than 'gum-shoe' work or third-degree methods." Craig Kennedy, in getting to the bottom of this mystery, employs the most ingenious device that scientific men have invented in a long time—not for purposes of criminal investigation, to be sure, but Craig, who never misses a trick, loses no time in using it in his own work.

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Gun-runner"
and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

"GET story Everson and bride, yacht Belle Aventure, seeking treasure sunk Gulf liner Antilles."

Kennedy and I had proceeded, after a few leisurely days in St. Thomas, to Porto Rico. We had no particular destination, and San Juan rather appealed to us as an objective point, because it was on American soil.

It was there that I found waiting for me the above message by wireless from the *Star*, in New York.

San Juan was, as we had anticipated, a thoroughly Americanized town, and I lost no time in getting around at once to the office of the leading newspaper, the *Colonial News*. The editor, Kenmore, proved to be a former New York reporter who had come out in answer to an advertisement by the proprietors of the paper.

"What's the big story here now?" I asked, by way of preface, expecting to find that colonial newspaper men were provincial.

"What's the big story?" repeated Kenmore, impatiently pushing aside a long leader on native politics and regarding me thoughtfully. "Well, I'm not superstitious, but a honeymoon spent trying to break into Davy Jones' locker for sunken treasure—I guess that's a good story, isn't it?"

I showed him my message, and he smiled.

"You see, I was right!" he exclaimed. "They're searching now at the Cay d'Or, the Golden Key—one of the southernmost of the Bahamas, I suppose you would call it. I wish I were like you. I'd like to get away from this political stuff long enough to get the story." He puffed absently on a fragrant native cigar. "I met them all when they were here, before they started," he resumed reminiscently. "It was certainly a picturesque outfit—three college chums—one of them on his honeymoon and the couple chaperoning the bride's sister. There was one of the college boys—a fellow named Gage, who fairly made news."

"How was that?" inquired Kennedy, who had accompanied me, full of zest at the prospect of mixing in a story so romantic.

"Oh, I don't know that it was his fault—altogether," replied Kenmore. "There's a young lady here in the city, Dolores Guiteras, the daughter of a pilot. She had been a friend of some one in the expedition, I believe. I suppose that's how Gage met her. I don't think either of them



He was at work now on a most grotesque labor, and, as he placed the finishing touches on it, he talked abstractedly

really cared for each other. Perhaps she was a bit jealous of the ladies of the

party. I don't know anything much about it; only, I remember, one night, in the café of the Palace Hotel, I thought Gage and another fellow would fight a duel—almost—until Everson dropped in and patched the affair up, and the next day his yacht left for Golden Key."

"I wish I'd been here to go with them," I considered.

"How do you suppose I'll be able to get out there now?"

"You might be able to hire a tug," shrugged Kenmore.

"The only one I know is that of Captain Guiteras. He's the father of this Dolores I told you about."

The suggestion seemed good, and, after a few moments more of conversation, absorbing what little Kenmore knew, we threaded our way across the city to the home of the redoubtable Guiteras and his pretty daughter. The pilot proved to be a man of about fifty, a sturdy, muscular fellow, his face bronzed by the tropical sun. I had scarcely broached the purpose of my visit when his restless brown eyes seemed literally to flash.

"No, sir," he exclaimed emphatically; "you cannot get me to go on any such expedition! Mr. Everson came here first and tried to hire my tug. I wouldn't do it. No, sir; he had to get one from Havana. Why, the whole thing is unlucky—hoodooed, you call it. I will not touch it."

"But," I remonstrated, surprised at his unexpected vehemence, "I am not asking you to join the expedition. We are only going to—"

"No, no," he interrupted; "I will not consider it. I—"

He cut short his remarks as a young woman, radiant in her Latin-American beauty, opened the door, hesitated at sight

of us, then entered at a nod from him. We did not need to be told that this was the Dolores whom Kenmore's rumor had credited with almost wrecking Everson's expedition at the start. She was a striking type, her face, full of animation and fire, betraying more of passion than of intellect.

A keen glance of inquiry from her wonderful eyes at her father was followed by a momentary, far-away look, and she remained silent while Guiteras paused, as if considering something.

"They say," he continued slowly, his features drawn sharply, "that there was loot of Mexican churches on that ship—the jewels of Our Lady of the Rosary, at Puebla. That ship was cursed, I tell you!" he added, scowling darkly.

"No one was lost on it, though," I ventured, at random.

"I suppose you never heard the story of the Antilles?" he inquired, turning swiftly toward me; then, without stopping: "She had just sailed from San Juan—on her way to New York from Vera Cruz—with several hundred Mexican refugees on board, when she was discovered to be on fire. Treasure? Yes—perhaps millions, money that belonged to wealthy families in Mexico—and some that had the curse on it.

"You asked, a moment ago, if everybody wasn't rescued. Well, everybody was rescued from the wreck except Captain Driggs. I don't know what happened. No one knows. The fire had got into the engine-room, and the ship was sinking fast. Passengers saw him—pale, like a ghost, some said; others say there was blood streaming from his head. When the last boat-load left, they couldn't find him. They had to put off without him. It was a miracle that no one else was lost."

"How did the fire start?" inquired Kennedy, much interested.

"No one knows that, either," answered Guiteras, shaking his head slowly. "I think it must have been smoldering in the hold for hours before it was discovered. Then the pumps either didn't work properly or the flames had gained too great headway. I've heard many people talk of it and of the treasure. No, sir; you wouldn't get me to touch it. Maybe you'll call it superstition, but I won't have anything to do with it. I wouldn't go with Mr. Everson, and I won't go with you. Perhaps you don't understand, but I can't help it."

Dolores had stood beside her father while he was speaking, but had said nothing, though, all the time, she had been regarding us from beneath her long black eyelashes. Arguments with the old pilot had no effect, but I could not help feeling that, somehow, she was on our side, that, even if she shared his fears and prejudices, her heart was really somewhere near the Key of Gold.

There seemed to be nothing for us to do but wait until some other way turned up to get out to the expedition or perhaps Dolores succeeded in changing the captain's mind. We bowed ourselves out, not a little puzzled by the enigma of the obdurate old man and his pretty daughter. Try as I might among the busy shipping of the port, I could find no one willing, at any reasonable price, to change his plans to accommodate us.

It was early the next morning when a young lady, very much perturbed, called on us at our hotel, scarcely waiting even the introduction of her plainly engraved card bearing the name, "Miss Norma Sanford."

"Perhaps you know of my sister, Asta Sanford, Mrs. Orrin Everson," she began, speaking very rapidly, as if under stress. "We're down here for Asta's honeymoon on Orrin's yacht, the *Belle Adventure*." Craig and I exchanged glances, but she did not give us a chance to interrupt. "It all seems so sudden, so terrible!" she cried, in a burst of wild incoherent feeling. "Yesterday, Bertram Traynor died, and we've put back to San Juan with his body. I'm so worried for Orrin and my sister. I heard you were here, Professor Kennedy, and I couldn't rest until I saw you."

She was looking anxiously at Craig.

"I don't quite understand," interposed Kennedy, with an effort to calm her. "Why do you fear for your sister and Mr. Everson? Was there something—suspicious—about the death of Mr. Traynor?"

"Indeed, I think there was!" she replied quickly. "None of us has any idea how it happened. Let me tell you about our party. You see, there were three college chums, Orrin and two friends, Bertram Traynor and Donald Gage. They were all on a cruise down here last winter, the year after they were graduated. It was in San Juan that Orrin first met Mr. Dominick, who was purser on the Antilles—you know that big steamer of the Gulf Line that was burned last year and went down with seven million dollars on board?" Kennedy nodded to the implied query and she went on; "Mr. Dominick was among those saved, but Captain Driggs was lost with his ship. Mr. Dominick had been trying to interest some one here in seeking the treasure. It is known about where the Antilles went down, and the first thing he wanted to do was to locate the wreck exactly. After that was done, of course Mr. Dominick knew about the location of the ship's strong room and all that."

"That, of course, was common knowledge to anyone interested enough to find out, though?" suggested Kennedy.

"Of course," she agreed. "Well, a few months later, Orrin met Mr. Dominick again, in New York. In the mean time, he had been talking the thing over with various people and had become acquainted with a man who had once been a diver for the Inter-ocean Marine Insurance Company—Owen Kinsale. Anyhow, that's how the scheme grew. They incorporated a company, the Deep Sea Engineering Company, to search for the treasure. That is how Orrin started. They are using his yacht, and Mr. Dominick is really in command, though Mr. Kinsale possesses the actual technical knowledge." She paused, but again her feelings seemed to get the better of her. "Oh," she cried, "I've been afraid all along—lately! It's dangerous work. And, then, the stories that have been told of the ship and the treasure! It seems ill-fated. Professor Kennedy," she appealed, "I wish you would come and see us. We're not on the yacht just now. We came ashore as soon as we arrived back, and Asta and Orrin are at the Palace Hotel. Perhaps Orrin can tell you more. If you can do nothing more than quiet my fears—"

Her eyes finished the sentence. Norma Sanford was one of those girls who impress you as quite capable of taking care of themselves. But in the presence of the tragedy, and a danger which she sensed but could not seem to define, she felt the need of outside assistance and did not hesitate to ask it. Nor was Kennedy slow in responding. He seemed to welcome a chance to help some one in distress.

We found Everson and his young wife at the hotel, quite different now from the care-free adventurers who had set out only a few days before to wrest a fortune from chance.

I had often seen portraits of the two Sanford sisters in the society pages of the papers in the States, and knew that the courtship of Orrin Everson and Asta Sanford had been a true bit of modern romance.

Asta Everson was a unique type of girl. She had begun by running fast motor-cars and boats. That had not satisfied her, and she had taken up aviation. Once, even, she had tried deep-sea diving herself. It seemed as if she had been born with the spirit of adventure.

To win her, Everson had done about everything from arctic exploration, one summer when he was in college, to big-game hunting in Africa and mountain climbing in the Andes. Odd though the romance might seem to be, one could not help feeling that the young couple was splendidly matched as to tastes. Each had that spirit of restlessness which, at least, sent them out playing at pioneering.

Everson had organized the expedition quite as much in the spirit of revolt against a prosaic life of society at home as for gain. It had appealed strongly to Asta. She had insisted that nothing so much as a treasure-hunt would be



DRAWN BY UISA PORTEGE

"I don't quite understand," interposed Kennedy, with an effort to calm her. "Why do you fear for your sister and Mr. Everson? Was there something—suspicious—about the death of Mr. Traynor?"

appropriate for their wedding trip, and they had agreed on the unconventional. Accordingly, she and her sister had joined Everson and his party. Norma, though a year younger, was quite like her in her taste for excitement.

"Of course you understand," explained Everson, as he hurriedly tried to give us some idea of what had happened, "we knew that the Antilles had sunk somewhere off the Cay d'Or. It was, first, a question of locating her. That was all that we had been doing when Bertram died. It is terrible, terrible! I can't believe it; I can't understand it!"

In spite of his iron nerve, the tragedy seemed to have shaken the young man profoundly.

"You had done nothing that might have been dangerous?" asked Kennedy pointedly.

"Nothing," emphasized Everson. "You see, we located the wreck in a way somewhat similar to the manner in which they sweep the seas for mines and submarines. It was really very simple, though it took us some time. All we did was to drag a wire at a fixed depth between the yacht and the tug, or, rather, I suppose you'd almost call it a trawler, which I chartered from Havana. What we were looking for was to have the wire catch on some obstruction. It did, too, not once but many times, due to the unevenness of the ocean bed. Once we located a wreck, but it was in shallow water—a small boat, not the one we were looking for."

"But you succeeded finally?"

"Yes; only day before yesterday we located her. We marked the spot with a buoy and were getting ready for real work. It was just after that that Bertram was taken ill and died so suddenly. We've left Dominick, Kinsale, Gage, and the rest on the trawler there, while I came here with Traynor's body. It was awful to have to send the news back to New York. I don't know what to think or what to do."

"How did he die?" asked Kennedy, endeavoring to gain the confidence of young Everson. "Do you recall any of his symptoms?"

"It came on him so suddenly," he replied, "that we hadn't much time to think. As nearly as we could make out, it began with a faintness and difficulty in breathing. We asked him how he felt—but it seemed as if he were deaf. I thought it might be the bends—you know, caisson-disease—and we started to put him in the medical lock which we had for the divers, but before we could get it ready, he was unconscious. It was all so sudden that it stunned us. I can't make it out at all."

Neither Asta nor Norma seemed able to tell anything. In fact, the blow had been so swift and unexpected, so incomprehensible, that it had left them thoroughly alarmed.

The body of Traynor had already been brought ashore and placed in a local undertaker's shop. With Everson, Kennedy and I hastened to visit it.

Traynor had been an athlete and was powerfully built, which made his sudden death seem all the more strange.

Kennedy consumed the greater part of the morning in making a careful investigation of the body, and, after some time, Everson began to get restless, wondering how his wife and sister-in-law were getting on in his absence. To keep him company, I returned to the hotel with him, leaving Kennedy to pursue his work alone.

There was nothing much that either of us could say or do, but I thought I observed, on closer acquaintance with Norma, that there was something weighing on her mind. Was it a suspicion which she had not told us? Evidently, she was not prepared to say anything yet, but I determined, rather than try to quiz her, to mention my impression to Kennedy, in the hope that she might confide in him what she would not have breathed to anyone else.

After an hour or more, we returned to Craig. He was still at work, and, from his manner, it was evident that his investigations had begun to show something.

"Have you found anything?" asked Everson eagerly.

"I think I have," returned Craig, measuring his words carefully. "Of course, you know the dangers of diving, and

the view now accepted regarding the rapid effervescence of the gases which are absorbed in the body-fluids during exposure to pressure. I think you know that experiment has proved that, when the pressure is suddenly relieved, the gas is liberated in bubbles within the body. That is what seems to do the harm. Traynor's symptoms, as you described them, seemed to indicate that. It is like charged water in a bottle. Take out the cork, and the gas inside, which has been under pressure, bubbles up. In the human body, air, and particularly the nitrogen in the air, literally forms death-bubbles."

Everson said nothing, as he regarded Kennedy's face searchingly, and Craig went on:

"Set free in the spinal cord, for instance, such bubbles may cause partial paralysis, or in the heart may lead to stoppage of the circulation. In this case, I am quite sure that what I have found indicates air in the arteries, the heart, and the blood-vessels of the brain. It must have been a case of air-embolism, insufflation."

Though Everson seemed all along to have suspected something of the sort, Kennedy's judgment still left him quite as much at a loss for an explanation. Kennedy seemed to understand as he went on.

"I have tried to consider all the ways such a thing could have happened," he considered. "It is possible that air might have been introduced into the veins by a hypodermic needle or other instrument. But I find no puncture of the skin or other evidence that would support that theory. I have looked for a lesion of the lungs, but find none. Then, how could it have occurred? Had he done any real deep diving?"

Everson shook his head slowly.

"No," he replied. "As I said, it wouldn't have been so incomprehensible if he had. Besides, if we had been diving, we should have been on the lookout. No; Bertram had only tested the apparatus once after we located the wreck. He didn't much more than go under the surface—nothing like the practise-dives we all made up in Long Island Sound before we came down here. He was only testing the pumps and other things to see whether they had stood the voyage. It was nothing at all. I don't see how it could have given anyone the bends—much less a fellow like Traynor. Why, I think he could have stood more than Kinsale with a little practise. Kennedy, I can't get it out of my mind that there's something about this that isn't right."

Craig regarded Everson gravely.

"Frankly," he confessed, "I must say that I don't understand it myself—at this distance."

"Would you come out to the key with me?" hastened Everson, as though grasping at a possible solution.

"I should be delighted to help you in any way that I can," returned Craig heartily.

Everson could not find words to express his gratitude. We hurried back to the hotel. In the excitement, I had completely forgotten the despatch from the *Star*, but now I suddenly realized that here, ready to hand, was the only way of getting out to the Key of Gold and securing the story.

Everson lost no time in preparing to return to the yacht. Nothing more could be done for poor Traynor, and prompt action might mean much in clearing up the mystery, if mystery it should prove.

Our way to the landing-place took us over much the same route that Kennedy and I had taken the day before to reach Guiteras's home.

I was just about to say something about this to Kennedy and of the impression that Norma had made on me, when suddenly a figure darted from around the corner and confronted us. We stopped in surprise. It was none other than Dolores herself—not the quiet, subdued Dolores we had seen the day before, but almost a wild creature. What it was that had transformed her, I could not imagine. It was not ourselves that she seemed to seek, nor yet the Eversons. She did not pause until she had come close to Norma.

For a moment, the two women, so different in type, faced

each other, Dolores fiery with the ardent beauty of her race, Norma pulsating with life and vigor, yet always mistress of herself.

"I warn you!" cried Dolores, unable to restrain herself longer. "You thought the other was yours—and he was not! Do not seek revenge. He is mine—*mine*, I tell you! Win your own back again. I was only making sport of him. But mine—beware!"

For a moment, Norma gazed at her, then, without a word, turned aside and walked on. Another instant, and Dolores was gone as suddenly as she had appeared. Asta looked inquiringly, but Norma made no attempt at explanation. What did it mean? Had it anything to do with the dispute in the hotel which Kenmore had witnessed?

At the landing, we parted for a time with Everson, to return to our hotel and get what little we needed, including

Kennedy's traveling laboratory, while Everson prepared quarters for our reception on the yacht.

"What do you make of that Dolores incident?" I hastened to ask, the moment we were alone.

"I don't know," he replied, "except that I feel it has an important bearing on the case. There is something that Norma hasn't told us, I fear."

While we waited for a wagon to transfer our things to the dock, Kennedy took a moment to call up Kenmore on the *News*. As he turned to me from the telephone, I saw that what he had learned had not helped him much in his idea of the case.

"It was the Interocean Company which had insured the Antilles," was all he said.

Instantly, I thought of Kinsale and his former connection. Was he secretly working with them still? Was there a plot to frustrate Everson's plans? At least, the best thing to do was to get out to the wreck and answer our many questions at first hand.

The *Belle Aventure* was a trim yacht of perhaps seventy feet, low, slim, graceful, driven by a powerful gas-engine and capable of going almost anywhere. An hour later, we were aboard and established in a handsomely appointed room, where Craig lost no time in setting up his temporary traveling crime-clinic.

It was quite late before we were able to start, for Everson had a number of purchases to attend to. Finally, however, we had taken aboard all that he needed, and we slipped out quietly past the castle on the point guarding the entrance to the harbor. All night we plowed ahead over the brilliant, starry, tropical sea, making splendid time, for the yacht was very fast.

Now and then, I could see that Kennedy was furtively watching Norma, in the hope that she might reveal whatever secret she was guarding so jealously. Though she betrayed nothing, I felt sure that it had to do with some member of the expedition, and that it was a more than ordinarily complicated affair of the heart.

The ladies had retired, leaving us with Everson in the wicker easy chairs on the after deck.

"I can't seem to get out of my mind, Everson, that meeting with the Spanish girl on the street," suddenly remarked Kennedy, in the hope of getting something through surprise. "You see, I had already heard of a little unpleasantness in a hotel café before the expedition started. Somehow, I feel that there must be some connection."

For a moment, Everson regarded Kennedy in the soft rays of the electric light under the awning, as it swayed in the gentle air, then looked out over the easy swell of the summer sea.

"I don't understand it myself," he remarked, at length, lowering his

(Continued on page 100)



On the floor, across the door-sill, sprawled a figure. Dominick had paid the price of his faithlessness to her, also

A BELIEF in the influence of the heavenly bodies upon human destiny has played an important part in the affairs and actions of men. A dark star called by the ancients Erlik, after the Prince of Darkness, presided over the birth of the chief characters in this story—they are children of the Dark Star.

The Reverend Wilbur Carew, a missionary, with his wife and daughter Ruhannah (Rue), having escaped massacre by the Turks at Trebizond, returns, incapacitated and poverty-stricken, to his old home at Brookhollow, near Gayfield, New York.

When Rue is old enough, she goes to work in a knitting-mill and the box factory connected with it. But she has a great love for drawing, and dreams of being an artist. Jim Neeland, the mill-owner's son, who has studied in Paris and begun his career as an illustrator, takes an interest in her. The girl has been left six thousand dollars by her grandmother, which is to be hers when she is twenty-five years old or when she marries. Rue wants the money in order to study art. It seems an eternity to wait until she is twenty-five. Marriage would bring it into her possession at once.

Ed Brandes, a racing man and gambler from New York, having met with an automobile mishap at Brookhollow, comes to the Carews' home, and meeting Rue, is seized with the desire to marry her. He has a wife, Ilse Dumont, a singer, known on the stage as Minna Minti, who is suing him for divorce. Brandes will not wait. Deceiving the Carews as to his means of livelihood, he wins Rue's consent and has what he hopes and believes is a mock marriage performed. The couple is to sail for Paris at once, and Rue takes half of her inheritance with her. But, in a New York hotel, they encounter Ilse, who has trailed them, and Brandes, in the violent scene that follows, denies having married Rue. The girl, with her suitcase containing her money, rushes away and seeks Neeland, whose address she knows. She refuses to return home, and insists on going to Paris to study art. Neeland has a friend, the Princess Mistchenka, sailing on the same ship, and puts the girl in her care. Brandes does not come on board, and Rue hears nothing further from him.

The princess takes a great fancy to Rue, and insists that she live with her in Paris.

Rue takes up her cherished study, in which she makes good progress, and, in her new environment, develops into a charming and cultivated woman. Both her parents die. In the course of several years, Neeland hears from her and the princess occasionally. Finally, one day, he receives a letter from the princess begging him to go to the closed Carew house at Brookhollow, get an olive-wood box containing, among other things, some military maps, plans, and photographs, and bring it himself to Paris. These were the property of a German engineer named Wilner, who was killed trying to quell a disturbance at the opening of an American school for Mohammedan converts at Gallipoli. Wilner was a friend of Mr. Carew, who had taken charge of the papers. Their existence had been revealed by Rue to some Turkish diplomats who frequented the princess's *salon*. There is also in the box a bronze Chinese figure of a Mongol demon—Erlik, the Prince of Darkness—which Wilner called the "Yellow Devil" and which Rue used to play with when a child. This was in the box when Wilner found it in the Bosphorus, close to the body of a young girl who had been murdered.

The princess's letter is followed by a cable urging Neeland to get the box at once, because an attempt may be made to steal its contents. He replies that he will do this, and arranges to sail the next day. Going to Brookhollow, he finds Ilse Dumont, who admits she is a foreign spy, in the Carew house with the papers already in her possession. He forces her to give them up, and, in spite of her threats and warnings, treats her in a decidedly jocose manner, calling her "Scheherazade." On the train back to New York, he finds Ilse with two male companions, and the latter are nearly successful in an attempt to kill him. On the steamer, he believes he is free of this desperado trio, but finding, one day, a scented handkerchief, he knows that his stateroom has been entered. He becomes suspicious of the occupants of the cabin opposite, and, on inquiring of the steward, is told that it is occupied by Mr. Herbert Hawks, an invalid traveling with Miss White, a trained nurse. He then resolves to stay in his room and guard his precious box, while he watches Mr. Hawks' cabin. He orders a meal. It remains outside his door for a short time. As soon as he begins to eat, he notices a strange odor about the food and feels giddy.

XVIII.

BY RADIO

S UDDENLY, a terrible comprehension flashed through Neeland's confused mind, clearing it for a moment.

He tried to stand up and reach the electric bell; his knees seemed incapable of sustaining him. Sliding to the floor, he attempted to crawl toward the olive-wood box, managed to get one arm around it, grip the handle. Then, with a last, desperate effort, he groped in his breast-pocket for the automatic pistol, freed it, tried to fire it. But the weapon and the unnerved hand that held it fell on the carpet. A muscular paralysis set in, like the terrible rigidity of death; he could still see and hear as in a thinking dream.

A moment later, from the corridor, a slim hand was inserted between the door and jamb; the supple fingers became busy with the rubber band for a moment, released it; the door opened very slowly.

For a few seconds, two dark eyes were visible between door and curtain, regarding intently the figure lying prone upon the floor. Then the curtain was twitched noiselessly aside; a young woman in the garb of a nurse stepped swiftly into the stateroom on tiptoe, followed by a big, good-looking man wearing a square golden beard.

The man, who carried with him a pair of crutches but who

"Quick!" breathed the nurse.
"Throw him on the bed!"

A Story of Destiny

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

did not appear to require their aid, hastily set the dinner-tray and camp-table outside in the corridor, then closed and bolted the door.

Already, the nurse was down on her knees beside the fallen man, trying to loosen his grasp on the box. Then her face blanched.

"It's like the rigor of death itself," she whispered fearfully, over her shoulder. "Could I have given him enough to kill him?"

"He took only half a cup and a swallow of water. No."

"I can't get his hand free."

"Wait! I try!" He pulled a big, horn-handled clasp-knife from his pocket and deliberately opened the eight-inch blade.

"What are you doing?" she whispered, seizing his wrist. "Don't do that!"

The man with the golden beard hesitated, then shrugged, pocketed his knife, and seized Neeland's rigidly clenched hand.

"You are right. It makes too much muss," he said, in a low voice, tugging savagely at the clenched hand.

"Wait; I try another way!"

Neeland groaned.

"Oh, don't; don't!" faltered the girl. "You're breaking his wrist!"

"Ugh!" grunted her companion. "I tried."

I cannot do it. See if the box opens!"

"It is locked."

"Search for the key!"

She began a hurried search of Neeland's clothing, presently discovered her own handkerchief, thrust it into her apron pocket, and continued rummaging while the bearded man turned his attention to the automatic pistol. This he finally succeeded in disengaging, and he laid it on the wash-basin.

"Here are his keys," whispered the nurse feverishly, holding them up against the dim circle of evening sky framed by the open port-hole. "You had better light the stateroom; I can't see. Hurry! I think he is beginning to recover."

When the bearded man had switched on the electric light, he returned to kneel once more beside the inert body on the floor, and began to pull and haul and tug at the box and attempt to insert the key in the lock. But the stiffened clutch of the drugged man made it impossible either to release the box or get at the keyhole. He seized the rigid hand and, exerting all the strength of a brutally inflamed fury, fairly ripped loose the fingers.

"So," he panted, seizing the stiffened

body from the floor and lifting it. "Hold him by legs, and I will push him out—"

"Out of the port-hole?"

"Otherwise he recovers to raise an alarm."

"It is not necessary. Karl takes the papers. How shall this man know?"

"You left your handkerchief. He is no fool. No; it is safer to push him overboard."

"I'll take the papers to Karl, and then I can remain in my stateroom."

"No! Lift his legs, I tell you!"

He staggered a few paces forward with his unwieldy burden, and, setting one knee on the sofa, attempted to force



At the same moment, a rapid knocking sounded outside the stateroom door



A young woman in the garb of a nurse stepped swiftly into the stateroom

Neeland's head and shoulders through the open port-hole. At the same moment, a rapid knocking sounded outside the stateroom door.

"Quick!" breathed the nurse. "Throw him on his bed!"

The man hesitated; then, as the knocking sounded again, imperative, persistent, he staggered to the bed with his burden, laid it on the pillows, seized his crutches, rested on them, breathing heavily and listening to the loud and rapid knocking outside the door.

"We've got to open," she whispered. "Don't forget that we found him unconscious in the corridor." And she slid the bolt noiselessly, opened the stateroom door, and stepped outside the curtain into the corridor. The cockney steward stood there with a messenger.

"Wireless for Mr. Neeland—" he began; but his speech failed, and his jaw fell at sight of the nurse in her cap and uniform. And when, on his crutches, the bearded man emerged from behind the curtain, the steward's eyes fairly protruded.

"The young gentleman is ill," explained the nurse coolly. "Mr. Hawks heard him fall in the corridor and came out on

his crutches to see what had happened. I chanced to be passing through the main corridor, fortunately. I am doing what I can for the young gentleman."

"Oh," said the steward, staring over her shoulder at the bearded man on crutches.

"There is no need of calling the ship's doctor," said the man on crutches. "This young woman is a hospital nurse."

"Yes," she said carelessly; "I can remain here for an hour or two with him. He requires only a few simple remedies; I've already given him a sedative, and he is sleeping very nicely."

"Yes, yes; it is not grave. He slipped and knocked his head. Maybe too much champagne. We are no longer needed, steward. I return to my room."

And, nodding pleasantly, the bearded man hobbled out on his crutches and entered his own stateroom across the passage.

"Steward," said the nurse pleasantly, "you may leave the wireless telegram with me. When Mr. Neeland wakes, I'll read it to him."

"Give that telegram to me!" burst out a ghostly voice from the curtained room behind her.

Every atom of color left her face, and she stood there as though turned into marble. The steward stared at her. Still staring, he passed gingerly in front of her and entered the curtained room. Neeland was lying on his bed, as white as death; but his eyes fluttered open in a dazed way.

"Steward," he whispered.

"Yes, sir—Mr. Neeland."

"My—box." His eyes closed.

"Box, sir?"

"Where—is—it?"

"Which box, sir? Is it this 'ere one on the floor?"—lifting the olive-wood box in its case. The key was in the lock; the other keys hung from it, dangling on a steel ring.

The nurse stepped calmly into the room.

"Steward," she said, in her low, pleasant voice, "the sedative I gave him has probably confused his mind a little—"

"Put that box—under—my head," interrupted Neeland's voice, like a groan.

"I tell you," whispered the nurse, "he doesn't know what he is saying."

"I got to obey him, ma'am——"

"I forbid you!"

"Steward!" gasped Neeland.

"Sir?"

"My box! I—want it."

"Certainly, sir."

"Here, beside my—pillow."

"Yes, sir." He laid the box beside the sick man.

"Is it locked, steward?"

"Key sticking in it, sir. Yes; it's locked, sir."

"Open."

The nurse, calm, pale, tight-lipped, stood by the curtain looking at the bed, over which the steward leaned, opening the box.

"Ere you are, sir," he said, lifting the cover. "I say, nurse, give 'm a lift, won't you?"

The nurse coolly stepped to the bedside, stooped, raised the head and shoulders of the prostrate man. After a moment, his eyes unclosed; he looked at the contents of the box with a perceptible effort.

"Lock it, steward. Place it beside me, next the wall—so. Place the keys in my pocket. Thank you. I had a pistol."

"Sir?"

"A pistol. Where is it?"

The steward's roving glance fell finally upon the wash-basin. He walked over, picked up the automatic, and, with an indescribable glance at the nurse, laid it across Neeland's upturned palm.

The young man's fingers fumbled it, closed over the handle; and a ghost of a smile touched his ashen face.

"Do you feel better, sir?"

"I'm tired—yes; I feel—better."

"Can I do anything for you, Mr. Neeland?"

"Stay outside my door."

"Do you wish the doctor, sir?"

"No! No! Don't call him—do you hear?"

"I won't call him, sir."

"No; don't call him."

"No, sir. Mr. Neeland, there is a—a trained nurse here. You will not want her, will you, sir?"

Again the shadow of a smile crept over Neeland's face.

"Did she come for—her handkerchief?"

There was a silence; the steward looked steadily at the nurse; the nurse's dark eyes were fixed on the man lying there before her.

"You shan't be wanting her any more, shall you, sir?" repeated the steward, not shifting his gaze.

"Yes; I think I shall want her—for a little while."

Neeland slowly opened his eyes, smiled up at the motionless nurse. "How are you, Scheherazade?" he said weakly. And, to the steward, with an effort: "Miss White and I are old friends. However, kindly remain outside my door. And throw what remains of my dinner—out of—the port-hole. And be ready—at all times—to look after the gentleman on crutches. I'm—fond of him. Thank you, steward."

Long after the steward had closed the stateroom door, Ilse Dumont stood beside Neeland's bed without stirring. Once or twice, he opened his eyes and looked at her humorously. After a while, he said,

"Please be seated, Scheherazade."

She calmly seated herself on the edge of his couch.

"Horrid soups," he murmured. "You should attend a cooking-school, my dear."

She regarded him absently, as though other matters absorbed her.

"Yes," he repeated; "as a cook, you're a failure, Scheherazade. That broth which you seasoned for me has done funny things to my eyes, too. But they're recovering. I see much better already. My vision is becoming sufficiently clear to observe how pretty you are in your nurse's cap and apron."

A slow color came into her face, and he saw her eyebrows bend inward, as though she were annoyed.

"You *are* pretty, Scheherazade," he repeated. "You know you are, don't you? But you're a poor cook and a rotten shot. You can't be perfection, you know. Cheer up!"

She ignored the suggestion, her dark eyes brooding and remote again; and he lay watching her with placid interest in which no rancor remained. He was feeling decidedly better every minute now. He lifted the automatic pistol and shoved it under his pillow, then cautiously flexed his fingers, his arms, and, finally, his knees, with increasing pleasure and content.

"Such dreadful soup!" he said. "But I'm a lot better, thank you. Was it to have been murder this time, too, Scheherazade? Would the entire cupful have made a pretty angel of me? Oh, fie, naughty Scheherazade!" She remained mute. "Didn't you mean manslaughter with intent to exterminate?" he insisted, watching her. Perhaps she was thinking of her blond and bearded companion and the open port-hole, for she made no reply. "Why didn't you let him heave me out?" inquired Neeland pleasantly. "Why did you object?"

At that, she reddened to the roots of her hair, understanding that what she feared had been true—that Neeland, while physically helpless, had retained sufficient consciousness to be aware of what was happening to him and to understand at least a part of the conversation.

"What was it with which you flavored that soup, Scheherazade?"



He deliberately encircled her waist and kissed her

He was merely baiting her; he did not expect any reply, but, to his surprise, she answered him.

"Threlanium—Speyer's solution is what I used," she said, with a sort of listless effrontery.

"Don't know it. Don't like it, either. Prefer other condiments."

He lifted himself on one elbow, remained propped so, tore open his wireless telegram, and, after a while, contrived to read it.

JAMES NEELAND,

S.S. Volhynia.

Spies aboard. Be careful. If trouble threatens, captain has instructions to protect you. NAIA.

With a smile that was almost a grin, Neeland handed the telegram to Ilse Dumont.

"Scheherazade," he said, "you'll be a good little girl now, won't you? Because it would be a shocking thing for you and your friend across the way to land wearing funny bangles on your wrists and keeping step with each other, wouldn't it?"

She continued to hold the slip of paper and stare at it long after she had finished reading it, and the words became a series of parallel blurs.

"Scheherazade," he said lightly, "what on earth am I going to do with you?"

"I suppose you will lodge a charge with the captain against me," she replied, in even tones.

"Why not? You deserve it—don't you?—you and your humorous friend."

She looked at him with a vague smile.

"What can you prove?" said she.

"Perfectly true, dear child. Nothing. I don't want to prove anything, either." She smiled incredulously. "It's quite true, Scheherazade. Otherwise, I shouldn't have ordered my steward to throw the remains of my dinner out of the corridor port-hole. No, dear child; I should have had it analyzed, had your stateroom searched for more of that elusive seasoning you used to flavor my dinner, had a further search made for a certain sort of handkerchief and perfume. Also, just imagine the delightful evidence which a thorough search of your papers might reveal?" He laughed. "No, Scheherazade; I did not care to prove you anything resembling a menace to society. Because, in the first place, I am absurdly grateful to you." Her face became expressionless under the slow flush mounting. "I'm not teasing you," he insisted. "What I say is true. I'm grateful to you for violently injecting romance into my perfectly commonplace existence. You have taken the book of my life, and not only extra-illustrated it with vivid and chromatic pictures but you have unbound it, sewed into its prosaic pages several chapters ripped bodily from a penny dreadful, and you have then rebound the whole thing and pasted your own pretty picture on the cover. Come, now; ought not a man to be grateful to any philanthropic girl who so gratuitously obliges him?"

Her face burned under his ridicule; her clasped hands in her lap were twisted tight, as though to maintain her self-control.

"What do you want of me?" she asked, between lips that scarcely moved.

He laughed, sat up, stretched out both arms with a sigh of satisfaction. The color came back to his face; he dropped one leg over the bed's edge, and she stood erect and stepped aside for him to rise. No dizziness remained; he tried both feet on the floor, straightened himself, cast a gaily malicious glance at her, and slowly rose to his feet.

"Scheherazade," he said, "isn't it funny? I ask you, did you ever hear of a would-be murderess and her escaped victim being on such cordial terms? Did you?" He was going through a few calisthenics, gingerly but with increasing abandon, while he spoke. "I feel fine, thank you. I am enjoying the situation extremely, too. It's a delightful paradox—this situation! It's absurd; it's enchanting; it's

incredible! There is only one more thing that could make it perfectly impossible. And I'm going to do it." And he deliberately encircled her waist and kissed her.

She turned white at that, and, as he released her, laughing, took a step or two blindly toward the door, stood there with one hand against it as though supporting herself. After a few moments, and very slowly, she turned and looked at him; and that young man was scared for the first time since their encounter in the locked house in Brookhollow.

Yet, in her face there was no anger, no menace, nothing he had ever before seen in any woman's face, nothing that he now comprehended. Only, for the moment, it seemed to him that something terrible was gazing at him out of this girl's fixed eyes—something that he did not recognize as part of her, staring out through her eyes at him.

"For heaven's sake, Scheherazade—" he faltered.

She opened the door, still watching him over her shoulder, shrank through it, and was gone. He stood for a full five minutes as though stupefied, then walked to the door and flung it open—and met a ship's officer face to face, already lifting his hand to knock for admittance.

"Mr. Neeland?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Captain West's compliments, and he would be glad to see you in his cabin."

"Thank you. My compliments and thanks to Captain West, and I shall call upon him immediately."

They exchanged bows; the officer turned, hesitated, glanced at the steward, who stood by the port-hole.

"Did you bring a radio-message to Mr. Neeland?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes; I received the message," said Neeland.

"The captain requests you to bring the message with you."

"With pleasure," said Neeland.

So the officer went away down the corridor, and Neeland sat down on his bed, opened the box, went over carefully every item of its contents, relocked it with a grin of satisfaction, and, taking it with him, went off to pay a visit to the captain of the Volhynia.

XIX

AN INVITATION

THE captain of the Volhynia had just come from the bridge and was taking a bite of late supper in his cabin when the orderly announced Neeland. He rose at once, offering a friendly hand.

"Mr. Neeland, I am very glad to see you. I know you by name and reputation already. There were some excellent pictures by you in the latest number of the *Mid-Week Magazine*."

"I'm so glad you liked them, Captain West."

"Yes, I did. There was a breeze in them—a gaiety. And such a fetching girl you drew for your heroine!"

"You think so? It's rather interesting. I met a young girl once—she comes from up-state where I come from. There was a peculiar and rather subtle attraction about her face. So I altered the features of the study I was making from my model and put in hers as I remembered them."

"She must be beautiful, Mr. Neeland."

"It hadn't struck me so until I drew her from memory. And there's more to the story. I never met her but twice in my life—the second time under exceedingly dramatic circumstances. And now I'm crossing the Atlantic at a day's notice to oblige her. It's an amusing story, isn't it?"

"Mr. Neeland, I think it is going to be what you call a 'continued story.'"

"No—oh, no! It ought to be, considering its elements; but it isn't. There's no further romance in it, Captain West."

The captain's smile was pleasant but skeptical.



DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS

"Do not venture to move, young man; I shoot very willingly." And Neeland, looking at him along the blunt barrel of the automatic pistol, was inclined to believe him

They seated themselves, Neeland declining an invitation to supper, and the captain asking his indulgence if he talked while eating.

"Mr. Neeland," he said, "I'm about to talk rather frankly with you. I have had several messages by wireless to-day concerning you."

Neeland, surprised, said nothing. Captain West finished his bite of supper; the steward removed the dishes and went out, closing the door. The captain glanced at the box which Neeland had set on the floor by his chair.

"May I ask," he said, "why you brought your suitcase with you?"

"It's valuable."

The captain's keen eyes were on his.

"Why are you followed by spies?" he asked. Neeland reddened. "Have you had any trouble?"

"Oh, yes."

The captain smiled.

"Evidently you have wriggled out of it," he said.

"Yes; 'wiggled' is the literal word."

"Then you do not think that you require any protection from me?"

"Perhaps I do. I've been a singularly innocent and lucky ass. It's merely chance that my papers have not been stolen, even before I started in quest of them."

"Have you been troubled aboard my ship?"

Neeland waved his hand carelessly.

"Nothing to speak of, thank you."

"If you have any charge to make—"

"Oh, no."

The captain smiled, nodded toward the box on the floor.

"Don't you think, Mr. Neeland, that it might be safer to entrust those—that box, I mean—to the captain of the Royal Mail steamer, Volhynia?"

"Yes, I do," said Neeland quietly.

"And about these spies—do you happen to entertain any particular suspicions concerning any of the passengers on my ship?" urged the captain.

"Indeed, I entertain lively suspicions, and even a few certainties," replied the young fellow, laughing.

"You appear to enjoy the affair?"

"I do. I've never had such a good time. I'm not going to spoil it by suggesting that you lock up anybody, either."

"I'm sorry you feel that way," said the captain seriously.

"But I do. They're friends of mine. They've given me the time of my life. A dirty trick I'd be serving myself as well as them if I came to you and preferred charges against them!"

They shook hands and said good-night; and Neeland went away, leaving his box on the floor of the captain's cabin. The usual signs of land greeted Neeland when he

rose early next morning and went out on deck for the first time without his olive-wood box—first, a few gulls, then puffins, terns, and other sea-fowl in increasing numbers, weed floating, fishing-smacks, trawlers tossing on the rougher coast-waters.

After breakfast, he noticed two torpedo-boat destroyers, one to starboard, the other on the port bow, apparently keeping pace with the Volhynia. They were still there at noon, subjects of speculation among the passengers; and at tea-time their number was increased to five, the three new de-



He snatched a sheet from the bed, tore it into strips, walked over

destroyers appearing suddenly out of nowhere, dead ahead, dashing forward through a lively sea under a swirling vortex of gulls.

The curiosity of the passengers, always easily aroused, became more thoroughly stirred up by the bulletins posted late that afternoon, indicating that the tension between the several European chancelleries was becoming acute, and that emperors and kings were exchanging personal telegrams.

There was all sorts of talk on deck and at the dinner-table—wild talk, speculative talk, imaginative discussions,

logical and illogical. But, boiled down to its basic ingredients, the wildest imagination on board the Volhynia admitted war to be an impossibility of modern times, and that, ultimately, diplomacy would settle what certainly appeared to be the ugliest international situation in a hundred years.

At the bottom of his heart, Neeland believed this, too, wished for it when his higher and more educated spiritual self was flatly interrogated; and yet, in the every-day, impulsive ego of James Neeland, the hot blood had begun to sing and seethe with the atavistic instinct for a row.

peals. The sportsman in him desired to witness a scrap; his artist's imagination was aroused; the gambler in him speculated as to the outcome of such a war.

"Not," thought Neeland to himself, "that I'll go trailing my coat tails. I'll go about my own business, of course—but somebody may hit me a crack at that!"

He thought of Ilse Dumont and of the man with the beard, realizing that he had had a wonderful time after all, sorry in his heart that it was all over and that the Volhynia was due to let go her mud-hooks in the Mersey about three o'clock the next morning.

As he leaned on the deck-rail in the soft July darkness, he could see the lights of the destroyers to port and starboard, see strings of jewel-like signals flash, twinkle, fade, and flash again.

All around him along the deck, passengers were promenading—girls in evening gowns or in summer white, men in evening dress or reefed in blue as nautically as possible, old ladies toddling, swathed in veils, old gentlemen in dinner coats and sporting head-gear—every weird or conventional combination infested the decks of the Volhynia.

Now, for the first time during the voyage, Neeland felt free to lounge about where he listed, saunter wherever the whim of the moment directed his casual steps. The safety of the olive-wood box was no longer on his mind, the handle no longer in his physical clutch. He was at liberty to stroll as carelessly as any Boulevard *flâneur*, and he did so, scanning the passing throng for a glimpse of Ilse Dumont or of the bearded one, but not seeing either of them.

In fact, he had not laid eyes on them since he had supped not wisely but too well on the soup that Scheherazade had flavored for him.

The stateroom door of the bearded man had remained closed. His little West Indian stewardess also reported the gossip from her friend on another corridor, which was, in effect, that Miss White, the trained nurse, took all meals in her room and had not been observed to leave that somewhat monotonous sanctuary.

How many more of the band there might be, Neeland did not know. He remembered vaguely,

while lying rigid under the grip of the drug, that he had heard Ilse Dumont's voice mention somebody else.

However, it did not matter now. The box was safe in the captain's care; the Volhynia would be lying at anchor off Liverpool before daylight; the whole exciting and romantic business was ended.

With an unconscious sigh, not entirely of relief, Neeland opened his cigarette-case, found it empty, turned, and went slowly below with the idea of refilling it.

They were dancing somewhere on (Continued on page 000)



to Neeland, and deftly tied him hand and foot and gagged him

War? He didn't know what it meant, of course. It made good poetry and interesting fiction; it rendered history amusing, made dry facts succulent.

Preparations for war in Europe, which had been going on for fifty years, were most valuable, too, in contributing the brilliant hues of uniforms to an otherwise somber civilian world, and investing commonplace and sober cities with the omnipresent, looming mystery of fortifications.

To a painter, war seemed to be a dramatic and gorgeous affair; to a young man, it appealed as all excitement ap-

A Brilliant Procession of Stars

THE last decade of Charles Frohman's life was one of continuous star-making, linked up with far-flung enterprise. He now had, in America, a chain of theaters which reached from Boston, by way of Chicago, to Seattle. His productions at home kept on apace; his prestige abroad widened.

It was during these closing years that the man's genius for singling out gifted young women for eminence found its largest expression. Typical among them was Marie Doro, a Dresden-doll type of girl, who made her first appearance, as did Billie Burke and Elsie Ferguson, in musical comedy. Charles Frohman saw



Scene from "The Morals of Marcus."



Marie
Doro

The CHARLES

by Daniel Frohman

EDITOR'S NOTE—In this instalment of his life of Charles Frohman's busy life. It is talent. The great manager's long experience, chief factors in creating our present system the personality of its principal interpreter.

her in a play called "The Billionaire," at Daly's Theatre, New York, in which she sang and danced. He had an unerring eye for beauty and talent. With her, as with so many other girls that he transported from musical pieces to the straight drama, he had an uncanny perception, so much so that he gave her an engagement and featured her in a slender little piece called "Fiquette."

Miss Doro made such an impression in this play that Frohman now put her in a play called "Clarice," written by and acted in by William Gillette, who played the leading rôle. Her success here swept her



John Drew and Billie Burke, in "My Wife" (1907)



in which Marie Doro made her début as a star, in 1907 (Miss Doro in center)

Life of FROHMAN

and Isaac F. Marcossou

biography are recorded the important achievements of the last decade. It is a remarkable account of the selection and exploitation of dramatic ripe judgment, and ceaseless energy undoubtedly have been the of the theater, where the material offered is subordinated to

nearer stardom, and she now appeared in a Charles Frohman production which, curiously enough, reflected one of his sentimental moods.

For many years, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert had been a famous figure on the American stage. She was one of "The Big Four" of Augustin Daly's company, and remained with Daly until his death. She was the beloved first old woman of the dramatic profession in America. When the Daly company was disbanded, Mrs. Gilbert did not prepare to retire. She was old, but hearty and active.

Frohman realized what a warm place this grand old woman had in the affections of theatergoers after all these years of faithful labor; so he said to himself:

"Here is a wonderful old woman who has never been a star. She must have this great experience before she dies."

He engaged Clyde Fitch to write a play called "Granny," in which Mrs. Gilbert was starred. It made her very happy, and she literally died in the part.

In the cast of "Granny," Miss Doro's youthful and exquisite beauty shone anew. Her success with the press and the public was little short of phenomenal. Charles Frohman, who always had a special predilection for capable, attractive, and winsome young women, now saw Miss Doro as a star. He held youth, beauty, and talent to be the chief assets, and he seldom made a mistake. It was not

vanity that made him feel that if an artist pleased him, she would likewise please the public.

Frohman starred Miss Doro in the stage adaptation of William J. Locke's charming story, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," in 1907. She became one of his pet protégées. With her, as with other young women, he delighted to nurse talent. He conducted their rehearsals with a view of developing all their resources, and to show every facet of their temperaments. Failure never daunted him so long as he had confidence in his ward.



Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, in "Granny" (1904)

This was especially the case with Miss Doro, who was unfortunate in a long string of unsuccessful plays. Frohman's faith in her, however, was at last justified when she played Dora, in Sardou's great play, "Diplomacy," with brilliant success for a year in London and, later, in New York.

With the exception of Maude Adams and Ann Murdock, no Frohman star had so swift or spectacular a rise as Billie Burke. Her story is one of the real romances of the Frohman star garden.

Billie Burke was the daughter of a humble circus clown in America. From him, she probably inherited her histrionic gifts. At the beginning of her career, she had obscure parts in American musical pieces.

It was in London, however, that she first came under the observation of Charles Frohman. She had been graduated from the chorus to a part in Edna May's great success, "The School-girl," where she had a song called "Put Me in My Little Canoe," which became very popular. Frohman became so much interested that he thought of sending Miss Burke to America in the piece. He transferred the song to Miss May, which left Miss Burke with scarcely any opportunity. Subsequently, she was put into "The Belle of Mayfair," and afterward replaced Miss May when she retired.

Louis N. Parker, the well-known British playwright, saw her in this piece, and agreed with Frohman that the girl had possibilities as a serious actress. She was cast for her first dramatic part in "The Honorable George," the play he was then producing in London.

When Michael Morton adapted a very beguiling French play called "My Wife," Frohman saw that here was Miss Burke's opportunity for America. He secured her release from the Gattis, who controlled her English appearances, and made her John Drew's leading woman. She met his confidence by adapting herself to the rôle with great brilliancy and effect. Indeed, with Miss Burke, Charles Frohman introduced a distinct and piquant reddish-blond type of beauty to the American

stage. It became known as the "Billie Burke type." Realizing this, Frohman was very careful to adapt her personal appearance, humor, and temperament to her plays. He literally had plays written about her peculiar gifts.

Miss Burke's great success in "My Wife" projected her into the Frohman stellar heaven. She was launched as star in "Love Watches," also an adaptation from the French, securely established herself in the favor of theatergoers, and, from that time on, her appearance in a chic, smart, brilliant play became one of the distinct features of the annual Frohman season. Her most distinguished success was with Piner's play, "The Mind the Paint Girl," in which Frohman was immensely interested.

Few of Frohman's "discoveries" repaid his confidence with finer success than Julia Sanderson. Her first public appearance on the stage had been in vaudeville. When Frohman sought a *comédienne* with a certain dainty, ladylike quality for the English musical play called "The Dairymaids," which he produced at the Criterion, New York, in 1907, his attention was called to this charming girl, then doing musical numbers in a New York vaudeville theater. Frohman went to see her, and was fascinated by her beauty and charm. He noted, most of all, a certain

gentle quality in her personality, and, with his peculiar genius in adapting plays to people



© CHARLES FROHMAN
Julia Sanderson, in
"The Arcadians"
(1910)



Donald Brian, in "The Dollar Princess" (1909)

and people to plays, she fairly bloomed under his persuasive and sympathetic sponsorship.

Frohman now obtained "The Arcadians," in which Miss Sanderson was featured. Of all the musical plays that he produced, this was perhaps his favorite. He liked it so much that he told Miss Sanderson, one day, during rehearsals,

"If the public does not like 'The Arcadians,' I am finished with light opera."

"The Arcadians," however, proved to be an enormous success, and Frohman's confidence was vindicated. Frohman was undergoing his long and almost fatal illness when "The Arcadians" was being rehearsed. He was so fond of the music that, whenever possible, the rehearsals in which Miss Sanderson sang were conducted in his rooms at his hotel. He always said that he could see the whole performance in her singing. In rehearsing her, he always seemed to well-nigh break her heart, but it was his way, as he afterward admitted, of provoking her emotional temperament.

He next gave her a strong part in "The Siren," and subsequently made her a co-star with Donald Brian, in "The Sunshine Girl," which brought out to the fullest advantage, so far, her exquisite and alluring qualities.

The last star to twinkle into life under the magic wand of Charles Frohman was Ann Murdock. In her case is presented an extraordinary example of the way that Charles Frohman literally "made" stars, for seldom, if ever before, has a young actress been so quickly raised from obscurity to eminence. The great manager was a Prince Charming who literally found a Cinderella in the ranks, and, almost overnight, lifted her into fame.

Miss Murdock, who was born in New York city, and who spent her childhood in Port Washington, Long Island, was not a stage-struck girl. She went on the stage because she made up her mind that she wanted more nice frocks than she was having. She came into New York, one day, and went to Henry B. Harris's office to get a position. As she sat waiting among a score of applicants, Harris came out. He was so much taken with her striking Titian beauty and unaffected girlish charm that he immediately asked her to come in ahead of the rest, and gave her a small part in one of "The Lion and the Mouse" road-companies. When Harris saw her act, he took her out of the cast and put her in



Charles Frohman (on the left) and David Belasco, after an estrangement of twelve years, together in Boston for the revival of "A Celebrated Case" (April, 1915)



Ann Murdock, the last star presented by Charles Frohman (1915)

a new production that he was making in New York.

At the end of the season, Miss Murdock wanted to get under Charles Frohman's management, so she went to the Empire Theatre to try her luck. There she met William Gillette, who was making one of his numerous revivals of "Secret Service." The moment he saw this fresh, appealing young girl, he immediately cast her in his mind for the part of the young Southern girl. After he had talked with her, however, he said:

"I think it would be best if I wrote a part for you. I am now working on a play, and I think you had better go in that."

Miss Murdock now appeared in Gillette's new play, "Electricity," in which Marie Doro was starred. Charles Frohman saw her at the opening rehearsal for the first time.

"Electricity" was a failure.

Instead of following up her connection with the Frohman office, she went to the cast of "A Pair of Sixes," in which she played for a whole season in (Continued on page 152)

BENJAMIN HOOKER, professor in the Department of Applied Physics, Harvard University, has obtained possession of a curious annular air-craft, the Flying Ring. This is the invention of a mysterious individual calling himself "Pax," who, by employing a powerful form of radiant energy, the lavender ray, has alarmed mankind by causing some remarkable terrestrial disturbances. The motive power of the Ring is generated by the disintegration of uranium into helium. With an aviator named Burke, and Atterbury, Pax's engineer, Hooker makes the journey from the wilds of Ungava, where he got hold of the Ring after Pax's accidental death, to Washington. His idea is to use the craft and the helium blast to overcome the force of gravity and make excursions into space. In his calculations, he is assisted by an expert mathematician, Rhoda Gibbs, an attractive woman of about thirty, and, in their work together, they fall in love with each other. Before, however, Hooker can put his plans into execution, the whole world is startled and terrified by the announcement that the asteroid Medusa, over a hundred miles in circumference, having been in collision with a comet, has been arrested in its orbit and, plunging toward the sun, will strike the earth. Hooker now announces that he will go out in the Flying Ring to meet the down-tumbling asteroid, attack it with the lavender ray, and either deflect it from its course or blow it into smithereens.

Rhoda wants very much to accompany Hooker and his assistants, Burke and Atterbury, on their unparalleled adventure, but he naturally will not hear of it. However, on the evening of the Ring's departure, she goes with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Tassifer, to bid good-by to Hooker, and conceals herself behind a chair in the chart-room. In the excitement, the Tassifers do not miss her for the moment, and she does not appear before the astounded Hooker until after the Ring has started.

The craft gets away successfully, and is headed for the asteroid. The voyagers begin to have many strange and amusing experiences owing to the lessening effect of gravitation. When the tractor is stopped and they coast through space, they weigh nothing, and, unless they catch hold of something, float freely in the interior of the Ring. When they have been out about eight hours and are ten thousand miles from the moon, the discovery is made that the supply of uranium is getting low and that a fresh cylinder must be put into the tractor. This cannot be done without great difficulty while driving through space, and Hooker announces that a landing will be made on the moon. On board the Ring are suits of vacuum armor which, with the use of liquid air, make it possible to exist where there is no atmosphere. The craft, skilfully manipulated, is brought to rest upon the surface of the earth's satellite. While the fresh cylinder is being put into the tractor, Rhoda dons one of the suits of vacuum armor and starts for a walk on the surface of the moon. She gets lost, and is found by her companions just as the supply of liquid air, which enables her to live, is about exhausted. But she recovers quickly from her fright, and when all are back on board the Ring, tea is served.

PART V

THE ATTACK ON THE ASTEROID

I

"IT'S time we were off," announced Bennie presently, glancing at his watch. "We've been here over two hours, and Medusa is coming on fast."

Rhoda went to the glass port-hole and looked out.

"By the way, where is she now?" she asked.

"Below us," answered Bennie. "We're on the earth-side of the moon. The asteroid is away off in space on the other side."

"Then we shall see the other side of the moon," exclaimed Rhoda, "the side we never see from the earth!"

"Not much of it, I'm afraid," said Bennie. "It's nearly full-moon now, and the other side will be in darkness. Start up the dynamo, Atterbury, and run slow at first. We've got to rise from the surface without a starting-stage, and there may be trouble."

Burke took his place at the control-lever, and presently



Under the fierce blast from the Ring, its surface was melting away, and driving out into space a glowing mass of incandescent gas

The Moon-Maker

By Arthur

Written in collaboration with Professor Robert versity, Baltimore, joint author with Mr. Train

Illustrated by

the Ring pulsated again with the throb of the machinery. A dense cloud of dust arose around them, and loosened fragments of rock beat a thunderous tattoo against the under surface of the machine. The din and uproar increased second by second, the giant ray, as it bored down upon the moon's surface, making a sort of hole into which the Ring, at first, seemed inclined to settle. Then the glare grew brighter, and the machine suddenly lifted itself out of the turmoil into full sunlight again. Once more they were pressed heavily toward the floor, and knew that the full acceleration of the tractor had been developed. They were off—off into space again, bound for the tilting sward of the celestial tournament, ready for the fiery joust, with their burning lance at rest!

Below them, the surface of the moon shone like a desolate ruin in the midst of a sandy desert. Rhoda could see the entire plain which had been the scene of her adventure, and her heart beat strangely as she picked out the pinnacle and the ridge where she had given herself up for lost. Thirty or forty miles to the north, Copernicus raised its glistening cone. Again the hollows of its surrounding craters, the crevasses, the valleys glowed



A Romantic and Astounding Adventure

Train

Williams Wood, of Johns Hopkins University of "The Man Who Rocked the Earth"

George Gibbs

with weird, phosphorescent colors—reddish, sapphire, and green.

The moon began to lose its metallic hardness and to gain a mellow luster that was almost friendly. Each moment, new beauties revealed themselves—vast concentric mountain chains gleaming like jewels; strange gulfs, dried-up seas, former islands, and archipelagoes; odd, luminous streaks or furrows, shining as if with snow; patches of grayish yellow, like autumn forests; great peaks, twenty thousand feet in height, their circumferences geometrically perfect, concentric circles with a dazzling world of soft, ineffable beauty—our moon! And how swiftly it was dropping away!

"We're high enough up now, I think," said Bennie. "Navigate her around to the other side, where we can get our bearings."

Burke slanted the tractor gradually, while Bennie watched the surface below them with a field-glass. This maneuver had to be executed with some care, for the atmospheric valve, which controlled the angle of the helium blast and insured the horizontal flight of the Ring at a fixed elevation over the surface of the earth, could not be used over the moon, devoid as it was of atmosphere. Everything had to be controlled by hand, as in the case of the first aeroplanes.

"Better keep her rising a little all the time," directed Bennie, watching a crater intently. "We can't judge our elevation when we get over the dark part, and it would be bad if we had to descend without knowing what it was. That's about right. Hold her there! Now give her a touch more of the vertical force. There! The crater is getting a little smaller."

The glowing surface of the moon was now sliding rapidly

shrank into a great crescent of light which, with the sun blazing close to its edge, ran half-way around the distant horizon. They were now over the dark side of the moon—the side that is turned always from the earth, the side which no human eye had ever gazed upon before. The room was flooded with sunlight, which came in through the side deadlight.

"Bother it all!" cried Bennie. "One can't see anything in this glare." He pressed his face against the glass in the floor and shielded his eyes with his hands. "One might be able to see something of the surface by starlight."

"Wait a minute!" said Rhoda. "I'll get a black cloth to throw over your head."

But, even as she spoke, a change came. The light faded away as when a thunder-cloud crosses the sun, and in a second or two they were in complete darkness. Burke groped about for the switch that turned on the lights.

"What's happened?" gasped Rhoda. "Are we falling?" And she reached out in the dark and clutched Bennie's hand. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"No," he reassured her; "we've merely entered the moon's shadow—that's all. Give her some more lift, Burke. We mustn't take any chance of dropping back. Don't turn on the light. We're all right, and I want to have a look at the moon."

Again they felt the upward push of the floor and knew that they were rising. Bennie, flat on his face, gazed into the blackness beneath them. Nothing was visible, however, and he presently called for the lights.

"Now for our bearings," he remarked, climbing to his perch under the telescope. Looking up through the window above, he saw the greenish globe of the asteroid nearly overhead. "Hello," he commented, as he focused his telescope; "it's been coming on fast while we were camping on the moon! All the surface-markings are perfectly

along below them as they circled around it. Over the Mare Tranquillitatis they passed, its gray lava-beds glistening in the sunlight like black glass or obsidian. So rapid was the play of light on its uneven crust that the surface itself seemed in motion—like water rippling in the moonlight. Then came a rough region of jumbled rocks, and beyond, in the distance, the great, gray basin of the Mare Crisium opened before them.

They were now nearing the line along the lunar surface at which the sun was setting, as they could tell from the long shadows of the volcanic cones beneath them, and presently there appeared on the distant horizon a wall of blackness, where the illuminated surface ended abruptly on the inky background of the sky. Nearer and nearer came the dark curtain, studded along the edge with countless brilliant spots and points of light.

"The terminator!" cried Rhoda. "Just see the light of the setting sun on the tops of those mountain peaks! Did you ever see anything so beautiful?"

The vast, luminous plain below slowly drew away and

visible through the glass. And every minute they're growing more distinct."

"What does it look like?" asked Rhoda.

"Looks more like an English walnut than anything else," he mumbled. "There's a funny big spot—perfectly smooth—right in the center of the disk, and hundreds of queer ridges and furrows running out from it in every direction."

Rhoda bade farewell to the moon and, throwing herself on her back on a wicker lounge, gazed up through the window overhead, watching the asteroid grow steadily larger. In something over an hour it had nearly doubled in size—a venomous-looking creature glowing with a sulphurous luminosity that filled her with a certain vague apprehension. The crescent earth was now close to the fast-subsiding horizon of the moon, and hung a silvery target for the projectile, which, if not interrupted in its flight, would inevitably annihilate it. Her pulses stirred at the realization that they could avert—if all went well—this catastrophe. Theirs was surely the greatest "still hunt" ever undertaken—if they only could bag their celestial game—bring down their quarry, like a quail!

"It's time to get ready," announced Lennie, from the observation-stage. "Burke, stand by to turn over!"

"Aye! Aye!" replied Burke, his fingers on the lever.

"Start the dynamo, Atterbury!" ordered the master of the Ring.

Outside, the glare of the helium ray once more poured down through the center of the machine.

"Hard alee!" called Bennie.

Burke threw over the control-lever, and the great car slowly inverted itself. Then the engines stopped, and silence reigned again. Bennie joined Rhoda at the deadlight. Medusa was now about the size of the full moon as seen from the earth, while the real moon had shrunk away until it was apparently about the size of the earth itself. Through the windows they could see sun, moon, and earth, all at once, surrounded by millions of constellated stars against a background of darkness. Beneath them hung Medusa—the sidereal battleship which they hoped to torpedo—not more than twelve hundred miles away!

"At what range are you going to fire?" asked Rhoda. "I suppose the longer you wait and the nearer we get, the greater will be the effect of the ray?"

"On the contrary," he replied. "The distance from which the ray is discharged is immaterial, so long as the rays are concentrated upon the object to be destroyed."

"How far are we away from Medusa now?" she asked.

"Judging by the observed diameter of the asteroid, I should say about a thousand miles. Of course, the nearer we are the better target Medusa will make, but we shall have to attack at a sufficiently great distance to avoid

danger from the radioactive discharge from its surface which the ray will produce."

"Particularly as Medusa is a 'uranium planet,'" she agreed. "Of course, I don't suppose you quite know what will happen when the ray strikes?"

"No," he answered; "everything depends on the nature of the material. If it is a pure ore of uranium, there will be no explosion but only a radioactive discharge from the surface, which will drive the asteroid out of its present



"I guess we've given her 'what for,'" commented

path. If there are other materials present, things will fly. Medusa is about one hundred and fifty miles in diameter. It is scarcely conceivable that our ray could actually break it up. But I'm not going to take any chances. Medusa may be within range now. I think we had better try her at this distance."

Through their glasses, they could easily see that on one side the surface of the asteroid was pitted with holes and craters similar to those upon the moon, while the other, which had been subjected to the fierce erosion of the dense gases of the comet, was worn almost smooth and plowed into furrows. The Ring was now moving on a course parallel to that of Medusa, which floated apparently motionless in space at a distance which Bennie estimated to

be less than five hundred miles. Both, drawn by the combined attraction of the sun and earth, were in reality rushing on toward the latter. The three men were busy with their preparations for the projection of the great ray, and Rhoda drew herself over to the side deadlight, through which streamed the pale-yellow beams from the runaway planet. Now that they were running alongside, but one-half of the illuminated hemisphere was visible, and Medusa appeared like the moon at the half-phase, but fifty times as big.



Burke. "She's running away from us. Shall we let up?"

Monstrous and sinister it looked to her, and she shuddered involuntarily as she thought of its distant target, peopled with millions of helpless human beings, doomed to be wiped out of existence in a blinding flash of fire. Could they do aught to prevent it—four insects in a flying pellet of metal, aspiring to stop a runaway world? Had not perhaps the thing been put in motion by some Supreme Intelligence which controlled the universe, and might not the destruction of the world be a part of the Great Plan, a cog in the great wheel of destiny? If so, what could they hope to do to alter the plan? And then she thought of the taming of the thunderbolt by the lightning-rod, and drew a long breath and clenched her hands. Man had, from the beginning, devised ways and means of averting impending disas-

ters due to the forces of nature. The present case differed in no respect from the others except in magnitude. The evolution of defense against nature had been steady and progressive, from the stone age, when prehistoric man sought shelter in caves from the pelting hailstones, to the present one, in which they were about to whip out of its course a planet that was running wild through the solar system.

There in front of her, just outside the deadlight through which she was gazing, and silhouetted against the shining disk of the asteroid, was that terrible weapon, the generator of the disintegrating ray. In a few minutes, it would be hurling its mysterious beam across the void of space. She would be present, and would see what happened. Already, the Ring was reverberating with the noise of the machinery for generating the electric current that fed the coils of the inductor. Both dynamos were running at full-speed, and the scream of the radio-turbines filled the air. Through the din, she heard Bennie's voice—"Clear for action!" Burke brushed past her and took his post at the switchboard beside the deadlight, from which the motors that swung the inductor on its trunnions were operated. She clutched the rail in front of her, with her eyes fixed on the black cylinder of metal that hung, pivoted on its skeleton supporting-frame, not five yards from her face. Womanlike, she wanted to put her fingers in her ears, but she was afraid to let go of the rail. "All ready!" called Bennie. "Get your aim, Burke!"

Burke immediately closed the switch that started the elevating motor, and slowly the huge cylinder turned on its trunnions like a siege-mortar. In the control-room, Atterbury stood at the great copper switch, the closing of which would throw the full force of the current into the coils and liberate the ray.

The moment had at last arrived for the electrocution of Medusa—the crucial moment

of their journey! In spite of their seeming nonchalance, there was not one of the four but felt his pulses quicken at the realization that on the result of the movement of Atterbury's right hand depended the continuance of human life upon the earth. They looked at one another mutely. Then Bennie smiled a curious, hesitating smile, and turned from the window through which he was watching the asteroid.

"You may fire when ready, Gridley!" he shouted.

Framed in the doorway of the control-room, Rhoda saw Atterbury throw over the switch, and heard the hum of the alternating current in the coils of the inductor.

For a minute—two minutes—nothing happened; then the outer shell of the inductor turned a dull red, glowed brighter, and rose to white heat. They observed no ray;

yet even then the ray was traveling out into the abyss of space. They had seen but the "smoke of the discharge." A sudden flash of light burst like a bomb a little to one side of the asteroid.

"Low and to the left!" yelled Bennie. "But we caught a meteorite! It passed through the ray and exploded."

"Gives me the direction," nodded Burke. "R-3."

He pressed a small button, closed a second switch, and the cylinder outside swung slowly on its vertical axis. Almost instantly, a misty splash of yellow fire appeared upon the dark side of the asteroid and shot off into space.

"Hit!" cried Bennie. "Hold it, Burke; hold it! Rhoda, don't miss that!"

Gradually, the luminous discharge from Medusa increased in brilliancy until the planet became a ball of fire. Giant sheets of yellow light, like aurora streamers, drove off from its surface as the deadly ray bored against it until the asteroid resembled a vast volcanic eruption. Under the fierce blast from the Ring, its surface was melting away, and driving out into space a glowing mass of incandescent gas. Burning thus, out in the blackness of space, it resembled a conflagration—the burning-up of a powder factory—seen at a safe distance through the night.

A safe distance? Unexpectedly, out of the darkness, a shower of moving points of light appeared in the ether, around the asteroid, darting hither and yon, growing larger momentarily as, shining in the light of the sun, they traced luminous lines across the sky. Medusa was returning the attack! The explosions upon the planet's surface were hurling great fragments of rock and stone in every direction, filling space with flaming missiles, contact with the smallest of which meant death to the daring voyagers in the Ring. Several of these molten fragments hurtled by the windows, blazing fiercely but making no sound, while some, encountering others in their flight, exploded silently, like distant rockets breaking in the zenith.

Everywhere the heavens were a mass of shooting-stars of every conceivable color—green, purple, blue, orange, yellow, red, and lilac—a kaleidoscopic display of surpassing beauty, of fearful wonderment. It was as if some demigod had emptied a furnace into the heavens, scattering its glowing contents throughout the sky, or as if a million bombs at pointblank range were bursting on every side and discharging showers of fireworks about the Ring. But already Medusa had commenced her retreat, already her disk appeared smaller, and to prolong the bombardment meant only unnecessary danger to the occupants of the car.

"I guess we've given her 'what for,'" commented Burke. "She's running away from us. Shall we let up?"

Bennie signaled to Atterbury to throw off the current, and the conflagration on the asteroid ceased as suddenly as it had started. The volcanic bombs continued to fly by them at occasional intervals, but presently the last one passed, and they breathed freely again. They had escaped. Their work was done. The earth was saved. They could return.

II

"THEY could return." How easy to say the words—as easy as it had been to fly off by means of their radioactive power from the surface of the earth! But, now that the necessity of returning whence they had come presented itself, they suddenly realized difficulties which had hitherto not suggested themselves. While they had paralleled the course of Medusa, they had been headed straight for the earth, which hung in the sky above them, a gigantic crescent of a dazzling bluish white, its oceans and continents barely discernible through the haze of its atmosphere.

Even as they watched it, they could observe its rotation as one can detect the movement of the minute-hand of a clock. The moon had presented no such problem. It was dead, almost without axial motion. But the earth was very much alive, whirling on its axis with a speed at the equator of a thousand miles an hour—nearly that of a shell from a rifled cannon. How could they land upon it? Theirs seemed to be the superhuman task of the clown who tries to climb upon the revolving table at the circus—an impossibility. When they had left the earth, they had assimilated this axial motion, and, in steering their course through the ether, they had allowed for it, as the navigator allows for the tide or the set of the current. But now, on their arrival at the globe's surrounding atmosphere, they would be attempting to land upon a ball revolving with a velocity of ten or fifteen times that of the fastest express-train.



"We could land at either of the poles," suggested the research professor. "Of course there wouldn't be any motion *there!*"

"Yes; we might do that," agreed Bennie; "or"—and he scratched his head—"we can navigate the Ring toward the earth in a spiral orbit. Anyhow, the Ring has got to follow the earth in her orbit around the sun."

"There's something funny about it," interrupted Burke. "Suppose you started at the poles and drove the Ring toward the equator, how would you keep up with the increasing surface-velocity of the earth?"

"Why," answered the master of the Ring, "it's the—the—let me see—it must be the atmosphere that would drive you eastward all the time."

"Of course!" exclaimed Rhoda. "What a lot of sillies we are! It's perfectly simple. You don't need any spiral orbits or anything else. All you've got to do is to bring the Ring down into the upper atmosphere and hover at a

fixed elevation until we are swept along at the full speed of the earth."

Burke, who was lighting his pipe, paused and pursed his lips.

"Wouldn't we be coming down into a terrific wind?" he inquired. "Fourteen hundred feet a second! My word! Some blow!"

"Depends on the latitude, of course," answered Bennie. "We've got to run around the earth as we descend, or else we'll be on the dark side—that is, the *night* side—when we land. Believe me, I want light for that!"

"Quite right!" agreed Atterbury, who had joined the group. "Just look at the earth now, will you?"

They all craned their necks to follow his gesture. Through the observation-window, the shining crescent of the globe seemed to fill the whole sky. Burke pressed the control-

lever, and they swung leftward, boring through space toward the invisible black wall where the earth's shadow reached out among the stars. Nearer and nearer it drew, then—darkness. Steering by the steady gleam of the friendly planets, as a coasting steamer steers by the distant bead of light that marks the headland, the Ring soared on, bursting at length into full sunlight again.

They were now comparatively close above the earth and, in going around it, had gained the incidental advantage of having acquired the velocity of the planet in its journey around the sun. Only the problem of descent remained. But it was the most serious of all their problems—how to lower themselves in safety into that swirling, boiling mass of vapor that was shooting by so fast as to seem little more than a hideous blur, and left them sick and dizzy at the sight of it.

And now, as they sank lower, the blur disintegrated into flying banks of cloud, shot through and through with flashing lights and darting shadows. Poised there, as they were, in space, it was a terrifying thing to watch this fearful rush of the earth's surface from west to east. Could they ever manage to break safely into the circumambient atmosphere and go whirling along with it? How—how, without having their delicate machine wrenched and torn in pieces?

"We must break our descent with the tractor, come down gradually," said Bennie, "and trust to luck."

Burke inverted the Ring, and they gathered about the dead-light, the cloud-banks sweeping by below them with a thousand times the velocity with which a toy globe can be spun by a playful child. Nearer and nearer rose the clouds toward them. A faint, humming sound filled the car—the wind! They had entered the earth's outer atmosphere. The hum rose gradually to a whine and then to a roar. The car shook, and the steel covering thundered. The noise increased to the crash of a hurricane, and they could scarcely hear one another's voices. Cautiously they descended, increasing the lift of the tractor when the movement of the clouds seemed too fast, and slacking off a bit when their speed held constant, until the Ring, gradually acquiring the velocity of the gale, was

carried swiftly along by the atmosphere, and the cloud banks below them began to move more slowly and at length not at all. They had pierced the



He looked at the Ring lazily, and then waved his hand

envelop of the earth and were once more in the life-giving element of the air.

Slowly they dropped through the masses of cumulo-cirrus which, suddenly opening beneath them, revealed the rollers of a sunlit ocean. The breaking crests seemed perilously near after the limitless distances of the firmament through which they had been voyaging, and they gave the Ring more lift and rose to a safer distance above the waves. Far to the west, close to the horizon, they could see a distant mountain peak, and for it they steered their craft.

They were flying now with a speed a hundred times greater than that of the swiftest gull, the ray churning the sea into a boiling vortex that followed them like a white foam-monster, spurning great geysers of froth and steam fifty feet into the air. The mountain reared its head higher and higher, and soon the shore of a green island, sprinkled with white houses, rose toward them.

"Fayal!" shouted Atterbury, from the control-room. "I've been there!"

"Bear away and look out for boats!" directed Bennie, and they took a wide sweep and left the islands far to the south. Ahead of them, Rhoda saw a small black dot from which arose a dark smudge.

"That must be one of the Cunard steamers!" she cried.

"Oh, do let's go down where we can watch the people! I should so like to see a human being again!"

Burke laughed, and the Ring dipped like a swallow and skimmed along only half a mile above the surface of the Atlantic. Soon the liner was just in front of them, and they veered to avoid striking her with the ray. Her decks swarmed black with people, and, through the glasses, sailors could be seen working at the life-boats.

"I wonder what they think we are!" exclaimed Rhoda, looking for Burke, who had left his post.

"He's going to wireless them not to be afraid. They're precious near a panic down there," explained Bennie.

By the time the aviator reappeared, the steamer was four or five miles behind them.

"That's the Saxonia," he told them. "Captain says they recognized us, and only got the boats ready for fear the ray might make trouble. What course, Professor? Shall we run across to Florida and up the coast, or follow the lanes to Nova Scotia and work down?"

"The shortest," urged Rhoda, and Burke laid their course by compass and called Atterbury to the lever while they snatched some breakfast, for the sunlight and sight of the sea combined to make them all ravenously hungry.

They had lifted to a height of about three miles. The

white crests of the rollers had melted into the vast expanse of blue, and only the smoke patches showed where steamers lay everywhere about them.

"How crowded the ocean is!" remarked the girl. Picking their way with care, lest the ray should do some unintentional damage, they continued westward until a dark line on the horizon suddenly appeared and began to creep toward them. Then they swung to the south to avoid the Bay of Fundy and found themselves, owing to the rapid falling-away of the coast-line, out in the bosom of the vast Atlantic again. Once more turning west, they came down to less than a mile and soon picked up a barrier of sand-dunes

edged by a white rim of surf. There were ships everywhere about them—the coastwise trade of the New England seaboard.

"This won't do!" declared Burke. "If we don't get over land, we'll be bound to do damage."

They slanted and soared shoreward. A lighthouse broke the line of dunes and beach, rising out of a group of small white buildings and surrounded by the wire enclosure of a chicken-yard.

A woman in a calico bonnet was feeding the chickens, and, at sight of the Ring, to the ecstasy of the fowls, she dropped the contents of her apron and rushed to the door of the lighthouse. In a moment, a man in his shirt-sleeves and smoking a corn-cob pipe appeared on the upper parapet. He looked at the Ring lazily, and then waved his hand. They lifted again, following the shore-line, and flew over a dreary waste of scrub-oak, cranberry-bog, and sandy beaches until they saw a light-ship tugging at her chains a mile offshore. Then the coast turned, and they recognized Martha's Vineyard and, farther off, Nantucket. Once they had got their bearings, they rose higher and flew at an elevation of several miles over Nantucket Sound, Gardiner's Bay, and Long Island to Westchester, and thence over the Hudson to Jersey City, whence they followed the line of the railway toward Philadelphia.

They were all in the highest spirits and, as Burke noted, there had not been a single case of sickness on the

voyage. The brown fields and green woodlands crept slowly along below them. The air was sweet. There was still an hour to sunset. Overhead, the sky was a soft, impenetrable blue. The world was full of light. Tiny trains hurried along like little harmless snakes. Lilliputian



"Gee whiz!" he exploded. "He's really done it!"

III

men, horses, cows, and dogs crawled about the fields and roads.

"Isn't it nice?" whispered Rhoda, seeking Bennie's hand.

"You bet it is!" he answered heartily.

"Lots better than the stars!" she murmured.

He pressed her fingers.

"I didn't let on," he confessed; "but I was scared to death."

"And so was I," she acknowledged. "I never want to leave the earth again!"

They stood there silent for several minutes.

"But it is jolly!" she said unexpectedly, in a tiny voice. "You know—I *might* take just a *little* trip again—if you asked me!"

They passed high over Philadelphia and Baltimore and, just as the sun sank blazing among the tumbled cloud castles in the west, caught sight of the Washington Monument—a flashing spire—and then the Capitol, its dome burning golden in the afterglow. The silver Potomac wound toward the city, as it rose toward them. The avenues and boulevards gleamed amid the soft verdure of trees and shrubbery.

And, as they settled earthward, from a parade-ground came faintly upward the call of a bugle—like a jewel in the dusk.

Rhoda waved her hand toward the smiling earth below.

"Do you remember 'Marpassa'?" she whispered.

And when he shook his head, she quoted from Stephen Phillips' masterpiece the wonderful declaration of Apollo in answer to the wish of his earth-love when she said,

... "Fain would I know
Yon heavenly wafting through
the heaven wide,
And the large view of the
subjected seas,
And famous cities, and the
various toil of men."

"And I will carry thee above
the world,
To share my ecstasy of fling-
ing beams,
And scattering without in-
termission joy.
And thou shalt know the first
leap of the sea

Toward me; the grateful up-
ward look of earth,
Emerging roseate from her
bath of dew—

We two in heaven dancing.

Babylon
Shall flash and murmur, and
cry from under us.

And Nineveh catch fire, and
at our feet

Be hurled with her inhabi-
tants, and all

Adoring Asia—kindle and
hugely bloom—

We two in heaven running
—continents

Shall lighten, ocean unto
ocean flash,

And rapidly laugh till all this
world is warm."

Bennie listened, as Rhoda spoke the lines, spellbound at the poet's imagination.

"By golly," he cried, in admiration, "that's more wonderful than—than actually *doing* it!"

BENTHAM T. TASSIFER had paused, as usual, at the Metropolitan Club, on his way home from the Department of Justice, and, as a natural consequence, was exuding his regular post-meridian benignity. In his own little official occupation of the day—the joker in the contract for the new post-office at Pocalla, Texas—he had entirely forgotten the disappearance of his niece, as well as the anticipated collision between the wandering asteroid and the earth which he so honored by living upon it. He had followed his ordinary custom of going directly to the bar and consuming a sherry and bitters with an audible, guzzling satisfaction, something between the gurgles of a dying bathtub and the intake of a hippopotamus. Then his lordly little eye fell upon the lank form of his golfing friend Judson, of the Department of Agriculture, leaning in contemplation before a tumbler from which o'erlapped a sprig of mint.

"Lo!" he remarked, with an intonation signifying "Behold, minion; King John, your king and England's, doth approach!"

"Lo yuhself!" returned Judson. (Continued on page 156)



"Good heavens, what's that?" exclaimed Diggs. "Am I seeing double?"



Maclay Hoyne.
State's attorney for
Cook County, Illinois

A Lion of Law and Order

By John Temple Graves

FROM the strife of that most extraordinary presidential election which ended with the amazing ballot-record of last November, there emerged in the Middle West a figure of central interest—Maclay Hoyne, the triumphantly reelected State's attorney for Cook County, Illinois.

It is not too much to say that Maclay Hoyne became the candidate of the law-and-order element of all the Central West. His astonishing record and his picturesque and daring personality made him so. Not only Chicago but Indianapolis and Cincinnati, St. Louis and Milwaukee took his candidacy to heart, and followed the fortunes of this young public prosecutor as the French, in their old-time battles, used to follow the white plume of Navarre. All over Indiana and Ohio and Wisconsin, the crowds looked to see if Hughes

had won or Wilson, and then asked what of Maclay Hoyne.

That he did win—and the way he won—was one of the events of the national campaign. Running as a Democrat, with his national ticket slaughtered—Illinois by nearly two hundred thousand votes—and his state and county ticket lost by from thirty thousand to nearly sixty thousand votes, this dauntless evangel of order emerged with a clear majority of fifty thousand votes—the only Democrat who survived the ballots of Illinois.

He came out of the November ballot as the recognized greatest State's attorney in the United States.

Whitman, in New York, and Folk, in Missouri, went to the governor's chair and faced a presidential nomination upon official services not half so fearless and effective as Chicago's champion of the criminal law.

Within the thirteen years of his official life—from 1903 to 1916—Hoyne had vindicated

every pledge of his office, saved the city millions of dollars, made safer the bulwarks of life and property in Chicago, and struck more terror to the hearts
(Concluded on page 151)



He seems to be pulsing with a positive genius
for the public service



When \$100,000,000 gets married to a Title, it is the City Yap who has to be clubbed back by the Police so that the Bride can get her purchase into the Sanctuary

New Fables in Slang

By George Ade

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

The Modern Fable of the Spotlighters and the Spotter

ONCE a Traveler arrived at a Cure where the Water of the Healing Springs smelled so awful that the Management felt justified in asking \$10 a Day.

This Traveler was a City Yap, which is worse than being a Begosher, because the R. F. D. Boob usually knows that he is a few Chips shy.

The City Yap is a Vertebrate with Shiny Hair, living under the dominion of Traffic Cops and drawing Sustenance from the Scare-Heads.

He will stand in front of a Window, with others of his Kind, for an Hour at a time, watching a powerful Blonde demonstrate a Fireless Cooker.

When \$100,000,000 gets married to a Title, it is the City Yap who has to be clubbed back by the Police so that the Bride can get her Purchase into the Sanctuary.

When Theodore Roosevelt or Sarah Bernhardt or Jess Willard or Prince Blozotski arrives by Special Train, the City Yap is the poor Google-Eye that you see standing in the Rain.

He believes that Greatness means having one's Name on the Front Page; consequently it is better to jump off the Williamsburgh Bridge than to be an Emeritus Professor at Johns Hopkins.

Perhaps the Reader will ask, "Could a City Yap afford to put up at one of these Ten-a-Day Resorts?"

Listen!

Some of the City Yaps have been to Harvard. They have tailor-made Underwear, Gold Service for Company, De-Luxe Editions, Divorce Papers—Everything.

This particular Species of Metropolitan Mokus used to

Boast that he could walk into any Hotel and the Clerks would hoist the Flag.

Such a Claim might not seem Portentous to one residing in Grand Island or Waupaca, but there are Favored Spots within the Republic at which being known by the Boys behind the Desk is the very Essence of Fame.

Sure enough, the Lad who gives out the Keys recognized the Traveler and called him by Name and let on as though the Tavern had just opened and here was the very first Customer.

After the newly arrived Delegate from the Hot Pavements had read a Telegram saying that Frazzingham Preferred had advanced from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{7}{8}$ on a Report that the King of Rumania had received a Letter from the King of Greece, he brushed up a little and then sauntered back to the Bureau of Information and asked the Room Clerk if anyone was stopping in the House.

Of course he knew that some 500 Transients of fair Business Standing and the usual Family connections were scattered about the Premises.

When he said "anyone," he meant did they have anyone who would get Attention from the Head Waiter Himself.

A true Worshiper of the Exalted Few regards the common Run of Humanity as mere Whitebait. If you wish to hand him a Thrill, you must show him a Tarpon.

"We have so many Stars here that even the Manager is trembling," replied Cuthbert, the refined Room Clerk.

"Do you see that Bunch out on the Piazza, taking the Sun? Leave me call them off to you. First, there is Jimmy Hooper, supposed to be the nerviest Plunger on the Exchange. He can lose or win a Million without disturbing the Ash on his

Cigarette. He makes all the other High Rollers in the world look like Marble Players. He is King of the Gilt-Edge Gams."

"I have read all about him in the Papers," said the Roof-Garden Rufus.

"Hardly a week passes but I see an Interview with him," said the Subway Simp.

"As I live and breathe, she's out there, too!" ejaculated the highly intelligent Room Clerk.

"Who?" asked the eager Cosmopolite.

"Lottie Limmel, the big Hit in that new Piece called 'Oh, Boy!' You remember—the Police made them change it. She had a Song that caused a Strike in the Orchestra. Some of the Musicians said they had Families."

"I tried to buy Seats"—in a Choking Whisper—"but they were sold out Eight Weeks in advance, and the Speculators asked Ten for Two on the Aisle."

"She is Some Gal. It is reported that they are going to put up a Statue of her at Yale. The Female Party right near her is supposed to be the Richest Woman in the Western Hemisphere."

"You don't mean Jane Plummer, the Widow that gets a Full Page in the Sunday Issue every two or three weeks?" asked the City Chap, his Cup of Joy just about ready to slop over.

"None other. I remember reading how much her Income would weigh if she changed it into Nickels. By the way, there's another Big Gun out there. I didn't notice him at first. Probably you've read the Editorial Attacks on Steve Gurney, the Political Boss."

"You don't mean the head of the Venal State Machine, who sits in a Back Room and gives orders to the Legislature



He sauntered back to the Bureau of Information and asked the Room Clerk if anyone was stopping in the House

"Then there is Mr. Hiram Cherrib, who has closed out all his big Interests and puts in his Time endowing Hospitals and slipping Coin to Presbyterian Colleges. He allows that he will shoot every Bean in the old Tin Box and die Poor if he can do good to those that he formerly Did so successfully."

"For years I have yearned to get a peek at Mr. Cherrib," said the Café Habitué.

"And lookie! There is Mrs. Beverly Margrave, often called the uncrowned Empress of the American Hote Mond. You've heard of her!"

"HAVE I?" exclaimed the Bumpkin from the Boulevards.

His Nostrils were quivering.

"She was a Terwilligus from Baltimore, you may recall. I know People who would give their Eye-Teeth just to have her Insult them. Then they could say they had Met her. Right next to her Nobs is the famous preacher, Rev. Ormsby Toncell. They say he pulls down the biggest Salary and has the swellest lot of Box-Holders of any Parson in this whole Country. Even the English think he's English. He must be a talented Guy, all right!"



"She is some Gal. It is reported that they are going to put up a Statue of her at Yale"

and dictates Appointments and pulls all that Coarse Stuff, do you?"

"That's the Bird!"

I can see that you're well read. They've been trying for Years to get something on him and take his Measure, but he is still riding the Tractor."

"Me to put myself next," said Mr. H. Polloi. "I don't often get a Close-Up of these Immortals, and I'm sure going to Periscope."

So he edged out into the Sunlight and stalked his Prey. There was one empty Chair right in the thick of the Who's Who, and he nailed it. Oh, Joy! Oh, Bliss! And a couple of Raptures! He found himself within smelling-distance of Lottie Limmet, the Forty-Second Street Parisienne.

There was no mistaking the much talked-of Cutie.

She wore enough Powder to drive the Germans out of Belgium, and if Colors could be converted into Sounds, her Costume would have been a Siren Whistle.

She had her Limbs crossed in such a way as to prove that she spared no Expense, but, nevertheless, her Knee-Caps were modestly concealed.

He knew it was She or Her, because alongside of the Gay Creature and very Chummy was the famous Wall Street Blokie, Jimmy Hooper, dressed up like a Horse.

Yes, indeed! Shepherd's Plaid, Stripes on the Shirt, and a Bow Tie that looked like a Clot of Blood.

He had "Gambler" placarded all over him.

Our Hero knew that every Soubrette has a Gentleman Broker Friend who gives her Tips on the Market, so that ofttimes she will clean up as much as \$300,000 at a Crack and then send her Mother a Watch.

He knew, because that was the part of the Paper he devoured.

It is easy to get acquainted with an Actress, so, in a few minutes, George W. Fresh was

He was undershot and had Fuzz on the Back of his Hands.

He looked like a Vessel Unloader who had put on a Mail Order Suit in order to attend a Clam Bake.

The sort of Person you wouldn't care to meet in a Lone-



Alongside of the Gay Creature and very Chummy was the famous Wall Street Blokie, Jimmy Hooper, dressed up like a Horse



Mrs. Beverly Margrave was perceptibly annoyed by the immediate presence of the Canaille, meaning Ordinary Skates

carrying on with the Foot-light Favorite and exchanging Hot Ones with Jimmy the Sport.

Presently, the one who had been identified as Steve Gurney, Malefactor and Enemy of the People, edged over with his Rocking Chair and joined in the gay chatter of the Bohemians.

After giving Steve the Up-and-Down, it was easy to believe all that had been printed about him in the Righteous Press.

some Street on a Rainy Night.

While the Investigator was letting himself go, in the company of these Abandoned Characters, and wondering what the Boys at the Lunch Club would say when he pulled it on them, he sized the other Notables close at hand.

Mrs. Beverly

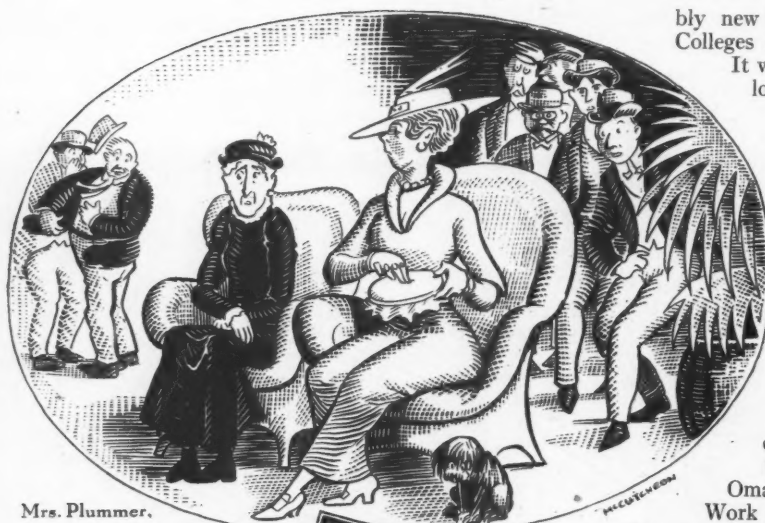
Margrave was perceptibly annoyed by the immediate presence of the Canaille, meaning Ordinary Skates.

Her prim but high-priced Suit of Quaker Gray, the chiseled suggestion of Patrician Reserve on her cold features, the wince of Pain and the lifted Eyebrow when Steve Gurney guffawed loudly, and the fact that she was reading George Moore—all these Items meant much to the Observant Traveler.

Why deny Class Distinction when even a Stranger can single out a True Genevieve with Pink Corpuscles?

Near the Queen of the Swagger Set, a pale Gentleman in somber Attire seemed quite lost in contemplation of the hazy Landscape.

He gave no heed to the gabby Groundlings only a few feet away.



Mrs. Plummer, whose Vast Fortune, if converted into \$1 Bills and placed End to End, would reach from Boston to Omaha, was engaged in some sort of Fancy Work

He held daintily between the Forefinger and Thumb a White Rose with slender Stem.

At intervals he would lift the gorgeous Bloom to the Olfactory Orifices and inhale in a conservative manner, closing his Eyes and seeming to pass into a pleasant Trance.

It was a Cinch to place this Party as the Rev. Ormsby Toncell.

The absence of Jewelry, the Ascetic Pallor, the simple adoration of Purity's Emblem—all these bespoke a Nature more Spiritual than Broadway.

Out by the Veranda Rail, seemingly lost in Meditation as he propped his Chin with a Newspaper made into a Roll, sat Horace Cherrib, the foremost Benefactor of his Time.

The City Fellow knew him by the Side Whiskers.

In every Good Show, the Elderly Person with Money who is trying to save some one else from Ruin and bring Happiness to the Deserving carries quite a mess of Ivy in front of each Listener.

Even if there had been no Trade-Marks, it would have been a Pipe to make the eminent Philanthropist.

The Light of Goodness twinkled in his Baby Blue Eyes, and a Smile of infinite Kindliness illumined his Handsome Diagram.

He seemed oblivious, detached, quite unaware that others were watching him.

He was planning, dreaming—what? Possi-



He held daintily between the Forefinger and Thumb a White Rose with slender Stem

bly new Hospitals for the Crippled Children, more Colleges for the Farm Hands.

It was worth a Day's Journey just to sit and look at the great Cherrib.

You may be sure that the Lynx also improved this Golden Opportunity to get a line on Jane Plummer, the good old Standby of the Sunday Editor.

He knew her by the Ear-Bobs, which were Pearls about the size of Ripe Olives.

He had put in a lot of time studying Price Tags, and he judged the Pearls would fetch close to \$50,000 apiece, or \$100,000 for the Two.

But, of course, she could afford it, so it was none of his Business.

Mrs. Plummer, whose Vast Fortune, if converted into \$1 Bills and placed End to End, would reach from Boston to Omaha, was engaged in some sort of Fancy Work on a Tambourine Frame.

She chatted in a care-free way as her jeweled Fingers plied the busy Needle.

Her remarks were addressed to a timid little Woman in rusty Black, who seemed more or less Cowed, which proved that she must be the hired Companion.

The Boy from the City had learned by a careful course of Reading while lying in Bed that every Woman of tremendous Wealth is trailed by a Female Friday who is addressed by her last Name.

He tried to pick out a Label for this Worm, and decided that it might be Wiggins or Tubbs.

(Concluded on page 96)



"One is always safe in flagging a theatrical Fairy," was the modest Reply

(Continued)

"I believe the Pacific Railroad will increase the productive power and wealth of the country millions and tens of millions, although I believe every dollar invested in making such a road will be lost to the stockholders, whether built by the Federal Government or by private enterprise."

It appeared that this prophecy of financial disaster might become permanent reality. The railroad was indeed in bad financial condition when its destinies were first directed by E. H. Harriman and his associates.

He knew that a great engine of transportation, faithfully serving the people and putting service first, could not possibly fail financially or otherwise. For the people reward those who serve them.

Mr. Harriman had faith in the West and in Western people. He appreciated the great natural resources and the spirit of Western endeavor and inspired others by his faith.

He set about his task in a manner typical of his character, saying that the first thing was to *put money into the Union Pacific*.

Since the reorganization of the Union Pacific, in 1897, less than 19 years ago, \$269,700,000, have

been actually invested in extensions, branches and revision, including double-tracking, shortening the road, ballasting the line with scientific accuracy, and other improvements. In addition to this vast sum there went into the railroad and its development all the energy, ambition, mental power and high aspiration of a great railroad builder.

* * * * *

The great railroad, as great as the mountains and plains across which its locomotives travel every hour of the day and night, is that Union Pacific.

Thomas Jefferson gave to this nation the territory that it serves, and to which it gratefully acknowledges its obligations, its existence.

James Buchanan was its advocate.

Abraham Lincoln desired it and spoke for it, saying that it would hold the East and the West in pacific union.

Grant and Sheridan policed the building of it—protecting the workers from savages.

Great men planned it in the past; thousands of faithful workers at every station and on every mile of track serve this railroad in the present.

* * * * *

The Union Pacific is one of the great industrial triumphs of republican government,

the result of individual initiative, combined with wise government interest

and co-operation. Those to whom its management is entrusted find their greatest satisfaction in the fact that this powerful railroad is a servant of the public, contributing to the nation's health, facilitating circulation of wealth and population, rendering service to the farmer and to the manufacturer—SERVANT OF ALL THE PEOPLE.



This is the first of a series of advertisements which will tell the Story of the Union Pacific and the part it plays in the development of a Nation

(692)

PACIFIC



You Are Judged By Your Complexion

To be good looking requires more than good dressing. The skin and complexion play an equally important part in the appearance of every attractive looking woman. Make sure of a good complexion, smooth white arms, neck and hands. They are added charms to any well dressed woman. D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream is of supreme value in the care of the skin. For more than twenty-five years

Daggett & Ramsdell's PERFECT COLD CREAM

"The Kind That Keeps"

has met every requirement of the modern woman for a pure and perfect toilet cream. It is a beautifier because it improves the skin which is the foundation of beauty. Use it at night after a day of tiresome shopping, house affairs, or social duties; after motor-ing, golfing, etc., to cleanse the skin. Keeps the hands soft and smooth for sewing, embroidery, and fancy work. Tubes, 50c, 25c, 10c. Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c, \$1.50.

TWO SAMPLES FREE

If you send your name and address. One of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream, that you may try before you buy. One of D. & R. Poudre Amourette, a new and exquisite face powder with a charm all its own—a worthy companion of Perfect Cold Cream.

Address Department R

Daggett & Ramsdell
New York

SHEET MUSIC

Until foreign sheet music had become scarce, thousands of Americans failed to realize that

"Century" Edition—10c

is the peer of any sheet music published, anywhere, at any price.

Here are a few random numbers from our "Century" Catalog of 2000 titles:—

PIANO SOLOS

Con Amore	Beaumont	Palm (Trans'n)	Freeman
Gipsy Dance	Lichter	Silver Symph.	Heins
Sir of Hope	Keeney	Il Trovatore	Smith
Rustic Dance	Howell	March Grotesque	Sinding
Shepherd Boy	Wilson	The Storm	Weber
Faust (Trans'n)	Leybach	Valse Arabesque	Lack
Humoreske	Dvorak	By Moonlight	Bendel

Ask your dealer to show you "Century" Edition and give you a catalog. If he can't, don't take a substitute, but send your order and remittance direct to us, with his name, and we will fill it and send you a complete catalog free.

CENTURY MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.
225 W. 40th Street, New York

New Fables in Slang

(Concluded from page 92)

While he was wallowing in blissful Juxtaposition to the Prominent, some one touched him on the Shoulder.

It was the Room Clerk.

"I am off Watch," said the Employee, "and will take you on for Nine Holes."

Excusing himself from the Musical Comedy Star and the bold Speculator and the unprincipled Corrupter, he started for the Locker Room with Cuthbert, who had put him next to the King Pins.

"You are unquestionably the Child of Fortune," said the Room Clerk. "I take it that Mixer is your Middle Name. You work fast."

"One is always safe in flagging a theatrical Fairy," was the modest Reply. "I had no hesitancy about busting in as soon as I heard my friend Jimmy Hooper kidding her along."

"Why, you poor Fish! You have been getting gay for a Half Hour with Mrs. Beverly Margrave, acknowledged Leader of the Young Married Set."

"You must be mistaken. Mrs. Margrave was dressed in Gray and reading one of 'hem High-Brow Books, and she got peeved because we made so much Racket."

"The Lady in Gray who won't speak to anyone is Lottie Limmet. She won't even sign Autograph Albums."

"Back up! Do you mean to tell me that Mrs. Beverly Margrave, who comes of the most Aristocratic Family in Maryland, would stand for all that Joshing from a Rounder like Hooper?"

"Are you talking about that Buddie with the Loud Checks and the Crimson Cravat?"

"Sure."

"That was the Rev. Ormsby Tonnell, and, take it from me, he's a regular Human Being."

"I think you're Twisted."

"No chance. Room Clerks know everything."

"I'm almost positive that the Reverend Tonnell sat over to my right. He was dressed something like an Undertaker and kept smelling a Rose."

"You just got them reversed, that's all. The one with the Rose was Jimmy Hooper."

He's Nuts about Flowers and keeps a fresh Bouquet on his Desk all the time."

"Have you got the unblushing Face to tell me that the Jolly Party with the Make-Up was the exclusive Matron and that a celebrated Preacher wore any such Stripes on his Shirt?"

"That's what I'm trying to Convey."

"Well, I'll prove that you're off. Do you think Mrs. Beverly Margrave and the Rev. Ormsby Tonnell would hobnob with Steve Gurney after what all the newspapers have printed about him?"

"They didn't hobnob with Steve. They couldn't. He never goes near a Silk Stocking unless he wants to use him, and then he sends for him."

"Didn't I see it with my own Eyes?"

"Oh, you mean the big, square-jawed Burly that never buttons his Vest! That was Horace Cherrib, whom I told you about—the one that's going to save the World by feeding it \$10 Bills."

"I don't think you took a good Look."

"Cert'n'y I did. Steve wasn't near you Folks. He sat over there by himself and never Chirped. 'Silent Steve,' his Friends call him."

"I refuse to believe that a kind-faced and gentle Soul like that is really the Boss of a disreputable Machine."

"No other kind could be. He wins out by making Friends."

"Well, anyway, I made no miscue on the Rich Widow. I marked her by the Expensive Pearls."

"Where do you get that Noise? Her Bill for Jewelry last year was 85 Cents. She bought a jet Hat-Pin."

"Oh, come off! You don't mean to say—"

"Yes; the scared little Dame in the Black Gown, purchased direct from one of our largest Department Stores, has more Currency than you and I could shovel with two Shovels in two Weeks."

"How about the one with the enormous Pearls and the seven Rings?"

"Oh, that's her French Maid—from Wisconsin."

Moral: The recognized Types never run true to Form during the Vacation Period.

Lie Down and Hurry Up

(Continued from page 62)

our very sleeping at forty miles an hour. It is idle to appeal for repose. People who are getting on in their dreams must not be asked to stop when they wake up.

Life is a kinetoscope. It makes a great showing while it whirls, but it looks foolish when it is still. One can never be sure, when he looks at a thing in America, that the thing he looks at is the way it looks; but inasmuch as nothing ever stops long enough to be looked at, and no one would stop to look at it if it did, it does not make very much difference. Some of us have a theory that we are trying to stop. Some of us are hoping to stop sometime. Most of us live our lives like bicycles. Unless we can be kept going, we cannot even stand up.

The great city, in its noise and darkness

under its mesh of smoke, beats over us, beats through us—a huge, quivering ganglion of getting-on. Flocks of faces, empty with hurry, hideous and eaten out with work, pitted with getting on—do they not pursue us in every street? And when we flee from the street to the home, where is the home? The home, also, is getting on—the storm-center of all the getting-on everywhere. It is what all the getting-on is for. Homes are on castors. The faster they get on from cottage to house, and from house to mansion, and from neighborhood to neighborhood, the more at home we feel in them. The getting-on husband comes home to his getting-on wife, and after the getting-on children have gone to bed, they sit by

31 Extra Features
8 New Body Styles
Built by John W. Bate

Mitchell

\$1460 For 7-passenger Six—48 h. p.
127-inch Wheelbase.

\$1150 For Mitchell Junior—40 h. p.
120-inch Wheelbase Six.

Both Prices f. o. b. Racine

Now 100% Over-Strength

Now 24% Added Luxury
Now 31 Extra Features

We have to announce for the coming season the following Mitchell betterments.

Every part which meets a strain is now twice as strong as need be.

We now build our own bodies. The saving we make goes into extra luxury. We have added 24 per cent to the cost of finish, upholstery and trimming. The new cars are superb.

And we have increased our extra features to 31. These are attractions which nearly all cars omit.

All Are Results of Efficiency

The Mitchell is built under John W. Bate, the famous efficiency expert.

The whole Mitchell factory—the model plant of America—was built and equipped by him.

The Mitchell car of today is the final result of his efficiency methods. He has worked out in it more than 700 improvements.

All that we give you in extra value is due to John W. Bate. It is paid for by factory savings.

Double Strength

We have claimed heretofore 50 per cent over-strength in every important part. It made the Mitchell a marvel of endurance. Seven Bate-built Mitchells have already averaged 175,000 miles apiece—over 30 years of ordinary service.

But Mr. Bate has aimed at a lifetime car. Part by part he has brought the car up to double strength.

Now, for the first time, we announce a Mitchell with 100 per cent over-strength. Every part is twice as strong as need be. We have adopted constant tests to prove it.

That means oversize parts. It means a wealth of Chrome-Vana-

dium steel. And over 440 parts are made of toughened steel.

Extra Beauty

This year we occupy, our new body plant, which will save us hundreds of thousands of dollars. All of this saving goes into extra beauty.

We add 50 per cent to the cost of our leather. We give you better upholstery.

We have built enormous ovens, holding many bodies. Here our finish is fixed by heat. Thus we get a deep, rich, lustrous finish which should hold its gloss for years.

Every detail of the body is as beautiful as can be.

31 Rare Extras

We include in the Mitchell 31 features, most of which all other cars omit. They are wanted extras, like a power tire pump, a locked compartment, a tonneau light, springs which have never broken.

Mitchell dealers now have these new cars on show. Go see the lines and finish. See the extras. See the endurance records. See what Bate efficiency methods have done for this famous car.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

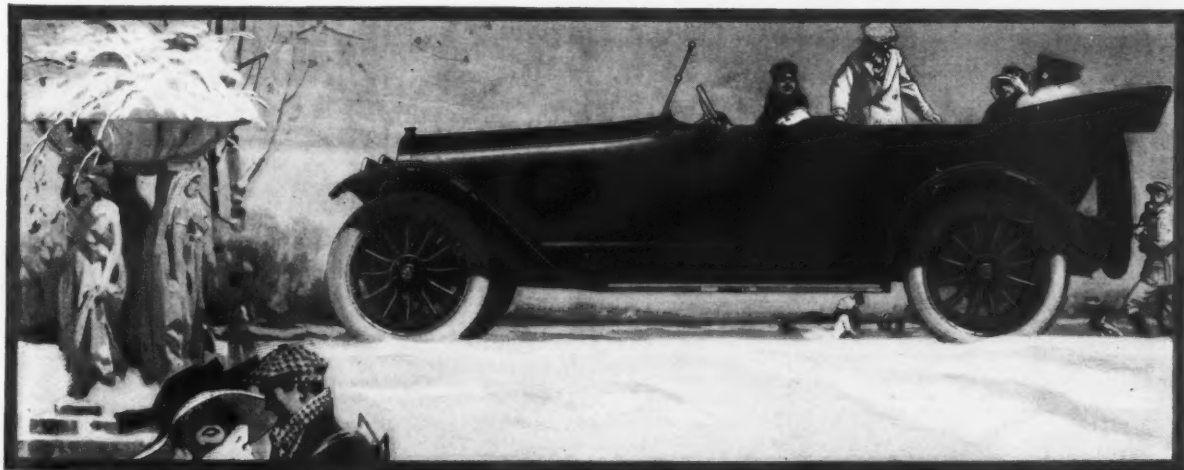
TWO SIZES

Mitchell A roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.

Price, \$1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior A 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor— $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.

Price, \$1150, f. o. b. Racine





"NEW-SKIN"
—to prevent infection

An antiseptic liquid for cuts, scrapes, and little hurts. It forms a water-proof covering that protects the cut and allows it to heal. Carry it with you always.

At all druggists (10c., 25c.). Or send us 25c. in stamps for the larger size by mail. Be sure to get the genuine. Always in glass bottles; red and gold paper cartons.

NEWSKIN CO., NEW YORK



Why Be Thin?

I can improve your figure—build up your strength—make you weigh what you should.

I know I can, because I have helped over 35,000 women gain 10 to 35 pounds—not only gain flesh, but they are now, oh, so well—and rested!

One pupil writes: "One year ago I weighed only 100 pounds—now I weigh 120, and, oh, I feel so well!"

I want to help you attain your proper weight. In your room. Without drugs. By scientific, natural methods such as your physician approves.

If you only realized how surely, how easily, how inexpensively your weight can be increased, I am certain you would write me at once.

You will surprise your family and friends.

Do write! I want 50 much to help you as only a woman can. I've had a wonderful experience. Let me tell you about it. Write for my Free Booklet, No. 22.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 42 624 Michigan Avenue, Chicago



Erickson Artificial Limb Co. 40 Wash. Av. No. Minneapolis, Minn.

Light Durable Does Not Chafe Overheat or Draw End of Stump

Patented

Information or Catalog Given



Vapo-Cresolene

for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.

Don't fail to use Cresolene for the distressing, and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. It is a simple, safe, effective and drugless treatment. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once.

In asthma it shortens the attack and ensures comfortable repose. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 37 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of salicylic acid, boric acid, licorice, sugar and Glycerine. They can't harm you. Of your Druggist or from us 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO. 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

the fire and talk about getting on and about how other people are getting on. If they are trying to get on very fast, they do not have any fire.

To have a business office is to have a place where one sits down to work—to get rid of one's home.

To have a home is to have a place where one can sit down and want another.

We are obliged to get on whether we want to or not, and everything we touch is obliged to get on. We are workers—all of us, little and great—and we are proud of it. The spirit of work is the only spirit we know for ourselves, and it is the only spirit we have to give to others. All the year round, from New Year's day, when we all resolve to work harder, to Christmas, the annual Festival of Care, life is one long revel of responsibility. Holidays are simply a time to get over having lived a year in, and to wonder if we can ever live another.

There is a little prayer or liturgy for Christmas use which appeals to some of us, when we have spent six weeks in shopping for our Lord:

Forgive us our Christmases as we forgive those who have Christmased against us.

Our very good cheer comes to have a painstaking and conscientious look. Tired people cannot be sincere. They can only show that they are trying to be. Our goodness works like a health-life. Our good works are tired or callous good works. Our very kindergartens (which stand for spontaneity or nothing), with all their hosts of chirping teachers, with their jaded cheerfulness and official childlikeness, mock around our lives before we fairly begin.

As soon as we get out of the kindergartens, there are the Young People's Christian Effort Society and the Young Men's Christian Getting-On Association and innumerable charities for tired and breathless people to be tired and breathless in, and therefore uncharitable in, to stretch weariness before our days. The Benevolent Employment Association, conducted by overworked people for people who cannot get any work; the Slum Study Club, conducted by college girls; the Children's Work Society, conducted by overworked young women, all tell the same story of sacrifice without joy and of the weary giving of people who have nothing but weariness to give.

Overwork is a spell upon us. It is the final polish on our virtues and the thrill—the real American thrill—in our sins. We are all drawn into it. We know we are overworked and overworried, but we do not know what to do about it. So we worry about it. We put all our worrying about not worrying together and call it the Don't Worry Club. The idea seems to be that if we can only get enough anxious people together and get them to being anxious all together, they will, somehow, rest one another.

We have worked so much and so hard that we have given up living—from sheer habit—most of us. The best we can do is to appear to live. We work on that. With hardly a single exception, with those of us who belong to society, we are overworked in doing things we do not want to do in order to keep up appearances of having things we do not want to have.

Then, of course, there is the extra responsibility of looking as if we enjoyed keeping up appearances—of having things we do not want to have. From the routine of getting a living to the industry of wearing clothes we do not want to afford, and the manual labor of making calls we do not want to make, to the overwork and doggedness of our benevolence, society—as a whole—looked at from above or below—is a great middle-class institution for keeping up appearances—a machine for looking happy and appropriate.

Just why we all overwork to belong to it, nobody quite sees, but we all do it. It is our national self-indulgence. It runs through all classes of life.

When we are too far gone to hurry any more ourselves, we want to go where we feel a lot of hurrying is going on and being attended to.

Only a little while ago, a man in New York, who had, for nearly a year, been whirling up one success after another he did not really care about, thought he would quiet down and rest for a little, and hired a stateroom on the Twentieth Century Limited for a month, and shaved and slept and ate at sixty miles an hour between New York and Chicago for thirty days, so as to get thoroughly rested. Of course, he had to put up with three or four hours each day in the late morning and early afternoon, either in Chicago or New York, in which he had to keep still probably, and did not feel that he was amounting to anything. But he averaged up on the whole and felt soothed.

There are only two ways for an American to do, apparently, to put himself in good form after overwork.

One way is to lie down quick and read an article like this and, in a plain, old-fashioned way, go to sleep (why not do it now, gentle reader, unless you attended to it on the last page?)

The other way is a motor-car.

Real American calmness at its best is seen apparently in the motor-car. An American takes to motoring like a duck to water. He has to get on something going faster than he is to feel calm. In a motor, he slows his mind down and feels like a baby in a crib.

There is not a day that passes in America when, just at the end of business-hours in New York or Boston or Chicago or any other typical American city, one will not see our business men out calming themselves.

Every day on the dot, down in New York at the close of the business-hours, one can see sky-scrapers exploding business men into the street to calm them. A minute more, one can see them, thousands of them, the brains of the country, on a thousand roads all being softly exploded along through the green fields past the daisies, past the buttercups, and past the little singing brooks, calming themselves, drinking up the colossal hills, scooping up the quiet little gentle valleys, and slaking their thirst and resting their souls on long flying strips of cool big blue sky.

Moral: If you have to live in America and have to get hold of yourself, jump into a motor-car and fly. Then plump yourself into bed and sleep.

More Moral: If you cannot afford to hurry in a car, hurry in a bed.



What will my skin be like ten years from now?

Perhaps your skin *is* clear and fresh now, but what will it be ten years hence? Will it still be naturally beautiful, or will you have to use artificial means to cover up the effects of age and *neglect*?

Resinol Soap is not the "Fountain of Youth," but its *regular* use for the toilet will usually preserve the delicate texture and coloring of the complexion far beyond the time when most women lose them.

Even if the skin is already in bad condition, the soothing, healing medication in Resinol Soap is often enough to bring out its real beauty again, especially if a little Resinol Ointment is used at first to hasten the action.

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger-tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water. Finish with a dash of clear cold water to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will be astonished how perfectly it soothes and cleanses the pores, lessens the tendency to pimples, and keeps the complexion unimpaired.

Resinol Soap contains no harsh, drying alkali, and is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol medication in it. For over twenty years, doctors have prescribed Resinol Ointment in their treatment of skin-affections. Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by all druggists and most dealers in toilet goods. For samples, free, write to Dept. 14-A, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap



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WE wanted some facts about uses of peanut butter. We sent a special investigator into 2,200 homes. He found out that *only one in four* of these homes used or *knew* peanut butter. What is the reason?

We sincerely believe it is because the other three-quarters *do not know the food value and the fine flavor of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter.*

If they did, most of them would be placing Beech-Nut Peanut Butter on the table for every meal; would be giving it to children in place of too much candy or sweets. For a sandwich of

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

contains the same amount of *Strength, Heat and Energy* as a glass of full cream milk.

And, besides, Beech-Nut Peanut Butter contains all the *flavor* that comes from carefully selecting the choicest peanuts grown.

Because these are *blended*, as coffees are blended, to an exact degree of flavor. Because they are roasted *under even North light* to the precise color that determines *perfect* roasting.

Because they pass through processes that carefully clean them, removing all skins, the bitter little hearts, grit and defective kernels. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter contains *absolutely no grit.*

Because they are crushed in an ingenious machine which mixes salt with the peanuts to an exact degree of uniformity. And sends the butter into waiting glass jars to be quickly vacuum-sealed until ready to eat, insuring peanut butter that is always sweet—*never rancid.*

We want every hostess to know how good Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is in sandwiches, and other tasty things; for luncheons, teas and any meals. How *different* it is from any other peanut butter.

We want every mother to know how fond the children are of it—in the school lunch-box, spread on crackers between meals, etc.

Therefore, we say: Order a jar of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter today. Have it on the table at your next meal. Have each member of the family give you his verdict. We believe that from then on, you will keep Beech-Nut Peanut Butter always on hand.

Ask Your Grocer About the Superior Quality of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

The Sunken Treasure

(Continued from page 67)

voice. "When we came down here, Dominick knew that girl, Dolores, and, of course, Kinsale met her right away, too. I thought Gage was head over ears in love with Norma—and I guess he is. Only, that night in the café, I just didn't like the way he proposed a toast to Dolores. He must have met her that day. Maybe he was a bit excited. What she said to-day might mean that it was her fault. I don't know. But since we've been out to the key, I fancy Norma has been pretty interested in Dominick. And Kinsale doesn't hesitate to show that he likes her. It all sets Donald crazy. I can't make anything of it. And Norma—well, even Asta can't get anything out of her. I wish to heaven you could straighten the thing out!"

It was early in the morning that I was awakened by a change in the boat's motion. There was a little vibration from the engine, but this was different. I looked out of the port-hole and found that we had dropped anchor.

The Key of Gold was a beautiful green island, set, like a sparkling gem, in a sea of deepest turquoise. Slender pines, with a tuft of green at the top, rose gracefully from the wealth of foliage below and contrasted with the immaculate white of the sandy beach that glistened in the morning sun. Romance seemed to breathe from the very atmosphere of the place.

We found that the others on the yacht were astir, too, and, dressing hastily, we went out on the deck. Across the dancing waves, which seemed to throw a mocking challenge to the treasure-seekers to find what they covered, we could see the trawler. A small power-boat had put out from her and was skimming along toward us.

It was as the boat came alongside us that we met Gage for the first time. He was a tall, clean-cut young fellow, but even at a glance I recognized that his was an unusual type.

Particularly I tried to discover how he acted when he met Norma. It was easy to see that he was very eager to greet her, but I fancied that there was some restraint on her part. Perhaps she felt that we were watching, and was on her guard.

Dominick greeted Everson warmly. He was a man of about thirty-five, and impressed one as having seen a great deal of the world. His position as purser had brought him into intimate contact with many people, and he seemed to have absorbed much from them.

Kinsale, on the other hand, was a rather silent fellow and therefore baffling. In his own profession of deep-sea diving, he was an expert, but, beyond that, I do not think he possessed much except an ambition to get ahead, which might be praiseworthy or not, according as he pursued it.

I fancied that, next to Everson himself, Norma placed more confidence in Dominick than in any of the others, which seemed to be quite natural, though it noticeably piqued Gage. On the part of all three, Gage, Dominick, and Kinsale, it was apparent that they were overjoyed at the return of Norma. Asta was undoubtedly the more fascinating, but she was wrapped up in Everson. It was not long before Ken-



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nedy and I also fell under the spell of Norma's presence and personality.

We hurried through breakfast and lost no time in accepting Everson's invitation to join him with the rest, in the little powerboat, on a visit to the trawler.

It was Dominick who took upon himself the task of explaining to us the mysteries of treasure hunting as we saw them.

"You see," he remarked, pointing out to us what looked almost like a strangely developed medieval suit of armor, "we have the most recent deep-sea diving-outfit, which will enable

us to go from two hundred to three hundred feet down—and establish a record, if we had to do it. It won't be necessary, though.

We have found that the Antilles lies in about two hundred and fifty feet of water. This armor has to be strong, for, with the air-pressure inside, it must resist nearly half a pound per square inch for each foot we descend—to be exact, something like a hundred and five pounds per square inch at the depth of the wreck.

Perhaps if Traynor had been diving, we might have thought that that was the trouble.

"He had only had the suit on once," went on Dominick, confirming Everson, "and that was merely to test the pumps and valves and joints. Even Kinsale, here, hasn't been down."

Kennedy showed more interest in the diving-apparatus than he had shown in anything else so far. The trawler was outfitted most completely as a tender, having been anchored over the exact spot at which the descents were to be made, and held by four strong cables. For the moment, Dominick, Gage, and Kinsale seemed to have forgotten us in their interest in explaining to Norma what had been accomplished in her absence. So carefully had accident been guarded against, that even a device which forced the fresh air down to the diver had been installed in the machine.

Kennedy was now examining one part of the apparatus where the air was passed through a small chamber containing a chemical for the removal of carbon dioxide. Presently, I noticed a peculiar expression on his face. Quickly he removed the chemical, leaving the tube through which the air passed empty.

"I think the air will be pure enough without any such treatment," he remarked, glancing about to be sure no one had observed.

"How is that?" I inquired eagerly.

"Well, you know, air is a mechanical mixture of gases, mainly oxygen and nitrogen. Here's something that gives it an excess of nitrogen and a smaller percentage of oxygen. Nitrogen is the more dangerous gas for one under compressed air. It is the more inert nitrogen that refuses to get out of the blood after one has been under pressure, that forms the bubbles of gas which cause all the trouble, the bends—compressed-air sickness, you know."

"Then that is how Traynor died?" I whispered, coming hastily to the conclusion. "Some one placed the wrong salt in

there—took out oxygen, added nitrogen, instead of removing carbon dioxide?"

Norma had turned toward us. It was too early for Kennedy to accuse anybody.

"I think so," was all he replied.

A moment later, the group joined us.

"No one has been down on the wreck yet?" inquired Craig, at which Everson turned quickly to the three companions he had left in charge, himself anxious to know.

"No," replied Kinsale, before anyone else could answer; "Mr. Dominick thought we'd better wait until you came back."

"Then I should like to be the first," cut in Craig, to my utter surprise.

Remonstrance had no effect with him. Accordingly, in spite of the danger, which now no one no more than he knew, all the

preparations were made for the first dive. With the aid of Kinsale, he donned the heavy suit of rubberized reinforced canvas, had the leads placed on his feet, and finally was fitted with the metal head and the bib—the whole weighing little less than three hundred pounds. It was with serious misgiving that I saw him go over the side of the trawler.

The moments that he was down seemed interminable. Yet, when there came a hasty signal on the indicator from below, I knew that only a very short time had passed. Could it be a signal of trouble?

I don't know when I have felt more relief than I did at seeing the weird head-gear appear at the surface. The danger from the bends might not be entirely over, yet, but, at least, it was Craig himself, safe.

As he came over the side of the trawler, I ran to him. It was like trying to greet a giant in that outlandish suit, which was so clumsy out of the water. Craig's back was turned to the others, and when I realized the reason, I stood aghast. He had brought up a skull and had handed the gruesome thing to me with a motion of secrecy. Meanwhile, he hastened to get out of the cumbersome suit and showed no evidence yet of any bad effects.

That he should have made the descent and returned so successfully, I felt must be a surprise to some one. Who was it? I could not help thinking of Kinsale again. Was he working for two masters? Was he still employed by the insurance company? Was this a scheme to capture all the rich salvage of the ship instead of that percentage for which Everson had secured an agreement with the underwriters?

Kennedy lost no time in getting back to the Belle Adventure with the skull which I had concealed for him. It was a strange burden, and I was not loath to resign it to him. None of the others, apparently, knew that he had brought up anything with him. To all questions, he replied as though he had merely been testing out the apparatus and, except in a most cursory way, had not made an examination of the ship.

In our cabin, Kennedy set to work immediately after opening his traveling laboratory and taking from it a small kit of tools and some materials that looked almost like those for an actor's make-up.

Hers Not to Reason Why By Fannie Hurst

A story that makes you realize how cruel life can be to a woman, will appear in

March Cosmopolitan.



Good Value—Always Growing Greater

As the improvements are made in Dodge Brothers car nothing is said to Dodge Brothers dealers, or to the public, about them.

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They look upon the progressive improvement of the car as a matter of course.

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Any car built by Dodge Brothers commands a high price—whether it was built twenty-two months, or twelve months, or two months ago.

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I saw that he wished to be left alone and retired as gracefully as I could, determined to employ the time in watching the others. I found Norma seated in one of the wicker chairs on the after deck, talking earnestly with Dominick, and, hesitating whether I should interrupt them, I paused between the library and the sumptuously fitted main saloon. I was glad that I did, for just that moment of hesitation was enough for me to surprise a man peering out at them through the curtains of a window, with every evidence of intense dislike of the situation. Looking closer, I saw that it was Gage. Had I expected anything of the sort, I should have gone even more cautiously. As it was, though I surprised him, he heard me in time to conceal his real intentions by some trivial action.

It seemed as if our arrival had been succeeded by a growth of suspicion among the members of the little party. Each, so far as I could make out, was now on his guard, and, remembering that Kennedy had often said that that was a most fruitful time, since it was just under such circumstances that even the cleverest could not help incriminating himself, I hastened back to let Craig know how matters were.

He was at work now on a most grotesque labor, and, as he placed the finishing touches on it, he talked abstractedly. "What I am using, Walter," he explained, "might be called a new art. Lately, science has perfected the difficult process of reconstructing the faces of human beings of whom only the skull or a few bones, perhaps, are obtainable.

"The method, I might say, has been worked out independently by Professor von Fropier, in Germany, and by Doctor Henri Martin, in France. Its essential principle consists in ascertaining, from the examination of many corpses, the normal thickness of flesh that overlies a certain bone in a certain type of face. From these calculations, the scientists by elaborate processes build up a face on the skull." I watched him with an uncontrollable fascination. "For instance," he went on, "a certain type of bone always has nearly the same thickness of muscle over it. A very fine needle with graduations of hundredths of an inch is used in these measurements. As I have done here, a great number of tiny plaster pyramids, varying in height according to the measurements obtained by these researches, are built up over the skull, representing the thickness of the muscles. The next step will be to connect them together by a layer of clay, the surface of which is flush with the tips of the pyramids. Then wax and grease-paint and a little hair will complete it. You see, it is really scientific restoration of the face. I must finish it. Meanwhile, I wish you would watch Norma."

Norma was not on deck when I returned, nor did I see anyone else for some time. I walked forward and paused at the door of the little wireless-room, intending to ask the operator if he had seen her.

"Where's Mr. Kennedy?" he inquired, before I had a chance to put my own ques-

tion. "Some one has been in here this morning, and must have been sending messages. Things aren't as I left them. I thought he ought to know."

Just then, Everson himself came up from below, his face almost as white as the paint on the sides of his yacht. Without a word, he drew me aside.

"I've just discovered half a dozen sticks of dynamite in the hold," he whispered hoarsely, staring wide-eyed at me. "There was a timing-device, set for to-night. I've severed it. Where's Kennedy?"

"Your wireless has been tampered with, too!" I blurted out.

We looked at each other blankly. Clearly, someone had plotted to blow up the yacht and all of us on board.

Without another word, I took his arm and we walked toward our stateroom, where Kennedy was at work. As we entered the narrow passage to it, I heard low voices. Kennedy was talking in the passage. We turned the corner, and I saw that he was with Norma.

As we approached, she glanced significantly at Kennedy, as if appealing to him to tell something. Before he could speak, Everson himself interrupted, telling of his discovery of the dynamite and of what the wireless-operator had found. There was a low exclamation from Norma.

"It's a plot to kidnap me!" she cried, in a smothered voice. "Professor Kennedy—I told you I thought so!"

Everson and I could only look our inquiries at the startling new turn of events.

"Miss Sanford has just been to her stateroom," hastily explained Craig. "There she found that some one had carefully packed up a number of her things and hidden them, as if waiting a chance to get them off safely. I think her impression is correct. There would be no motive for robbery—here."

Vainly I tried to reason it out. As I thought, I recalled that Gage had seemed insanely jealous of both Dominick and Kinsale, whenever he saw either with Norma. Did Gage know more about these mysterious happenings than appeared? Why had he so persistently sought her? Had Norma instinctively fled from his attentions?

"Where are the others?" asked Craig quickly.

I turned to Everson. I had not yet had time to find out.

"Gone back to the trawler," he replied. "Signal them to come aboard here directly," ordered Craig.

It seemed an interminable time as the message was broken out in flags to the trawler, which was not equipped with wireless. Even the hasty explanation which Kennedy had to give to Asta Everson, as she came out of her cabin, wondering where Orrin had gone, served only to increase the suspense. It was as though we were living over a powder-magazine that threatened to explode at any moment. What did the treachery of one member of the expedition mean? Above all, who was it?

The Gray Hair A Rattling Good Mystery Story

By Arthur Somers Roche

will begin in
March Cosmopolitan.

We had been so intent watching from the deck the all too slow approach of the little power-boat from the trawler that we had paid no attention to what was on our other quarter.

"A tug approaching, sir," reported the man on watch to Everson.

We turned to look. Who was she, friend or foe? We knew not what to expect. Everson, pale but with a firm grip on his nerves, did not move from the deck as the power-boat came alongside and Dominick, Gage, and Kinsale swung themselves up the ladder to us.

"It's the tug of that pilot, Guiteras, sir," interposed the man who had spoken before.

A quiet smile flitted over Kennedy's face. The tug ranged up alongside. To my utter astonishment, I saw Dolores, her black eyes eagerly scanning our faces. It was only a moment when the party that had put out from the tug also came tumbling aboard.

"I got your message, Kennedy, and brought Guiteras. He wouldn't join the expedition, but he thought more of his daughter than of anything else."

It was Kenmore, who had at last achieved his wish to get on the treasure-hunt story.

"Message!" exclaimed Kennedy. "I sent no message."

It was Kenmore's turn to stare.

"Nothing? About Dolores being deserted and—"

"He shall marry my daughter!" boomed a gruff voice, as Guiteras shouldered his way through the little group, his hand shooting back to a pocket where bulged a huge revolver.

Like a flash, Kennedy, who had been watching, caught his wrist.

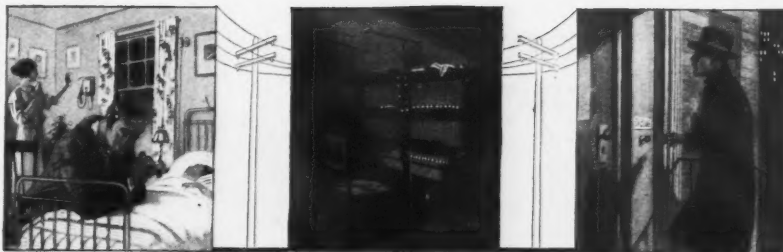
"Just a second, Captain!" he shouted, then turned to us, speaking rapidly and excitedly. "This thing has all been carefully, diabolically laid out. All who stood in the way of the whole of the treasure were to be eliminated. One person has sought to get it all—at any cost." In Craig's own hand now gleamed a deadly automatic while with the other he held Guiteras' wrist. "But," he added tensely, "an insane passion has wrecked the desperate scheme. A woman has been playing a part—leading the man on to his own destruction, in order to save the man she really loves."

I looked over at Norma. She was pale and agitated, then burning and nervous by turns. It was only by a most heroic effort that she seemed able to restrain herself, her eyes riveted on Kennedy's face.

"The Antilles," shot out Kennedy suddenly, "was burned and sunk, not by accident but with a purpose. That purpose has run through all the events I have seen—the use of Mr. Everson, his yacht, his money, his influence. Come!"

He strode down the passage to our stateroom, and we followed in awed silence.

"It is a vast, dastardly crime—to get the Mexican millions," he went on, pausing, his hand on the knob of the door while we crowded the narrow passage. "I have brought up from the wreck a skull which I found near a safe, unlocked so that entrance would be easy. The skull shows plainly that the man had been hit on the head by some blunt instrument, crushing him. Had he discovered something that



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As to cost, long-distance service such as we have here was not to be had in Europe, even before the war, at any price. And exchange service in Europe, despite its inferior quality, cost more in actual money than here.

Bell Service is the criterion for all the world, and the Bell organization is the most economical as well as the most efficient servant of the people.

In Europe:

Nine-tenths of the exchanges are closed at night, and in many cases, at mealtime.

Not one person in a hundred has a telephone.

Not one-eighth as many miles in proportion to population and territory.

In the principal cities, it takes more than twice as long for the operator to answer.

No such provision made. Telephone users are expected to await their turn.

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It was inconvenient to know? You have heard the stories of the ill-fated ship—"

Craig flung open the door suddenly. We saw a weird face—the head apparently streaming blood from a ghastly wound.

There was a shrill cry beside me.

"It's his ghost—Captain Driggs! God save me—it's his ghost come to haunt me and claim the treasure!"

I turned quickly. Dominick had broken down.

"You were—just leading him on—tell me, Norma!"

I turned again quickly. It was Gage, who had taken Norma's hand.

"You never cared for her?" she asked, with the anxiety that showed how in her heart she loved him.

"Never—it was part of the plot—I sent the message to get her here to show you. I didn't know you were playing a game—"

Suddenly the sharp crack of a pistol almost deafened us in the close passageway. As the smoke cleared, I saw Dolores, her eyes blazing with hatred, jealousy, revenge. In her hand was the pistol she had wrenched from her father.

On the floor, across the door-sill, sprawled a figure. Dominick had paid the price of his faithlessness to her, also.

The next **Craig Kennedy** story will be **The Panama Plot**.



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The Place of Disappearing Beauty

(Continued from page 20)

time in an hour. Let's take supper to the beach, and fool around afterward till it's safe to go in swimming. Walking's the second-best thing for grief, and salt water the best. Two positives make a negative. Salt water washes away salt tears. And, besides, I'm going to find your father, if he's on this island."

On the way to the beach, and after we had had supper, she talked a lot about her father. His name was Lo Mar, and when I made her write this name in the sand, it gave me a good sound shock. "Lord March," she wrote, and that name focused the somewhat vague impression I had got from her description until I beheld, in my mind's eye, an extraordinarily handsome and aristocratic English peer attired in a breech-clout. And, also, that name fell across my conscience like a whip-lash. Upon the usual Island-marriage, if I may call it that, all nature smiles, and even some of the missionaries understand and pretend not to notice. And there is no great harm done, and no caste lost; and divorce, which is swift, is usually without recrimination. But Talin Ine was no Island girl. She was an English gentlewoman, the daughter of an English peer, and—well, I've got some Scotch blood in me, and some French Huguenot, and New England Puritan, and I stole a look at that sweet, innocent, high-bred profile of hers and had a mighty nasty two-minute session of remorse. I was just twenty-five.

"Do you know how old I am, Talin Ine?"

"No."

"I'm twenty-five—quite an old gentleman. But I love you"—she laughed softly—"better than you know. We've never looked ahead much, have we?" She shook her head. "When I do wrong," I said, "there's something inside of me that won't let me rest till I've done all I could to make that wrong right."

"Have you done something wrong?"

"Any way you look at it."

She was silent for a moment; then she said, in a small voice,

"Have I?"

"You? God bless you, no! The law says that ignorance of the law is no excuse; but, in some cases, the law, by so saying, simply proves that it's a gol-darn fool. But I've done wrong. I ought either to have gone away that first day, or I ought to have told you that I would stick to you always and forever amen, and that there shouldn't ever be anybody else. It's too late to do either of those things to the letter. But, beginning right now, I do the second. I promise I'll always be faithful to you, Talin Ine. And will you try to love me always?"

"Try?" And she laughed. It sounded like a pair of doves cooing.

"Come," I said; "let's get into the great cure-all." And we crossed the beach and waded into the lagoon until Talin Ine was shoulder-deep.

"Talin Ine," I said, "up there, where the stars are, there's God. He sees us. And he knows what we think, and hears what we say. I don't see how we're ever going to find anyone else to do the job, and so I guess we'd better put it up to

him." She listened, lips parted, trying to understand. "There wasn't any opportunity," I went on, "to blow ourselves to wedding finery. This good blue water will have to do. Give me your left hand. Now, then, listen to what I say and then you say the same, only you say your name instead of mine, and you say 'husband' when I say 'wife.'"

So I looked up at the stars, and then at Talin Ine, and I said:

"I, Jim, take you, Talin Ine, to be my wedded wife, for better or worse, in health or sickness, or safety or peril, good times and bad, till death parts us, if death does part people, and so help me God. Amen."

And she repeated that with the right changes and considerable promptings. And then I slipped the seal-ring from my little finger over the fourth finger of her left hand and said,

"With this ring, I thee wed."

She could hardly wait to see the ring on her hand, and she bubbled with delight.

"And now," I said, "everybody kiss the bride. First, the groom"—and I kissed her—"and now the groom's father"—and I kissed her—"and now the best man, and now the ushers"—and just then I stepped into a hole and went down head over ears, and came up choking and laughing. "And now," I said, "the ceremony is over. And the next thing on the program is for the groom to give the bride her second swimming-lesson. Do you think you've forgotten how to float?"

IV

My wife told me a good deal, but there was ever so much more that she couldn't tell me, because she had either never known herself or else she had forgotten. What were she and her father doing on that island, anyway? Who were they that lived in the valley and considered themselves so beautiful? How many of them were there? These and other questions clamored for solution until I was so eaten by curiosity that I began to sleep badly. And that restlessness which is what keeps young men moving up and down the world began to work in and ferment in me until, one morning, immediately after breakfast, I said to Talin Ine:

"I'm off. And don't say that you are coming, too, because you are not. I may be gone several days. I'll take good care of myself. And I'll take this. I've explained to you what it is. It shoots six times, and then turns itself into an A No. 1 club."

"I don't want you to go without me," she said.

"You've got to be here in case any of them come up for cloth. Listen, dear: I think it very important to find your father. When we go away from this island, we don't want to leave him behind, do we? And then I can't go on hiding forever. I'll be found out sooner or later, and if I'm as ugly as you say I am, they'll kill me sure. I've got to know just what I'm up against, and the sooner the better."

After a time she let me go. She didn't cry, but was going to. I could see that.

A well-marked trail led down the moun-



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PICTORIAL REVIEW

for February

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My plan was, on reaching the lower levels, to make a grand circumambulation of the valley, keeping well away from the settlement. Whenever I came to a beaten trail, I'd follow till I'd found out what it led to. In that way, if Talin Ine's father was in the habit of receiving visitors, I must sooner or later discover him. It was idiotically simple.

But the end of the first trail I came to gave me a start. I came across it, half-way round the foot of the old volcano on which Talin Ine had her hut. After a steep climb, it ran level for a few hundred yards, and then right out to the brink of a tall cliff, and then, of course, stopped.

I back-tracked, and fought my way through a wicked thorny tangle of lush green things till I got to the bottom of the cliff, just under where the trail ended. And there I found a heap of old bones—human bones—men, women and children.

I went away quick, but solemn. I felt as if there was something wrong with my stomach, and as if all the kick had gone out of the breeze and the sunshine.

I was half way round the valley before I struck a second trail. It led up a rise of ground and down, up another, and then branched.

After repeating an old formula of childhood, I learned that my mother emphatically advised me to follow the branch which led to the right, and pretty soon I came out of the woods and into an open space of white sand.

In the midst, erect and open, was what looked like a gigantic umbrella. The rain-shedding surface of thatch had a diameter of perhaps twelve feet, and the stick planted in the sand, firm as a fence-post, was as thick as a big flagpole.

Strolling about in the shade of this superumbrella, and fastened to the stick by a leg-iron and a length of chain, was a long, lean man with a blond, gray-shot beard that reached to his breech-clout. Above shaggy black eyebrows, the fine dome of his head was naked as a morning in February.

My bare feet made no sound; for a few minutes he did not see me, and I had a chance to observe him at leisure. During these minutes, he walked round and round the umbrella-stick forward, and then, I suppose to keep from getting dizzy, he revolved the other way, but backward, so that the chain would not trip him. And three times, when he had collected sufficient saliva, he sat down and, with exquisite precision, spat upon his leg-iron.

I cleared my throat. He looked up. "Lord March, aren't you?" I said.

"Quite so," he said.

There were more consonants to his English than to the language I had learned from his daughter, but it would be wearisome to attempt such subtleties in print. And he repeated:

"Quite so. And who are you?"

"James Faraday," I said. "I was sailing a small boat, singlehanded, around the world, when I bumped on this island in the dark, and wrecked. Since then, I have had the pleasure of meeting your daughter."

At that, his insular calm forsook him, but his speech, although it shook in places (and he shook, too), remained stiff and formal.

"I trust she is very well. I haven't had a glimpse of her in two years."

"She is very well, and, when she hears that you are well—you are, aren't you?—she will be happy."

"Happy?" He lifted his shaggy eyebrows. "In this place!"

"Yes," I said firmly; "happy. Anxious, but happy. And, now, how are we going to get that leg-iron off? I haven't a file."

"Oh," he said, "don't trouble. When I wish to get rid of it, I shall do so. I spit upon it from time to time, and it is nearly rusted through. I shall have a dash of freedom, but, in the end, they will catch me, fat and lazy as they are, and perhaps my fate will be even less pleasant than at the moment."

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"Talin Ine?"

"That's the name I have for your daughter."

"Ah," said he coldly, "I see. Capital."

"But," I said, "before there is any talk of what is going to happen, I've got to tell you what *has* happened."

"Have you, indeed? Quite so."

"At first," I said, "you won't like what I'm going to tell you. I'm rather glad you are chained up. Oh, it's all very awkward to say. Well, I landed, and next I found my way up to your daughter's home on the mountain—and—Good Lord, try to see the thing calmly! she, burned brown as an Island girl—Island costume—language that I couldn't understand—and so sweet and innocent and ignorant of everything under heaven, and so lonely and unhappy. Well, sir, God help me, when I found out who she was, and how rotten I was, I put my ring on her finger, and I took her for my true wife in the sight of God."

He leaned over, slipped his slender fingers under the iron band which was around his ankle, and broke it. Then he came slowly toward me, with a great menace in his fine eyes.

"Please," I said, "don't hit me." He gave a short, grim laugh. "Because," I went on hurriedly, "I can't hit back. You must see that. Look here: I'll be a good husband to her—I'll be a good son to you. Give me a chance to prove that. If I fall down on the proposition, I'll give you leave to knock my block off."

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Marjorie Jones' Picnic

(Continued from page 48)



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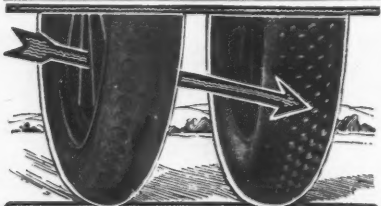
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of that. She came and sat by him on a log and chattered sweetly, gazing at him with that new favor and proprietorship which she had shown for the first time just before their trouble with the bees. His altered looks evidently meant nothing to her—and, as for her own, she had seen no mirror. In her fondness, she seemed to forget that her appearance, as well as Sam's, was changed.

"I'd rather sit with you than play, Sam," she said sweetly.

Sam looked at her, then turned his head away.

"Well, you can if you want to," he said, in a subdued voice. It seemed to him utterly incredible that he had ever told Mabel that she was his "girl." "I never ask you to come," he added feebly. "You don't haf to, Mabul."

"I like to."

He did not wish to look at her again; but he found it impossible to resist an impulse that made him do so. And as he did look at her, she smiled fondly. That is, her intention was to smile fondly, but the result was more unfortunate than she knew. Sam rose.

"You keep sittin' here," he said heavily, beginning to walk away. "They got a telephone in this farmhouse, and I promised my mother I'd telephone her what time we'll prob'ly get home. I'll come back after a while, I expect, maybe."

He entered the open front door of the farmhouse. He walked straight through the house to the kitchen, passed out of the kitchen door, crossed a wide truck-garden, and found himself in a pasture. Here he seated himself on the ground, with his back to a fence-post, and, without knowing it, groaned. He had not the least idea what was the matter with him. All he knew was that he hated the Party and wanted to be, and to remain, as far as possible from Mabel Rorebeck. In good truth, he felt worse than Penrod did.

These two, however, were not to be the only deep sufferers of the day, and Sam's retirement to the pasture presently caused him to miss the stirring climax of the picnic, wherein public sentiment veered completely, a great reputation was lost, and a lost one was gloriously recovered.

Beyond a lane that ran beside the farmyard, there was a thicket of underbrush extending to a bluff that overlooked a sluggish creek. One of Marjorie's guests climbed the fence, crossed the lane, and investigated the thicket. This was Master Carlie Chitten, a sophisticated ten-year-old who lived in hotels and cared little for the society of children. Bored by the simple pastimes offered him that afternoon, he withdrew for a cigarette, and having lighted it in the seclusion of the thicket, he pressed on and came to the edge of the bluff overlooking the creek. A tin can floated slowly down-stream; and Carlie began to interest himself a little in throwing stones at it.

Then an angry voice shouted from below.

"Hi! Wop moo moo?" Quip app!"

The words were of a language unknown to Carlie, and he peered wonderingly downward, but the underbrush was thick and he saw no one, though two fishing-poles were

visible, supporting lines that hung into the water. Carlie threw another stone.

"Hyuh, boy!" shouted a second voice, as angry as the first. "You stop th'owin' stones in 'is crick, sca'in' fish away. You g'on 'bout you' biz'niss!"

Carlie threw another stone, and both voices protested fiercely.

"Gow! Wop moo moo?"

"White boy, I come up aftuh you! Bus' you' hade!"

Again Carlie threw a stone, and there was another vehement outburst of protest. He smiled maliciously, and showered pebbles down upon the creek and upon the underbrush bordering it.

"Nigger!" he called spitefully. "Nigger! Nigger! Nigger!"

Then he turned to run, but it was too late. A black midget who had climbed the bluff like a cat, squirmed through a bush behind him, dove for him, and caught him round the ankles. Immediately, a larger colored boy arrived—and Master Chitten began to regret his imprudence acutely. Not long afterward, for the second time during Marjorie Jones' picnic, calls for help were sent upon the startled air.

"My goodness!" Marjorie cried. "What is that noise?"

"Help!" came the voice of Carlie Chitten, faintly and muffled. "He-elp!"

The game stopped, and everybody listened.

"It's over there," said pale Georgie Bassett; "over yonder toward the creek."

"No, it isn't!" Marjorie cried. "It's around behind the house!"

"No; it's over yond—"

But there was no longer need for any discussion of the question. Carlie Chitten ran out of the thicket, holding his handkerchief to his nose, and, having climbed the fence, went hastily to the pump and began to apply water to his handkerchief, thence to his nose and other portions of his face. His hat was gone; his collar hung by shreds, and his handkerchief looked like a banner of revolt.

"Nun-niggers!" he was able to explain, though not without agitation. "Two ole ugly black niggers! They were fishin', and I didn't do anything to 'em at all. They just jumped on me and tried to kuck-kill me!"

Most of the little girls screamed.

"Oh, I'm so frightened!" Marjorie cried. "They might come here! I'm going to get mamma; she's in the house talking to the tenant's wife."

Once more, the wonderful Freddie assumed the responsibility for everything.

"You needn't to mind callin' nobody," he said, and he picked up a discarded broom-handle that lay upon the ground. "I'll run 'em off," he added, with a touch of complacency; for the honor he had received that day might well have turned a firmer head than his, and inspired some rashness within it. "I kin 'tend to a few niggers, I guess, without routin' out no women folks. We don't allow no fishin' in that crick, anyhow."

And he marched away, followed—at some distance—by a throng now absolutely in awe of him. He passed through the

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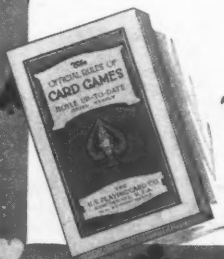


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gate into the lane and entered the thicket.

"Hey, you black niggers!" he could be heard calling. "Clear out o' here, you nigs!"

Then, as he pressed onward, only the faint sound of the bushes being disturbed came to the ears of his hushed gallery, pausing in the lane. Some of the girls seized one another by the hand, and several of the boys nervously teased them for being frightened, while others claimed that they wouldn't be afraid to go after those ole niggers, only they didn't want to get in Freddie's way or anything, and, of course, as he lived here, he knew how to get around better, and it was his own business to keep anybody from fishing in the creek; so it was better for him to 'tend to it alone without everybody getting in his way and everything.

But Carlie Chitten remained at the pump, ministering to himself, and near him lingered the morbid Penrod.

"I wouldn't of been afraid of 'em," asserted this latter, addressing a fellow being for the first time in a long, long while. "I never get afraid of any ole niggers."

"Oh, no, you don't!" Carlie returned bitterly. "I guess—" he paused to sniff and to press the pink and watery handkerchief upon one of his eyes and then upon the other—"I guess you'd like to have one of 'em poundin' you all over your face while the other kep' bitin' your leg! Yes, you would!"

"Bitin'?" Penrod repeated with a sudden warmer interest. "Did one of 'em bite you? What kind of lookin' niggers were they?"

"Horrible-lookin'!" Carlie replied sincerely.

"Was there a little one and a big one?"

"Yes, there was."

"Which one bit you?"

"The little one."

"What did he talk like?"

"He was so mad he couldn't talk at all," said Carlie. "Or else he might of been tongue-tied. He talked like this: 'Wopwoomoo I moe woo.' He was crazy, I guess, and I bet I get the hydropophobia from—" But he ceased to speak, and confined his energies to nursing his hurts, for his auditor was gone. Penrod had run to join the nervous group in the lane.

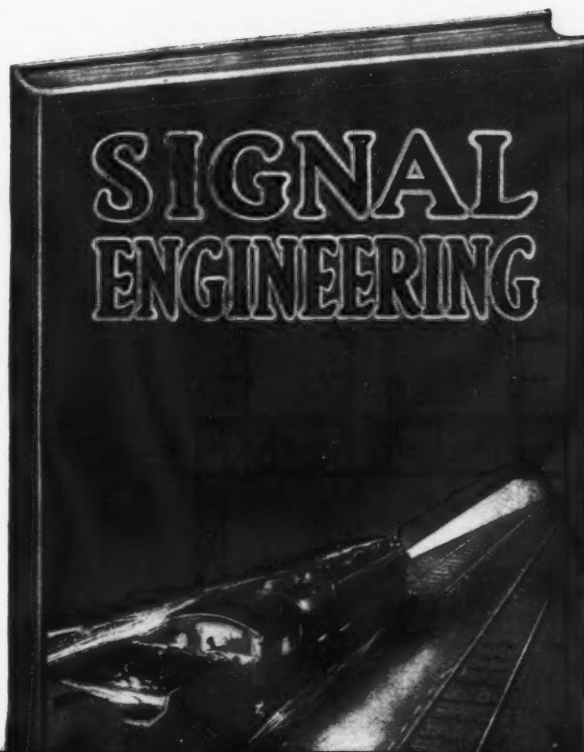
"Which way'd Freddie go?" he demanded excitedly.

"Right there," Roddy Bitts answered, pointing to a footpath that wound among clumps of saplings. "He was walkin' along on that path and he was a-hollerin'—"

Roddy was interrupted by a new hollerin', distant but vehement, even ferocious. The voice of Freddie, shouting, "I got you, you ole black niggers!" was heard only once, being smothered under a conglomerate burst of back-to-nature yelling; and, as the banks of the Congo could furnish similar sounds, though probably nothing worse, there resulted strong symptoms of a panic in the lane.

What was the general amazement, then, at the actions of Penrod Schofield! He threw off his jacket and rolled up the polka-dotted sleeves from his thin and unmuscular forearms.

"Nigger! Nigger!" he blatted. "You let that boy alone! I'm after you now, you ole niggers, you! Nigger! Nigger!" And he ran into the underbrush, disap-



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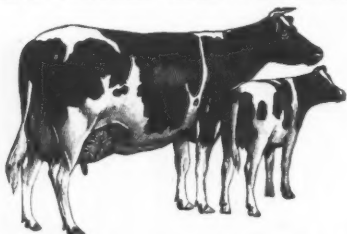
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pearing from their sight, incessantly shouting the battle-cry of "Nigger!"

Herosim being undoubtedly contagious—that is, to a certain extent—the whole Party (except, of course, Carlie Chitten and the absent Sam) followed Penrod. They did not run, as he did; they allowed him sufficient precedence, indeed; but they made their way into the underbrush, keeping fairly close together and, under the spell of his dashing example, shouting and piping: "Nigger! Nigger!" with all the power of their lungs and bronchial tubes.

Half-way to the edge of the bluff, they encountered little Freddie, without his broom-handle, fleeing—fleeing openly and vociferously. He had his reasons. His nose was as the nose of Master Chitten; his two eyes were as the eyes of Master Chitten; he had similarly been bitten about the legs, and his small blue shirt needed adjustment in relation to his overalls; he should not have been seen by people of fashion. He had been so mishandled, in fact, and such was his unnerved state, that he paused to make no report of affairs as he had found them, but continued his flight through the midst of the Party, upsetting Maurice Levy and stepping upon him in the great haste of the moment. Seeming to believe himself still pursued, the farm-boy sped ever on, bellowing, till the noise of his lamentation died in the Party's ears on account of distance.

Meanwhile, from the direction of the creek, rang the war-cries of Penrod: "Nigger! I'll get you next time, you ole niggers!" And these were cries of triumph.

Therefore, the children pressed on till they stood upon the verge of the bluff. A few feet below them was Penrod, unmangled—not even dusty. He was throwing stones across the narrow stream at a shadowy grove of trees through which two dim, dark figures were hastening in flight, bearing fishing-poles and cans of bait.

"Nigger!" shouted Penrod. "Dare you half-way back here!"

From the grove, where the two figures no longer could be seen, there came receding vocal noises of a character inappropriate to the circumstances.

Marjorie gasped.

"Why, it sounded," she said, "it sounded like they were laughing!"

"I guess they were," said Penrod, and he explained, with an air of modesty.

"Guess they would laugh, 'cause I had to let 'em get away from me! Time I sat down to take my shoes and stockin's off, so't I could chase 'em across the crick, they'd got so far on the other side it wasn't any use for me to try to catch 'em."

Marjorie approached him.

"Penrod," she said, softly, "that little Freddie's the worst little cardy calf!—He ran away and left you to fight both of 'em all alone, didn't he?"

"Well," said Penrod, "one of 'em was a pretty big nigger." Thus the generous boy excused the flight of Freddie.

"He's nothing but a cardy calf," said Marjorie. "I'd been treating him just as nice as anybody, because he helped you when you wanted to slap that ole pig on the nose, Penrod."

"I guess I'll go back there," he said thoughtfully, "and do it now."

But Marjorie seized his arm.

"You shan't!" she cried. "There's

mamma calling us. It's Refreshments! Come on, Penrod!"

Thus, when Sam Williams, sluggishly and with a strange expression, rejoined the Party, after hearing shouts that betokened the arrival of rich foods, he found one whom he had left the lowest of the low exalted to be highest of the high. The children sat upon the dry grass of the farmer's front yard, and the very center of the group was the flushed and happy Penrod. Marjorie Jones gazed upon him eagerly, and so continuously that sometimes her spoon touched her chin or cheek before it went into her mouth; and she did not seem to be able to sit close enough to him. Mabel came and sat by Sam, and he was just able to endure this, for the results of her stings were now much reduced. She excitedly told him all about the magnificent behavior of Penrod, and it is not to be denied that Sam, who was Penrod's most intimate friend and knew him better than did any of the others—it is not to be denied that Sam was the most astonished person at the Party.

When it was all over, and the wagons had brought them home, Penrod and Sam sat on the back fence at Penrod's, waiting to be called to dinner. It was sunset, and they were ruminative and silent, Sam's expression being still one of brooding perplexity.

Down the alley tramped two dusty colored boys, one middle-sized, like Penrod and Sam, and the other very small. They carried fishing-poles over their shoulders, and each had a string of two or three tiny fish. At sight of Penrod they chuckled, then burst into outright laughter.

"My goo'ness," the larger called to him, "what fer you had to go an' ack so mad? Ack like you goin' to tear me an' Verman's heads off!" And, yelling with laughter, the two passed into the cottage across the alley from Penrod's stable.

Sam's mouth opened wide, and remained so for a length of time that made Penrod uncomfortable. In Sam's mind were arising certain ideas and the vague perception of a truth which had appeared to Penrod earlier in the day when he was meditating upon the injustice of the world. The mother pig had attacked the stranger but fled from Freddie, whom she knew, just as Penrod's little old dog Duke would attack a stranger but, on occasion, flee from Penrod. Sam was not thinking of pigs or of dogs, and yet his thoughts were akin to Penrod's earlier thoughts upon these subjects, being concerned with the discriminations of animals, shown in their behavior toward strangers and toward those with whom they are familiar. Sam's mouth finally closed, then opened again.

"By gory!" he shouted. "It was only Herman and Verman!"

"Well, what if it was?"

"You knew 'em!" Sam insisted. "You knew 'em! They knew you!"

"Well, what if they did?" said Penrod brazenly. "I chased 'em, didn't I? What's the difference?"

Sam was nonplused. He knew there was a difference, and he felt indignant about it, but he felt as baffled as indignant. The underhandedness of the whole affair seemed as plain as day, and yet Sam found himself unable to put it into words.

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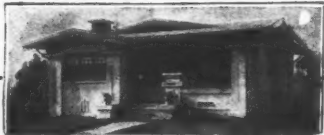
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Beyond

(Continued from page 35)

It was not till the middle of January that she said to him,

"I must go home, dad."

The word "home" hurt him, and he only answered,

"Very well, Gyp; when?"

"The house is quite ready. I think I had better go to-morrow. He's still at Rosek's. I won't let him know. Two or three days there by myself first would be better for settling baby in."

"Very well; I'll take you up."

He made no attempt to ascertain her feelings toward Fjorsen. He knew too well.

They traveled next day, reaching London at half-past two. Betty had gone up in the early morning to prepare the way. The dogs had been with aunt Rosamund all this time. Gyp missed their greeting; but the installation of Betty and the baby in the spare room, that was now to be the nursery, absorbed all her first energies. Light was just beginning to fail when, still in her fur, she took a key of the music-room and crossed the garden, to see how all had fared during her ten weeks' absence. What a wintry garden! How different from that languorous, warm, moonlit night when Daphne Wing had come dancing out of the shadow of the dark trees. How bare and sharp the boughs against the gray, darkening sky! She glanced back at the house. Cold and white it looked, but there were lights in her room and in the nursery. Gyp hurried down the path. Four little icicles had formed beneath the window of the music-room. They caught her eye, and, passing round to the side, she broke one off. There must be a fire in there, for she could see the flicker through the curtains not quite drawn. Thoughtful Ellen had been airing it! But, suddenly, she stood still. There was more than a fire in there! Through the chink in the drawn curtains, she had seen two figures seated on the divan. Something seemed to spin round in her head. She turned to rush away. Then a kind of superhuman coolness came to her, and she deliberately looked in. He and Daphne Wing! His arm was round her neck. The girl's face riveted her eyes. It was turned a little back and up, gazing at him, the lips parted, the eyes hypnotized, adoring; and her arm around him seemed to shiver—with cold, with ecstasy? Again that something went spinning through Gyp's head. She raised her hand. For a second, it hovered close to the glass. Then, with a sick feeling, she dropped it and turned away.

Never! Never would she show him or that girl that they could hurt her! Never! They were safe from any scene she would make—safe in their nest! And blindly, across the frosty grass, through the unlighted drawing-room, she went up-stairs to her room, locked the door, and sat down before the fire. Pride raged within her. She stuffed her handkerchief between her teeth and lips; she did it unconsciously. Her eyes felt scorched from the fire-flames, but she did not trouble to hold her hand before them.

Suddenly she thought, "Suppose I had loved him?" and laughed. The handkerchief dropped to her lap, and she looked at

it with wonder—it was blood-stained. She drew back in the chair, away from the scorching of the fire, and sat quite still, a smile on her lips. That girl's eyes, like a little adoring dog's—that girl, who had fawned on her so! She had got her "distinguished man!" She sprang up and looked at herself in the glass, shuddered, turned her back on herself, and sat down again. In her own house! Why not here—in this room? Why not before her eyes? Not yet a year married! It was almost funny—almost funny! And she had her first calm thought: "I am free."

But it did not seem to mean anything, had no value to a spirit so bitterly stricken in its pride. She moved her chair closer to the fire again. Why had she not tapped on the window? To have seen that girl's face ashy with fright! To have seen him—caught—caught in the room she had made beautiful for him, the room where she had played for him so many hours, the room that was part of the house that she paid for! How long had they used it for their meetings—sneaking in by that door from the back lane? Perhaps even before she went away—to bear his child! And there began in her a struggle between mother-instinct and her sense of outrage—to decide whether her baby would be all hers, or would have slipped away from her heart and be a thing almost abhorrent.

She huddled nearer the fire, feeling cold and physically sick. And, suddenly, the thought came to her, "If I don't let the servants know I'm here, they might go out and see what I saw!" Had she shut the drawing-room window when she returned so blindly? Perhaps already! In a fever, she rang the bell and unlocked the door. The maid came up.

"Please shut the drawing-room window, Ellen; and tell Betty I'm afraid I got a little chill traveling. I'm going to bed. Ask her if she can manage with baby." And she looked straight into the girl's face. It wore an expression of concern, but not that fluttered look which must have been there if she had known.

"Yes, m'm; I'll get you a hot-water bottle, m'm. Would you like a hot bath and a cup of hot tea at once?"

Gyp nodded. Anything—anything!

The maid came back with the tea; she was an affectionate girl, full of that admiring love servants and dogs always felt for Gyp, imbued, too, with the instinctive partisanship which stores itself, one way or the other, in the hearts of those who live in houses where the atmosphere lacks unity. To her mind, the mistress was much too good for him—a foreigner—and such 'abits! Manners—he hadn't any. And no good would come of it. Not if you took her opinion.

"And I've turned the water in, m'm. Will you have a little mustard in it?"

Again Gyp nodded. And the girl, going down-stairs for the mustard, told cook there was "that about the mistress that makes you quite pathetic." The cook, who was fingering her concertina, for which she had a passion, answered:

"She 'ides up her feelin's, same as they all does. Thank 'eaven she haven't got that drawl, though, that 'er old aunt 'as—"

always makes me feel to want to say, 'Buck up; old dear; you ain't 'alf so precious as all that!'"

And when the maid Ellen had taken the mustard and gone, she drew out her concertina to its full length and, with cautionary softness, began to practise the air called "Home, Sweet Home."

To Gyp, lying in her hot bath, those muffled strains just mounted, not quite as a tune, rather as some far-away humming of large flies. The heat of the water, the pungent smell of the mustard, and that droning hum slowly soothed and drowsed away the vehemence of feeling. She looked at her body, silver-white in the yellowish water, with a dreamy sensation. Some day, she, too, would love! Strange feeling she had never had before! Strange, indeed, that it should come at such a moment, breaking through the old instinctive shrinking! Yes; some day love would come to her. There floated before her brain the adoring look on Daphne Wing's face, the shiver that had passed along her arm, and pitifulness crept into her heart—a half-bitter, half-admiring pitifulness. Why should she grudge—she who did not love? The sounds, like the humming of large flies, grew deeper, more vibrating. It was the cook, in her passion swelling out her music on the phrase,

Be it ne-e-ver so humble, there's no-o place like home.

XIII

That night, Gyp slept peacefully, as though nothing had happened. She woke into misery. Her pride would never let her show the world what she had discovered, would force her to keep an unmoved face and live an unmoved life. But the struggle between mother-instinct and revolt was still going on within her. She was really afraid to see her baby, and she sent word to Betty that she thought it would be safer if she kept quite quiet till the afternoon.

She got up at noon and stole down-stairs. She had not realized how violent was her struggle over his child till she was passing the door of the room where it was lying. If she had not been ordered to give up nursing, that struggle would never have come. Her heart ached, but a demon pressed her on and past the door. Down-stairs, she just pattered round, dusting her china, putting in order the books which, after house-cleaning, the maid had arranged almost too carefully, so that the first volumes of Dickens and Thackeray followed each other on the top shelf, and the second volumes followed each other on the bottom shelf. And all the time she thought dully: "Why am I doing this? What do I care how the place looks? It can never be my home."

For lunch, she drank some beef tea, keeping up the fiction of her indisposition. After that, she sat down at her bureau to write. Something must be decided. There she sat, her forehead on her hand, and nothing came—not one word—not even the way to address him—just the date, and that was all. At a ring of the bell, she started up. She could not see anybody! But the maid only brought a note from aunt Rosamund, and the dogs, who fell frantically on their mistress and instantly began to fight for her possession. She went on her knees to separate them, and enjoin peace and good-will, and their little




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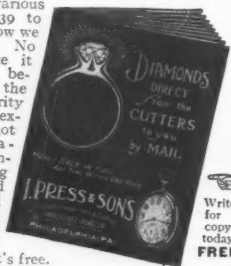
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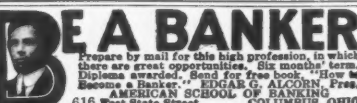
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avid tongues furiously licked her cheeks. Under the eager touch of those wet tongues, the band round her brain and heart gave way; she was overwhelmed with longing for her baby. Nearly a day since she had seen her—was it possible? And, followed by the dogs, she went up-stairs.

The house was invisible from the music-room; and spurred on by thought that, until Fiorsen knew she was back, those two might be there in each other's arms any moment of the day or night, Gyp wrote that evening:

DEAR GUSTAV:
We are back.
GYP.

What else in the world could she say? He would not get it till he woke about eleven. With the instinct to take all the respite she could, and knowing no more than before how she would receive his return, she went out next day and wandered about, shopping, and trying not to think. Returning at tea-time, she went straight up to her baby, and there heard from Betty that he had come, and gone out with his violin to the music-room.

Bent over the child, Gyp needed all her self-control—but her self-control was becoming great. Soon, the girl would come fluttering down that dark, narrow lane; perhaps at this very minute her fingers were tapping at the door, and he was opening it to murmur, "No; she's back!" Ah, then the girl would shrink! The rapid whispering—some other meeting-place! Lips to lips, and that look on the girl's face, till she hurried away from the shut door, in the darkness, disappointed! And he, on that silver-and-gold divan, gnawing his mustache, his eyes—catlike—staring at the fire! And then, perhaps, from his violin would come one of those swaying bursts of sound, with tears in them, and the wind in them, that had of old bewitched her. She said,

"Open the window just a little, Betty dear—it's hot."

There it was, rising, falling! Music! Why did it so move one even when, as now, it was the voice of insult? And suddenly she thought: "He will expect me to go out there again and play for him. But I will not—never!"

She put her baby down, went into her bedroom, and changed hastily to a tea-gown for the evening, ready to go downstairs. A little shepherdess in china on the mantel-shelf attracted her attention, and she took it in her hand. She had bought it three and more years ago, when she first came to London, at the beginning of that time of girl-gaiety when all life was a cotillion and she the leader of it. Its cool daintiness made it seem the symbol of another world—a world without depths or shadows, a world that did not feel—a happy world!

She had not long to wait before he tapped on the drawing-room window. She got up from the tea-table to let him in. Why do faces gazing in through glass from darkness always look hungry—searching, appealing for what you have and they have not? And while she was undoing the latch, she thought: "What am I going to say? I feel nothing!" The ardor of his gaze, voice, hands seemed to her so false as to be almost comic; even more comically false his look of disappointment when she said,

"Please take care; I'm still brittle!" Then she sat down again and asked, "Will you have some tea?"

"Tea! I have you back, and you ask me if I will have tea? Gyp! Do you know what I have felt like all this time? No; you don't know. You know nothing of me—do you?"

A smile of sheer irony formed on her lips—without her knowing it. She said,

"Have you had a good time at Count Rosek's?" And, without her will, against her will, the words slipped out: "I'm afraid you've missed the music-room!"

His stare wavered; he began to walk up and down.

"Missed! Missed everything! I have been very miserable, Gyp. You've no idea how miserable. Yes; miserable, miserable, miserable!" With each repetition of that word, his voice grew gayer. And, kneeling down in front of her, he stretched his long arms round her till they met behind her waist. "Ah, my Gyp, I shall be a different being, now!"

And Gyp went on smiling. Between that, and stabbing these false raptures to the heart, there seemed to be nothing she could do. The moment his hands relaxed, she got up and said,

"You know there's a baby in the house."

He laughed.

"Ah, the baby! I'd forgotten. Let's go up and see it."

Gyp answered, "You go."

She could feel him thinking, "Perhaps it will make her nice to me." He turned suddenly and went. She stood with her eyes shut, seeing the divan in the music-room and the girl's arm shivering. Then, going to the piano, she began with all her might to play a Chopin polonaise.

That evening, they dined out and went to "The Tales of Hoffmann." By such devices it was possible to put off a little longer what she was going to do. During the drive home in the dark cab, she shrank away into her corner, pretending that his arm would hurt her dress; her exasperated nerves were already overstrung. Twice she was on the very point of crying out, "I am not Daphne Wing!" But each time pride strangled the words in her throat. And yet they would have to come. What other reason could she find to keep him from her room?

But when in her mirror she saw him standing behind her—he had crept into the bedroom like a cat—fierceness came into her. She could see the blood rush up in her own white face, and, turning round she said,

"No, Gustav; go out to the music-room if you want a companion."

He recoiled against the foot of the bed and stared at her haggardly, and Gyp, turning back to her mirror, went on quietly taking the pins out of her hair. For fully a minute she could see him leaning there, moving his head and hands as though in pain. Then, to her surprise, he went. And a vague feeling of compunction mingled with her sense of deliverance. She lay awake a long time, watching the fire-glow brighten and darken on the ceiling, thoughts and fancies crisscrossing in her excited brain. Falling asleep at last, she dreamed she was feeding doves out of her hand, and one of them was Daphne Wing. She woke with a start. The fire

still burned, and, by its light, she saw him crouching at the foot of the bed. Before she could speak, he began:

"Oh, Gyp, you don't understand! All that is nothing—it is only you I want—always! I am a fool who cannot control himself. Think! It's a long time since you went away from me."

Gyp said, in a hard voice,
"I didn't want to have a child."

He said quickly:

"No; but now you have it, you are glad. Don't be unmerciful, my Gyp! It is like you to be merciful. That girl—it is all over—I swear—I promise!"

His hand touched her foot through the soft eider-down. Gyp thought: "Why does he come and whine to me like this? He has no dignity—none!" And she said: "How can you promise? You have made the girl love you. I saw her face."

He drew his hand back.

"You saw her?"

"Yes."

He was silent, staring at her. Presently, he began again:

"She is a little fool. I do not care for the whole of her as much as I care for your one finger. What does it matter what one does in that way if one does not care? The soul, not the body, is faithful. A man satisfies appetite—it is nothing."

Gyp said,

"Perhaps not; but it is something when it makes others miserable."

"Has it made you miserable, my Gyp?"

His voice had a ring of hope. She answered, startled:

"I? No—her."

"Her? Ho! It is an experience for her—it is life! It will do her no harm."

"No; nothing will do anybody harm if it gives you pleasure."

At that bitter retort, he kept silence a long time, now and then heaving a long sigh. His words kept sounding in her heart: "The soul, not the body, is faithful." Was he, after all, more faithful to her than she had ever been, could ever be—who did not love, had never loved him? What right had she to talk, who had married him out of vanity, out of—what?

And suddenly he said:

"Gyp! Forgive!"

She uttered a sigh and turned away her face. He bent down against the eider-down. She could hear him drawing long, sobbing breaths, and, in the midst of her lassitude and hopelessness, a sort of pity stirred her. What did it matter? She said, in a choked voice,

"Very well; I forgive."

XIV

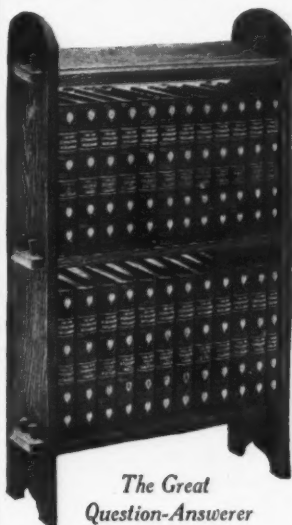
THE human creature has wonderful power of putting up with things. Gyp never really believed that Daphne Wing was of the past. Her skeptical instinct told her that what Fiorsen might honestly mean to do was very different from what he would do under stress of opportunity.

Since her return, Rosek had begun to come again, very careful not to repeat his mistake, but not deceiving her at all. Though his self-control was as great as Fiorsen's was small, she felt he had not given up his pursuit of her, and would take very good care that Daphne Wing was afforded every chance of being with her husband. But pride never let her allude to the girl. Besides, what good to

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speaking of her? They would both lie—Rosek, because he obviously saw the mistaken line of his first attack; Fjorsen, because his temperament did not permit him to suffer by speaking the truth.

Having set herself to endure, she found she must live in the moment, never think of the future, never think much of anything. Fortunately, nothing so conduces to vacuity as a baby. She gave herself up to it with desperation. In watching its face, and feeling it warm against her, Gyp succeeded daily in getting away into the hypnotic state of mothers, and cows that chew the cud. But the baby slept a great deal, and much of its time was claimed by Betty. Those hours—and they were many—Gyp found difficult. She had lost interest in dress and household elegance, keeping just enough to satisfy her fastidiousness; money, too, was scarce, under the drain of Fjorsen's irregular requirements. If she read, she began almost at once to brood. She was cut off from the music-room, had not crossed its threshold since her discovery. Aunt Rosamund's efforts to take her into society were fruitless—all the effervescence was out of that—and, though her father came, he never stayed long for fear of meeting Fjorsen. In this condition of affairs, she turned more and more to her own music, and one morning, after she had come across some compositions of her girlhood, she made a resolution. That afternoon she dressed herself with pleasure, for the first time for months, and sallied forth into the February frost.

Monsieur Edouard Harmost inhabited the ground floor of a house in the Marylebone Road. He received his pupils in a large back room overlooking a little sooty garden. A Walloon by extraction, and of great vitality, he grew old with difficulty, having a soft corner in his heart for women and a passion for novelty, even for new music, that was unappeasable. Any fresh discovery would bring a tear rolling down his mahogany cheeks into his clipped gray beard, the while he played, singing wheezily to elucidate the wondrous novelty, or moved his head up and down, as if pumping. When Gyp was shown into this well-remembered room, he was seated, his yellow fingers buried in his stiff gray hair, grieving over a pupil who had just gone out. He did not immediately rise, but stared hard at Gyp.

"Ah," he said, at last, "my little old friend! She has come back! Now, that is good!" And, patting her hand, he looked into her face, which had a warmth and brilliance rare to her in these days. Then, making for the mantelpiece, he took therefrom a bunch of Parma violets, evidently brought by his last pupil, and thrust them under her nose. "Take them; take them—they were meant for me. Now—how much have you forgotten? Come!" And he almost forced her to the piano. "Take off your furs. Sit down!"

And while Gyp was taking off her coat, he fixed on her his prominent brown eyes that rolled easily in their slightly blood-shot whites, under squared eyelids and cliffs of brow. Monsieur Harmost's stare seemed to drink her in; yet that stare was not unpleasant, having in it only the rather sad yearning of old men who love beauty and know that their time for seeing it is getting short.

"Play me the 'Carnaval,'" he said. "We shall soon see!"

Gyp played. Twice he nodded; once he tapped his fingers on his teeth and showed her the whites of his eyes—which meant: "That will have to be very different!" And once he grunted. When she had finished, he sat down beside her, took her hand in his, and, examining the fingers, began:

"Yes, yes; soon again! Spoiling yourself, playing for that fiddler! *Trop sympathique!* The back-bone, the back-bone—we shall improve that. Now, four hours a day for six weeks—and we shall have something again."

Gyp said softly,

"I have a baby, Monsieur Harmost."

Monsieur Harmost bounded.

"What! That is a tragedy!" Gyp shook her head. "You like it? A baby! Does it not squall?"

"Very little."

"*Mon Dieu!* Well, well; you are still as beautiful as ever. That is something. Now, what can you do with this baby? Could you get rid of it a little? This is serious. This is a talent in danger. A fiddler—and a baby! *C'est beaucoup! C'est trop!*" Gyp smiled. And Monsieur Harmost, whose exterior covered sensibility, stroked her hand. "You have grown up, my little friend," he said gravely. "Never mind; nothing is wasted. But a baby!" And he chirruped his lips. "Well; courage! We shall do things yet!"

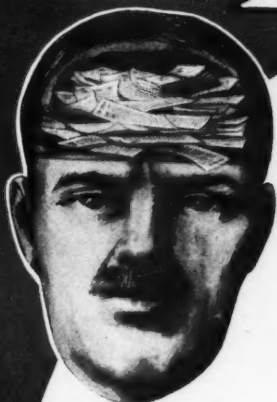
Gyp turned her head away to hide the quiver of her lips. The scent of latakia tobacco that had soaked into things, and of old books and music, a dark smell, like Monsieur Harmost's complexion; the old brown curtains, the sooty little back garden beyond, with its cat-runs and its one stunted sumach tree; the dark-brown stare of Monsieur Harmost's rolling eyes brought back that time of happiness, when she used to come week after week, full of gaiety and importance, and chatter away, basking in his brusque admiration and in music, all with the glamorous feeling that she was making him happy, and herself happy, and going to play very finely some day. The voice of Monsieur Harmost, softly gruff, as if he knew what she was feeling, increased her emotion; her breast heaved under her blouse; water came into her eyes, and more than ever her lips quivered. He was saying:

"Come; come! The only thing we cannot cure is age. You were right to come, my child. Music is your proper air. If things are not all what they ought to be, you shall soon forget. In music—in music, we can get away. After all, my little friend, they cannot take our dreams from us—not even a wife, not even a husband can do that. We shall have good times yet!"

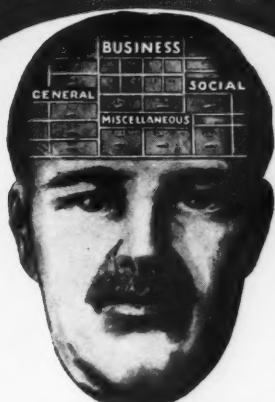
And Gyp, with a violent effort, threw off that sudden weakness. From those who serve art devotedly, there radiates a kind of glamour. She left Monsieur Harmost that afternoon, infected by his passion for music. Poetic justice—on which all homeopathy is founded—was at work to try and cure her life by a dose of what had spoiled it. To music, she now gave all the hours she could spare. She went to him twice a week, determining to get on, but uneasy at the expense, for monetary conditions were ever more embarrassed. At home, she practised steadily and worked hard at composition. She finished several songs and studies during the spring and summer, and left still more unfinished.

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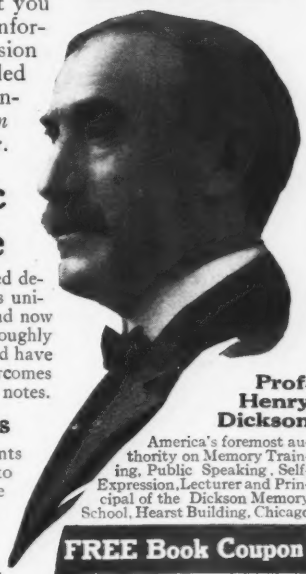
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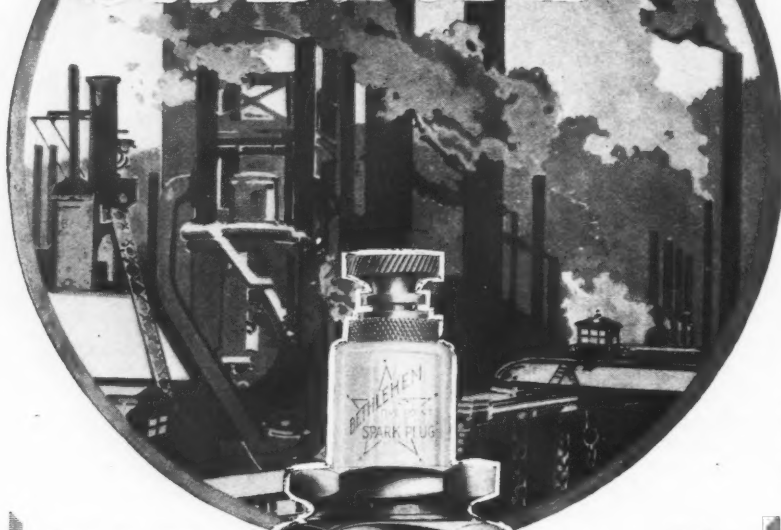
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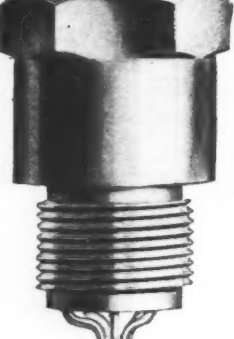
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Monsieur Harmost was tolerant of these efforts, seeming to know that harsh criticism or disapproval would cut her impulse down, as frost cuts the life of flowers. Besides, there was always something fresh and individual in her things. He asked her, one day,

"What does your husband think of these?"

Gyp was silent a moment.

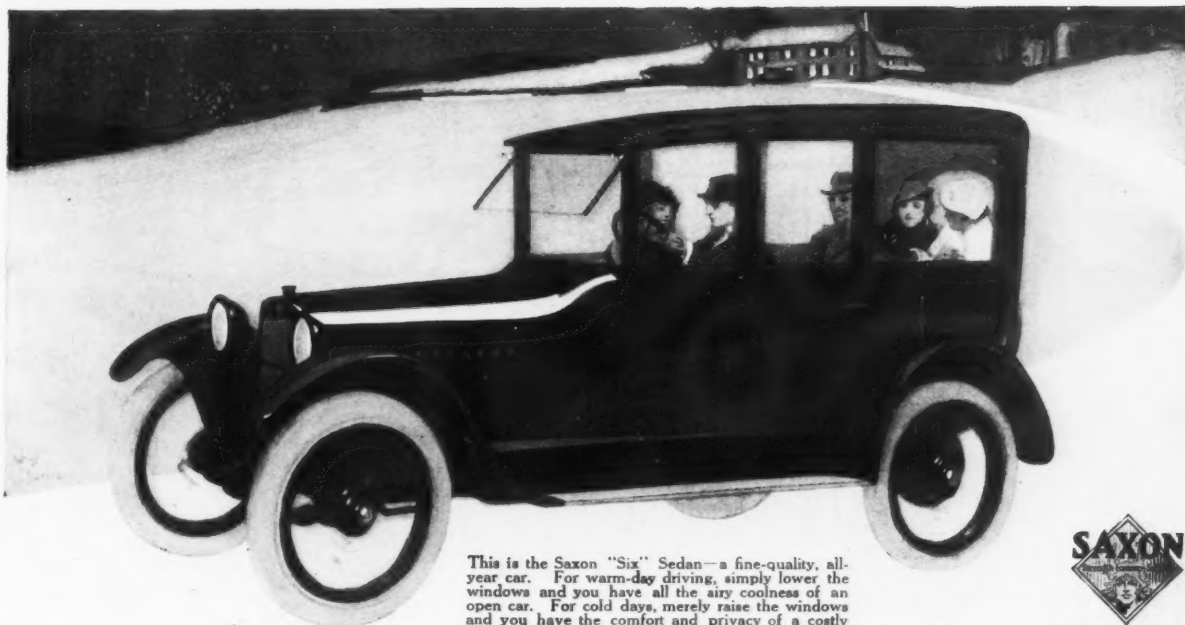
"I don't show them to him."

She never had; she instinctively kept back the knowledge that she composed, dreading his ruthlessness when anything grated on his nerves, and knowing that a breath of mockery would wither her belief in herself, frail-enough plant already. The only person, besides her master, to whom she confided her efforts was—strangely enough—Rosek. But he had surprised her one day copying out some music, and said at once: "I knew. I was certain you composed. Ah, do play it to me! I am sure you have talent." The warmth with which he praised that little "caprice" was surely genuine; and she felt so grateful that she even played him others, and then a song for him to sing. From that day, he no longer seemed to her odious; she even began to have for him a certain friendliness, to be a little sorry, watching him, pale, trim, and sphinxlike, in her drawing-room or garden, getting no nearer to the fulfillment of his desire. He had never again made love to her, but she knew that at the least sign he would. His face and his invincible patience made him pathetic to her. Women such as Gyp cannot actively dislike those who admire them greatly. She consulted him about Fiorsen's debts. There were hundreds of pounds owing, it seemed, and, in addition, much to Rosek himself. The thought of these debts weighed unbearably on her. Why did he, *how* did he get into debt like this? What became of the money he earned? His fees, this summer, were good enough. There was such a feeling of degradation about debt. It was, somehow, so underbred to owe money to all sorts of people. Was it on that girl, on other women, that he spent it all? Or was it simply that his nature had holes in every pocket?

Watching Fiorsen closely, that spring and early summer, she was conscious of a change, a sort of loosening, something in him had given way—as when, in winding a watch, the key turns on and on, the ratchet being broken. Yet he was certainly working hard—perhaps harder than ever. She would hear him, across the garden, going over and over a passage, as if he never would be satisfied. But his playing seemed to her to have lost its fire and sweep, to be stale and as if disillusioned. It was all as though he had said to himself, "What's the use?" In his face, too, there was a change. She knew—she was certain that he was drinking secretly. Was it his failure with her? Was it the girl? Was it simply heredity from a hard-drinking ancestry?

Gyp never faced these questions. To face them would mean useless discussion, useless admission that she could not love him, useless asseveration from him about the girl, which she would not believe, useless denials of all sorts. Hopeless!

He was very irritable, and seemed especially to resent her music lessons, alluding to them with a sort of sneering impatience. She felt that he despised them as amateur-



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Another disappointing feature of this "less than six" is the fact that there is considerable vibration. This is caused by the intervals between impulses spoken of before.

And this vibration causes friction which is the greatest enemy of the motor. It spells greatly shortened efficiency, and far higher repair and replacement costs.

And it means impaired performance in every phase of motor car work.

A gradual awakening to these disadvantages of the "less than six" has incited buyers to a more careful investigation before purchasing.

And investigation has usually terminated in the same clear-cut conclusion—that Saxon "Six" is unmatched by any less-than-six-cylinder motor of like price.

So that public preference has swung strongly toward Saxon "Six" as the best car at less than \$1,200.

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This in the face of the fact that each year has seen double the number of Saxon "Sixes" built.

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ish, and secretly resented it. He was often impatient, too, of the time she gave to the baby. His own conduct with the little creature was like all the rest of him. He would go to the nursery, much to Betty's alarm, and take the baby up, be charming with it for about ten minutes, then suddenly dump it back into its cradle, stare at it gloomily or utter a laugh, and go out. Sometimes he would come up when Gyp was there, and after watching her a little in silence, almost drag her away.

Suffering always from the guilty consciousness of having no love for him, and ever more and more from her sense that, instead of saving him she was, as it were, pushing him down-hill—ironical nemesis for vanity!—Gyp was ever more and more compliant to his whims, trying to make up. But this compliance, when all the time she felt further and further away, was straining her to breaking-point. Hers was a nature that goes on passively enduring till something snaps; after that—no more.

Those months of spring and summer were like a long spell of drought, when moisture gathers far away, coming nearer, nearer, till, at last, the deluge bursts and sweeps the garden.

THE tenth of July that year was as the first day of summer. There had been much fine weather, but always easterly or northerly; now, after a broken, rainy fortnight, the sun had come in full summer warmth with a gentle breeze, drifting here and there scent of the opening lime blossom. In the garden, under the trees at the far end, Betty sewed at a garment, and the baby in her perambulator had her seventh morning sleep. Gyp stood before a bed of pansies and sweet peas. How monkeyish the pansies' faces! The sweet peas, too, were like tiny bright birds fastened to green perches swaying with the wind. And their little green tridents, growing out from the queer, flat stems, resembled the antennae of insects. Each of these bright frail, growing things had life and individuality like herself!

The sound of footsteps on the gravel made her turn. Rosek was coming from the drawing-room window. Rather startled, Gyp looked at him over her shoulder. What had brought him at eleven o'clock in the morning? He came up to her, bowed, and said:

"I came to see Gustav. He's not up yet, it seems. I thought I would speak to you first. Can we talk?"

Hesitating just a second, Gyp drew off her garden-gloves:

"Of course! Here? Or in the drawing-room?" Rosek answered,

"In the drawing-room, please."

A faint tremor passed through her, but she led the way, and seated herself where she could see Betty and the baby. Rosek stood looking down at her; his stillness, the sweetish gravity of his well-cut lips, his spotless dandyism stirred in Gyp a kind of unwilling admiration.

"What is it?" she said.

"Bad business, I'm afraid. Something must be done at once. I have been trying to arrange things, but they will not wait. They are even threatening to sell up this house."

With a sense of outrage, Gyp cried,

"Nearly everything here is mine!"

Rosek shook his head.

"The lease is in his name—you are his wife. They can do it, I assure you." A sort of shadow passed over his face, and he added, "I cannot help him any more—just now."

Gyp shook her head quickly.

"No—of course! You ought not to have helped him at all. I can't bear—" He bowed, and she stopped, ashamed. "How much does he owe altogether?"

"About thirteen hundred pounds. It isn't much, of course. But there is something else—"

"Worse?"

Rosek nodded.

"I am afraid to tell you; you will think again, perhaps, that I am trying to make capital out of it. I can read your thoughts, you see. I cannot afford that you should think that, this time."

Gyp made a little movement, as though putting away his words.

"No; tell me; please."

Rosek shrugged his shoulders.

"There is a man called Wagge, an undertaker—the father of some one you know—"

"Daphne Wing?"

"Yes. A child is coming. They have made her tell. It means the canceling of her engagements, of course—and other things."

Gyp uttered a little laugh; then she said slowly,

"Can you tell me, please, what this Mr.—Wagge can do?"

Again Rosek shrugged his shoulders.

"He is rabid—a rabid man of his class is dangerous. A lot of money will be wanted, I should think—some blood, perhaps."

He moved swiftly to her, and said very low:

"Gyp, it is a year since I told you of this. You did not believe me then. I told you, too, that I loved you. I love you more now—a hundred times! Don't move! I am going up to Gustav."

He turned, and Gyp thought he was really going; but he stopped and came back past the line of the window. The expression of his face was quite changed, so hungry that, for a moment, she felt sorry for him. And that must have shown in her face, for he suddenly caught at her and tried to kiss her lips; she wrenched back, and he could only reach her throat, but that he kissed furiously. Letting her go as suddenly, he bent his head and went out without a look.

Gyp stood wiping his kisses off her throat with the back of her hand, dumbly, mechanically thinking: "What have I done to be treated like this? What have I done?" No answer came. And such rage against men flared up that she just stood there, twisting her garden-gloves in her hands and biting the lips he would have kissed. Then, going to her bureau, she took up her address-book and looked for the name; Wing, 88 Frankland Street, Fulham. Unhooking her little bag from off the back of the chair, she put her check-book into it. Then, taking care to make no sound, she passed into the hall, caught up her sunshade, and went out, closing the door without noise.

The next instalment of *Beyond* will appear in the March issue.

Cupid the Homeopath

(Continued from page 27)

"She's pursuing me!" ran Henry's thoughts. He could have groaned aloud. "Gotta go awful careful. She might talk—make a scene. Better humor her. I'm prominent—everybody watching me."

"Sure!" he cried. "Fetch her around! Fetch everybody! What's it to me?"

"I can't say that—exactly," muttered Alfred.

"Say anything, then!"

"Well—can she come, or can't she?"

"Sure she can! Tell her I want her—I asked her to." As he rushed on toward Mrs. Wilcox's boarding-house, he thought, "And now I'll bet a hat Clem comes—just to finish me!"

Clem did come, with her father and mother and Mr. and Mrs. John W. MacLouden. They were in the great open hall of the club. The two ladies were sitting on the window-seat. Mr. Snow and Mr. MacLouden were smoking big cigars in the doorway of the billiard-room.

Clemency stood by the long center-table, turning the leaves of a magazine back and forth and watching the outer door under a wide hat-brim. Henry saw her from the porch. His face was gray and drawn about the mouth. He had to swallow almost as he breathed. The sensation that, in the afternoon, he had supposed to be stage fright was a mere inadequate prelude to what he felt now.

Clem was clever. She had so stationed herself as to command every approach to the stairs up which he must pass. He slipped back to the lawn and looked up along the building for the fire-escape which he knew was not there. There was an outside stairway to the upper veranda, but this was closed except during the Saturday-night dances. Finally, he fell back on an old device of his. With a mighty effort of will, he centered his thoughts on his two unsteady legs. First one, then the other, he drove forward with a mumbled: "Now, Left Foot! Come along, Right Foot! Left Foot, Right Foot! Left Foot, Right Foot!" And slowly, at first, then with quickening rhythm, he marched into the hall.

Clemency moved her head. It was a command. He came to her side. She spoke in a low voice.

"It's silly—our quarreling like that, Henry!"

"Oh, of course!"

"I'm going to take you home with me, after. You can tell me all about it. And I suppose you'll be hungry." There was a silence. Studying him from the shadow of her hat-brim, she saw despair on his face. Ever so faintly, she stamped her foot. "Henry—say something! Don't look like that!"

There was an increasing buzz of talk in the hall. Groups and couples, laughing and chatting, were passing through and mounting the stairs—girls and young women, gay with scarves and summer things, white-clad feet pattering on the polished floor. Henry saw Martha among them. A tall girl came in, alone. She was full but supple of body, with a high, healthy color, a rather wide mouth, and teeth—when her slow screenlike hazel eyes rested on Henry and she ventured a hesitating smile—that were even and white. It was the girl he had kissed and snubbed, and

she was moving toward him and Clemency. He headed her off, returned her hand-clasp, sent her up-stairs.

When he returned, Clem said, "Henry, who is that?"—with a slight cold emphasis on the "that."

"That," mumbled Henry, "that—oh, why, it's Al Knight's cousin from Borea."

"Oh!" said Clemency.

And then came Ernestine, in filmy, creamy white with touches of gold, moving with the grace of a fairy princess. Mary Ames was with her, and two young men, one, the taller, the very rich, very dressy, very complacent Elberforce Jenkins. They were chatting gaily. Ernestine saw him, and sent him a brief, golden smile and a jerky little nod of her perfect head. During ten intense seconds he stood groping for words that might extricate him from the silent but effective grip Clemency held him in. And she was holding him! He felt it. The words would not come. He stood and let them pass up the stairs. He had counted on a word with Ernestine. He had even thought boldly of seeing her home to Mary's house. But what chance now?

"And who is that?" There was the crack of a whip in Clem's voice now.

"That, why—you see, it's the new girl—from the East—visiting Mary Ames."

"Oh!" said Clem.

"Gotta go up there now." Henry was suddenly brisk. "Time to start. See you later." Clem slowly inclined her head and let him go.

Over by the billiard-room, Mr. MacLouden was explaining, in his whispering voice, to William B. Snow, who kept his cigar clamped firmly in a corner of a strong, impassive face. William B. Snow was big but not fat, and was the second-richest man in Sunbury.

"The thing is absurd, Snow." Thus Mr. MacLouden. "The boy will be wrecking it. You'll understand; my interest is the same as yours. We want to give a good performance. Done right, it ought to bring the hospital three to four thousand—perhaps more—in three nights. But done wrong!" Mr. MacLouden's thin face twitched with the feeling that was in him. "And 'Iolanthe' is the easiest to spoil of the lot. 'Tis delicate, man! There must be an understanding of the old Savoy tradition. Rather than let the child ruin it, I'd take on the job myself, rushed as I am. Why, when I met Gilbert, man to man as we're talking now, 'twas at the first night of this very 'Iolanthe'—"

William B. Snow winked rapidly with both eyes, and shifted his cigar.

"Cast coming on?" he inquired.

"Verra well, considering. I have got all but three definitely. And by to-morrow—"

Up-stairs, the light hands of Mrs. Arthur V. Henderson ran over the piano.

"Come," said MacLouden; "we'll go up."

Slowly, with dignity, the two prominent citizens moved up the stairs. Clemency, still at the table, watched them go. In a very short space of time, she saw them coming down. Mr. MacLouden was gesturing, apparently in some excitement. He sidled into the billiard-room.

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Mr. Snow joined his daughter. She thought she caught the slight wrinkling about the eyes that indicated a humorous state of mind.

"What is it?" she asked. "Why did you come down?"

Mr. Snow removed his cigar.

"He chuckled us out."

"Who? Not—"

"The boss—Henry. Minute he saw us."

"Why—why—" Clem began to laugh softly. Mr. Snow nodded.

"He's going at 'em like a young Theodore Thomas. Listen!"

They heard the voices attack, rather raggedly, the opening chorus. Then Henry's voice, shouting, and the bang of stick on desk.

At twenty minutes to eleven, Henry, flushed, dripping, stepped down from the platform. The fifty-odd members of the chorus were gathering their belongings and moving about. Those nearest the rear were already drifting toward the stairs. Among these were Mary, Ernestine, and that complacently attentive Jenkins brute. Henry felt that he must catch her before she got down the stairs, where Clem was surely standing guard. It would be difficult; ladies were waiting now to waylay him.

Among these, directly in his path, he suddenly perceived Janet. He was too far down the aisle to retreat. She had his eye; there was no escape. Henry was by now, as you may imagine, keyed far above his normal pitch. His mind was keen and sharp. He bit his lip, but only for an instant. An inspiration came.

"Gotta be pretty slick," he told himself. "If I don't keep all three of 'em feeling good, there'll be trouble—sure."

"Janet," he said, holding her hand (it clung to his), "can't stop to talk, but I want you for my Leila."

The swift color came to Janet's face.

"Why," she stammered, "I only thought—this is such a big thing, and the chorus—do you think I—"

"Not a word!" said he. "Gotta run now."

On he rushed. In the aisle, Martha had just stooped to pick up the handkerchief she had rather clumsily dropped. There she was, plainly waiting for him. Her color was up, too.

"I just wanted to say, Henry—"

She was mumbling; he could hardly hear.

Out yonder, he could see the golden head of Ernestine just disappearing down the stairs. It was a painful moment. "Gotta be slick," ran his perturbed thoughts. "Gotta be slick. Martha saw me talk to Janet. Can't snub her." And, on the instant, he made a decision that involved throwing a large hostage to fortune. But the hostage had to be thrown.

"Martha," he whispered, "I want you to do Celia. It's a little part."

Martha went white. In her confusion, she laid her hand on his sleeve, as she had so often done in the days beyond recall.

"Oh, Henry, it's awfully nice of you, but I—I couldn't—possibly—"

"Sure you can. Gotta run. Busy now. But you've gotta. It won't be hard."

And, as he brushed by other hands that would detain him and hurried down the stairs, he thought: "It'll be all right. Not much that she'll have to sing, and she'll look nice, anyway."

There was Clemency, seated now, at her post by the center-table. When she saw him, she rose and moved out toward the cloak-room—for her wraps, of course, and her mother's. She wasn't going to let him get away—that was plain. No use trying. And he sighed.

Out on the porch, he now glimpsed Ernestine, with Elberforce Jenkins right at her elbow. He even thought he heard Mary saying, "Oh, come on, Ernestine!" And then he thought she glanced back. At this, he entertained the notion of dashing out there, Clem or no Clem.

A whispery voice at his elbow arrested him. There stood old MacLouden, a paper in his hand, a look of determined patience on his wrinkled, sandy face. And at MacLouden's shoulder stood William B. Snow, with the usual cigar.

"Now, Henry"—thus Mr. MacLouden—"just a word about the remainder of the cast. For Leila—"

"Got a Leila," broke in Henry, distraught and brusque. "Janet Bulger. Did the part in Borea. Very good."

Mr. MacLouden glared at the boy, fought back a hasty word, tried again.

"Verra well. We'll consider the lady later. But now about Celia—"

"Martha Caldwell's doing Celia."

A long pause on the part of Mr. MacLouden. His brow darkened. His voice took on unexpected body.

"The part of Iolanthe, you'll admit, is important. Now, I have just learned that Miss—"

Coming slowly in across the porch, Henry perceived the well-set-up frame and the coldly good-looking face of that gifted young business man, Ban Widdicombe. And, at that moment, he was possessed by his third and greatest inspiration. Forgetting the old nuisance at his elbow, he glanced about to see if Clem was in sight. She was not. Even had she been, it wouldn't have mattered, for, in his suddenly devised plan, Ban was to act as an unwitting cloak for his movements. He dashed to the door, at the threshold caught Ban by his two shoulders, and ran him straight back into the shadows.

Ban struggled. He was saying:

"Look here, Hen: I want to say something to you! You make me tired."

"Wait here!" commanded Henry, and ran off the porch and down the shadowy, winding walk. Before him was a faint, filmy little fairy of a girl, escorted by a tall brute. Breathless, he reached them.

"Excuse me, Elbow," Henry said; "I want to speak to Ernestine just a minute."

He hadn't dreamed of calling her that. The name—the most beautiful name that could be imagined for a girl!—crashed in his own ears like a clanging of brass. But there was no time to waste over trifles. Anyway, she turned as if his calling her that was the most natural thing in the world. He did not know that Mary started and stared. He only knew that he and Ernestine were standing together by a tree—an elm. He dug at the bark with his finger nails. When his voice came, it was softly explosive.

"Can you sing upper G flat?"

"Why—why?"—there were dreams in her eyes, romances in her voice; there was witchcraft in the waves of that aureole of hair—"why, not very well. Except when



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I'm in awfully good voice, it's hard for me to go above E natural."

"You can take the note an octave lower, then," he announced, with sudden decision. "Nobody'll know the difference."

"What—what is it you mean?"

He leaned toward her.

"You're to be Iolanthe." He overwhelmed her faint, "Oh, I *couldn't*!" "Yes, you must. I won't have it any other way. I can't imagine going on with it unless you are my real fairy. I'll build the whole performance around you. I'll teach you the steps and business. And you'll inspire me to make it a success. I need you!" Emotion clouded his voice, almost choked him.

"You were wonderful to-night," she murmured. "Everyone is talking about it—how you made us work and what fun it is going to be. I have ever so many trade-lasts for you. That pretty woman, Mrs.—Mrs.—I think she played the piano—"

"Mrs. Henderson?"

"Yes, Mrs. Henderson. She said you were inspired—that you are a genius. Yes—really!"

"Oh, that's foolishness, of course!" Henry was grinning with delight.

"No; it's *not* foolishness. I don't like to hear you talk that way. I—well, I thought the same thing myself."

"No? Did you?"

"Yes, I did. I do. There, now!"

"Isn't it going to be wonderful?"

"Perfectly wonderful!"

"Couldn't you say one word more?"

"What word?"

"Henry."

"Why, I suppose—I—could. It's a little hard, at first. I'm that way."

"I'm glad you are. Say it!"

"Oh—not now!"

"Please! Try!"

"Well, then—Henry!"

"I think you're wonderful!"

"You mustn't say that."

"I will, too, if I want to."

"But I'm not. Really! Why, just think: You don't really know me at all."

"I do. I've known you for years and years and years."

"Do you really think I can do it?"

"You're going to be the hit of the show! I'll have to see you—to plan, you know. How about—could you—well, to-morrow morning—"

"Well, let's see—hardly before ten."

"I'll be around at ten. It's going to be wonderful!"

"Perfectly wonderful!"

"Good-night, Ernestine."

"Good-night—"

"Say it!"

"Henry!"

Henry was relieved to find Ban waiting where he had been put. That the precocious young financier was waiting for the sole purpose of pouncing on him in anger made no difference. The main thing was that they should walk into the club together. Clem couldn't object to his talking with Ban. And he listened with seraphic absence of mind while that young man sputtered:

"You're a peach, you are! Got your nerve!"

Realizing that it was unseemly to smile in the presence of wrath, Henry composed his features. Ban gripped his arm.

"What'd you want to go after Martha for?"

"I ain't going after Martha," said Henry, with calm.

"Like to know what you call it! Didn't you ask her into this show?"

"Sure I did! Just to be decent."

"Decent nothin'! How about *me*? Where do I get off? Do you know how much I've spent on that girl since May? No, you don't, and she don't, either; but I'll tell you." Henry saw now that he had a pocket account-book open in his hand. "It's eighty-four dollars and fifty cents—flowers, candy, livery-bill, theaters—eighty-four dollars and fifty cents! And now you drag her into this show, and she falls for it, and you'll have her rehearsing every night for the next six weeks."

"Not quite every night, Ban."

"And where do I get off? Where's my investment? Does she spend her evenings with me? She does not! She spends 'em with you. Oh, you make me sick!"

Henry burst out laughing, broke away from him, reentered the hall, Ban stormily following. Mr. MacLouden was still waiting with his list. Mr. and Mrs. Snow stood near, and Clemency—all waiting.

Mr. MacLouden began again.

"Now, Henry, in regard to our Iolanthe. Miss—"

"Oh," cried Henry, "that's all fixed!"

"All fixed?"

"Sure—got our Iolanthe."

William B. Snow deliberately broke the strain that followed this bland announcement, by saying,

"I was going to suggest driving you home, Henry, but Clem says you're walking with her."

Then Clemency led Henry away. He went quietly enough. They walked in silence, like an old married couple. He thought of this. The vagrant notion whispered in his brain, "Wouldn't it be awful to be married!"

But it was only a vagrant notion. He was asking no questions of life. Since three-forty-two in the afternoon, he had been cured of a serious ailment. To-night he was strong, commanding, arrogant. He knew that nothing could stop him now. Whatever might be necessary to put the opera through, he would do.

That his ailment had been a demoralization caused by girls and that the remedy was another girl, did not occur to him. His habit of introspection failed to carry him that far. Nor did he think of the experience as a triumph for homeopathy. He thought homeopathy meant weak medicines, thereby confusing principle with dosage. The principle of homeopathy, of course, is that like cures like.

As Clem's parents were getting into their carriage, Mrs. Snow observed:

"Why wouldn't the MacLoudens come? What's the matter with him to-night, anyway?"

"Sore about Henry," said Mr. Snow, settling himself comfortably.

"What's the matter? Is Henry—"

"Oh, he's all right." Mr. Snow thought the matter over; then, as the carriage swung around from the curving driveway into the street, he dismissed the subject in adding: "I was a little afraid Henry'd be too young to swing it. But he isn't. He'll do."

Youth Begs the Question, the next episode of *The Loves of Henry the Ninth*, will appear in the March issue.



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What Would You Have Done in Her Place?

(Continued from page 41)

"My gentleman friend that I was goin' automobilin' with has just called me up," she announced indifferently to the girl in the long chair beside the fire; "says he's got the toothache an' don't das' go out in this rain. Well, I don't care!" And, with a listless yawn, she flung herself into a little gilt chair on the other side of the hearth-rug.

Millie May stared at her with a faint smile. As was once said of another, long ago, nothing in this house of mystery seemed so strange to the girl as the fact that she still found herself in it. Though behind the steel bolts which, according to promise, had been placed on her door, and under the vigilant guardianship of Goldie Altamont, the real life of the house—whatever it was—came no nearer to the little convalescent than the actual underwater life touches the diver in his submarine armor. Occasional footsteps, a whispered conversation, a burst of laughter—this was all she ever heard. Little by little, as she became used to her environment, the shameful wonder, the horror, the almost physical repulsion wore away. And her unchanging intention of leaving the next morning was day after day maintained without being put into execution.

In the midst of this luxury, which she tasted for the first time in her narrow, barren little life, Millie May relaxed her weakened limbs and grew strong, without demanding too closely the sources of the comforts showered upon her or the motives for which they were offered. With the instinctive arrogance of the impeccably virtuous, she received the humbly offered kindnesses, the almost touching devotion of the gorgeous Magdalen by whom they were bestowed. The half-grudging concession which—beside the acceptance of the other girl's bounty—she made by way of a return was a recognition of Goldie's common humanity. And now, as she glanced from the streaming window-pane to the bright fire blazing on the hearth, her tightly-closed little soul opened for an instant to a thrilling perception of gratitude and of understanding.

"You're awful good to me, Goldie. I'll never forget it," she murmured shyly.

"Oh, yes, you will, as soon as you get out of here!" returned the other girl, with a short laugh. She was plainly pleased, however, at Millie May's tribute of gratitude. The impulse which, in the first instance, had led this queen of the half-world to pick up the little shop-girl from the icy sidewalk had been perhaps no more than the instinctive stirring of a careless good nature, and the desire, as she phrased it, to "put one over" on Percy Wickman. But now, by virtue of that human instinct which—as has been said—causes us to love even a stray dog after we have sat up with him a night or two, Goldie had begun to find a deep and unexpected pleasure in showering kindnesses on this pale waif tossed on her hands by blind accident. Her impressionable nature, starved of its natural affections, warped by exaggerated passions, had attached itself with a strange tenderness to this humble, narrow-minded, proudly spotless honest little working girl. Genuine regret was

in her voice as she added, "My chum—the girl I told you about—she'll be back from Palm Beach in a day or two—"

"The one that owns this room? I gotta be goin', anyway," interrupted Millie May hastily. "I'm strong enough to go back to work, now—I sh'd think I might be, with all the chicken an' jelly an' things you've stuffed me with since I've been here spongin' on you. I wish I could pay you."

"Who wants to be paid? Don't talk like a simp!" growled the other. Then, stretching herself with a long yawn, she added, "A wet Sunday afternoon always gives me the willies."

"When I was a kid at home," rejoined Millie May pensively, "we were always let to make molasses candy on Sunday afternoons. First, we read the Bible aloud, turn an' turn about, to momma. Then—"

"My kid sister an' I used to read the Bible aloud to momma, too, every Sunday afternoon," interrupted Goldie, then stopped abruptly. Her richly toned, slightly hoarse voice had in it a new vibration. Half awkwardly, as though the words were forced from her, Goldie asked,

"I say, kid, do—do you ever read the Bible now?"

As awkwardly, Millie May shook her blond head.

"When I first come to N' York, I started goin' to the Baptist church in Thirty-fourth Street. Then I found I was too tired, Sundays, so I kind o' gave up. An' some one swiped my Bible—"

"I got my Bible still, the one momma gave me when I was twelve years old," broke in Goldie. Then, with that agonized, rough-spoken diffidence with which, for some reason, the Anglo-Saxon race approaches any of the inward verities of heart or of soul, she added: "Say, kid, if I go an' get it now, would you like to read a little, turn an' turn about? An' just let on we're both of us back home again—"

The other girl, equally confused, nodded brusquely. A moment later, as Goldie handed her the volume, it fell open on Millie May's lap. On the fly-leaf, in a delicate, sloping hand, her hasty eye read:

To my little Annie, on the occasion of her twelfth birthday, from her loving mother. "Let your light so shine before—"

"No, not there!" cut in Goldie roughly. A moment later, in a voice rendered flat and meaningless by self-consciousness, Millie May began to gabble through the Gospel of St. John. But little by little as she read, the solemn beauty of the words, the beloved memories of home thus evoked had their effect on her careless little spirit; and her voice, gathering strength and conviction, became a very creditable imitation of her grandfather, a deacon in full standing and famous for his forceful delivery in meeting and in evenings of prayer. Goldie, with parted lips and vague, awe-struck eyes, leaned forward with a half-devout, half-bored air, like one in church. Nor did she manifest any sign that the succession of sacred tales and sayings held for her any more exact application than a holy stream of living water played, as it were, on her bruised and darkened spirit till

Millie May, plunging indefatigably on, reached the eighth chapter—that which narrates the story of the woman taken in adultery. And perhaps even then the listener would not have relaxed her brooding calm had not the reader, stricken by a sudden, horrible embarrassment, stopped short on the awful word. Goldie, flushing a dark and painful red, broke the silence.

"Go on. What you stoppin' for?"

It was the first time that, even by implication, the shameful fact that lay at the basis of Goldie's life had been touched upon between the two girls. The blush was reflected on Millie May's pale cheeks, and her pompously raised tones fluttered and broke as she faltered her way through the immortal story of human sin and divine forgiveness. Might it be instrumental in converting poor Goldie? the little reader asked herself in a vaguely optimistic hope. But after the beautiful words, "*Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more,*" she was rudely awakened from her pious dream by a jarring laugh from her listener.

"That's all very sweet an' lovely, if he was talkin' to a society woman, with plenty o' money to live on, an' folks glad enough to take her up anyhow, an' ask her to their houses, whether she was livin' straight or crooked. But if she was a workin' girl, where did he think she was goin' to find an honest job any more?"

The crude and ugly verity presented by these harsh words were too much for Millie May's limited intelligence to combat. She bravely presented, however, the optimistic aphorism that had been grounded into her upbringing:

"Anybody can earn an honest living when they want to work."

"Oh, can they?" jeered Goldie, with a laugh, which, strangely enough, made Millie May feel suddenly as though she wanted to cry. "Suppose I managed to get a job at the glove-counter—would you work alongside o' me? Would the other girls?"

"Ye-es; why, of course we would!" was Millie May's faltered response. The stern and living conviction of the Baptist deacon's tones had disappeared from her little voice. With a short, harsh laugh, Goldie rose to her feet.

"I feel kinda tired. I gotta go an' lie down. So long, kiddo!" she announced brusquely. And Millie May, left alone by the fire, meditated in bewilderment upon problems that were so much larger and more complicated and more pitiful than she had hitherto dreamed.

IV

As the day for Millie May's departure drew near, Goldie Altamont contrived to spend much time in the companionship of her little guest. And Millie May, inexpressibly shocked by the almost blasphemous outburst of the other day, returned indefatigably to her Bible readings. The deep religious sense of her race, smoldering always in the depths of her skeptical little New-Yorkized soul, blazed into sudden life. With her feeble hands, she hoped to roll aside the great stone of circumstance. And, with that hope, the passion of the "uplifter" seized her. But, possessing no eloquence of her own, she fell back upon the sacred script as upon a fetish with an infallible potency within it, whether bearing directly upon the subject in hand

or not. And, intermingled with her readings, she gave Goldie the benefit of scraps of her grandfather's theology.

A passage which, one snowy afternoon, provoked a spirited discussion between the two girls was that chapter in St. Luke relating how Peter denied his Lord. Millie May was unsparing in her scorn of the apostle's cowardice.

"Wasn't it fierce, denying Jesus right up an' down like that! '*I know not the man!*' Why, a quitter like Peter oughtn't ever to have been forgiven!" she exclaimed vehemently. Goldie, drumming with idle finger-tips against the white-banked window, returned slowly:

"I dunno. He was awful scared when he out an' out denied the person he loved so much, poor Peter was. An' then—I guess we've all got to forgive each other lots o' things, or else the best of us couldn't get along at all."

Millie May opposed a vehement negative.

"Not for a rotten thing like that!"

"I dunno, kid," returned Goldie slowly.

Surprised at the change in the other girl's voice, Millie May turned quickly. But Goldie's face was toward the white, falling snow without. It was as though the shadowy figure of Tragedy had reared itself between the two girls, like a third presence in the quiet room. Millie May, suddenly overawed, kept silence. After a few moments, Goldie returned to the fire. Her face, as yet unpainted for the day's work, looked oddly innocent and pale. She spoke quickly.

"Say, dearie, you're a good kid, an' I don't mind it a bit—the way you're trying to uplift me for all you're worth. It'd be a hard job, though. But listen: There's one thing you *can* do for me, when you get out o' here. I can't do it for myself, an' I ain't got anyone to ask but you."

"You've been awful good to me, Goldie, and you bet I'll do whatever I can for you. What is it?"

The answer, barely audible, was punctuated by a fluttering breath.

"Go into a church—a Roman Catholic one—an' say a prayer for the repose of the soul of Jim Lannigan—the best man I ever knew. You get that name, dearie?"

"Jim Lannigan." Millie May, overawed by the half-felt presence of a passion and a grief such as her shallow, irreproachable little life had never even glimpsed, stretched out a little hand whitened by idleness, and timidly touched the other girl's cheek. It was wet. Millie May gasped, and withdrew her hand. Goldie, unconscious of the caress, stared into the fire.

"My family an' everyone called him names enough. But it wasn't true. He was a good man, the best I ever knew. He'd 'a' married me if he could. But his wife wouldn't hear of a divorce. She had money an' was awful stylish—an' didn't give a flip for Jim. But she didn't want to be a divorcee. There were three kids, too. They were Catholics—oh, well, what could you do? I wasn't then what she thought me. I was just a stenog in Jim's office—Thomson & Lannigan, Real Estate, one o' the biggest in Chicago it was then. An' Jim an' I fell in love with each other. Like heaven it was for a while. Ah!"

Goldie closed her eyes, while her hard face softened to a new beauty. Her voice shook as she went on.

"Then Jim told me his wife was threatenin' to leave him. I'd been brought up



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*Read "Hers Not To Reason Why"
in March Cosmopolitan*

right. I wasn't goin' to have it. So I ran away. I took the night train for home—a little place near Goshen, Indiana. Mother an' my kid sister were awful glad to see me, an' the kid made a little cake with candles around it, like a birthday, in honor o' my comin' home. Then I got a job in Rosenbaum's Emporium, right there in Goshen, an hour in an' an hour out at night. Mother was awful pleased, an' said I was takin' father's place. But, somehow, I couldn't stand it. I had to give up sleepin' with the kid an' take a little room o' my own, 'cause I useta cry all night. Then, after three months of it, I just couldn't stand it an' wrote back to Chicago, to a chum o' mine in the office. She wrote back that Mr. Lannigan was like a ghost since the last three months—t. b. the doctors called it, it was said. He had a cough on him that was like a graveyard quickstep, an' now he was off for Colorado—alone, 'cause his wife was goin' to Washington to a grand convention o' women's clubs." Again silence. Goldie's warm, thrillingly raucous voice was hardly more than a thin thread of itself as she added: "He didn't go alone. He didn't die alone, either. His wife come rushin' out to the Springs by the next train to get the body. But it was *here* that he died!" And she struck her beautiful bosom fiercely, as though it had been an anvil. Little Millie May shivered.

"Oh, poor Goldie! And what did you do then?"

"There wasn't anythin' left to do! His wife turned me out, o' course—after she'd had my trunk searched, an' taken away a string o' pearls Jim had given me, an' a gold-mounted dressin'-case, an' his photograph in a silver frame, an'—an' his necktie that he had on when he fell down an' died. It wasn't poor Jim's fault. He was goin' to put me in his will, all right an' regular, an' had the lawyers comin' to the hotel the very day that he was took with that last hemorrhage. Well, I didn't care much then. Nothin' seemed to matter very much, anyhow. So I didn't fight her. I just took the money that happened to be in my purse an' bought a ticket back to Chicago."

"You poor kid! So you had to go right back to work?"

Goldie made a wry face.

"I couldn't get the chance—that was the trouble. Mrs. Lannigan had talked a whole lot, you see. Everybody was onto the whole story, so the girls in the office didn't want to work 'longside o' me any more. I tried at two or three other places—I was an Ar stenog. But, somehow, that old story always leaked out. Then I wrote home. I—I wasn't feelin' very well. I wrote six times, to mamma an' my kid sister, but I never got an answer." Goldie's face worked. "That was a hard winter. At last, my—my little baby was born. He was born dead, an' that was one good thing. So's soon's I was well again, I just took the train an' come to N' York to make a fresh start. But—land!—there are limiteds runnin' every day, from Chicago to N' York. So one day, down in the office of the insurance company, where I'd got a job pounding a machine, a fresh drummer from Chicago that knew me blew in. When I wouldn't go out with him, he got mad. I don't know what he said to the boss, but that evenin' he wanted me to go out with him. And—well, I had to leave.

Why Some Foods Explode in the Stomach

By William Eldridge

"THE combinations of food that most people eat three times a day inflict nothing less than a crime against their health and are the direct cause of 90% of all sickness."

This is the rather startling statement of Eugene Christian, the famous New York Food Scientist whose wonderful system of corrective eating is receiving so much eager attention throughout the Nation at the present time.

According to Eugene Christian we eat without any thought of the relation which one food has to another when eaten at the same time. The result is that often we combine two foods each of great value in itself but which when combined in the stomach literally explode, liberating toxins which are absorbed by the blood and form the root of nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation, and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

All of this, states Eugene Christian, can be avoided if we would only pay a little attention to the selection of our daily menus instead of eating without any regard for the consequences.

This does not mean that it is necessary to eat foods we don't like; instead Christian prescribes meals which are twice as delicious as those to which we are accustomed.

Not long ago I was fortunate enough to be present when Eugene Christian was relating some of his experiences with corrective eating to a group of men interested in dietetics, and I was literally amazed at what he accomplished with food alone and without drugs or medicines of any kind.

One case which sticks in my mind was that of a mother and daughter who went to him for treatment. The mother was forty pounds overweight, and her physician diagnosed her case as Bright's Disease. She had a sluggish liver, low blood pressure and lacked vitality. The daughter had an extreme case of stomach acidity and intestinal fermentation, was extremely nervous, had chronic constipation, and was 30 pounds underweight.

Christian prescribed the proper food combinations for each. Within a few weeks all symptoms had disappeared, and within three months the mother had lost 33 pounds and the daughter had gained 26 pounds, and both were in perfect health—normal in every particular.

Another case which interested me greatly was that of a young man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation result-

ing in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it he was not 50% efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Dr. Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 pounds. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice, and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

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With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons, and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Dept. 92, 460 Fourth Ave., New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit \$3, the small fee asked. (Advertisement)

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The next place, the other girls somehow got hold of the story, an' sent me to Coventry till I had to quit. An' then—well, what's the use? The more I got acquainted, the worse things were. So at last—well, it was a case o' sink or swim. I went into the chorus for a while, but I've no ear and made a mess of the steps. So—here I am."

She finished abruptly, and, going over to the table, poured out a glass of water from the cut-glass *carafe*. Then, without turning her head, she added:

"You remember what I said to you the other day about the woman that was told to sin no more? That's the trouble with bein' a workin' girl, you see." She paused a moment, then went on reflectively: "The funny thing about it all was, though, it was the other girls that wouldn't let me come back. It's queer—you hear such a lot about the rights o' workin' girls, an' what ought to be done for them—but when it comes to some one that's a notch below them that they could give a helpin' hand to, are they there with the goods? Not much!" Again she paused. "I don't know's I can blame 'em, though, poor little kids! When I first went to work at Lannigan's, I was just the same."

Little Millie May, powerless to cope with the vast problem thus presented to her, could only murmur:

"Those girls were a lot o' mean dubs. Poor Goldie! You've been awful good to me, dearie, an' I'll never forget it!"

"Maybe not," returned Goldie, with a wistful smile, "but listen here: This is what I wanted to ask of you." She took a long breath, and, suddenly crossing the little room, flung herself on her knees beside Millie May's chair. "Listen here: I want you to go to a church—a Catholic church—that was Jim's—an' say a prayer for him. I—I ain't fit to pray, myself. I went with him of my own free-will, an' he was kind to me, Jim was. Oh, he was kind! If there was anyone fit for heaven, Jim was. Say that for me, please, dearie! An' then—"

She caught her breath, and the queenly dark head went suddenly down in Millie May's lap. Half muffled by the folds of the wadded-silk wrapper, her jerky phrases came up to the young girl's ears.

"Then I want you to say another prayer—not for Jim. To him, this time. I ain't dared to myself, since—" She swallowed hard, then went on. "Say it plain, with his name an' everythin', so's it'll go up *sure* to where he is. Tell him not to be mad at Goldie for doin' what she did. It was a choice between that an' the river, an' she didn't want to be a quitter. But tell him—oh, dearie, tell him *hard* that Goldie's always true to him in her heart, an' for him to wait; she'll come to him some day, if she's let— Oh, kid, make him understand—*make him understand!*"

V

LIKE a dream that is told was Millie May Jewett's sojourn in the mysterious house with the red-satin curtains, when once she had left its dubious shelter and returned to the life of the store—her own life. The firm, true to its up-to-the-minute policy of building up an efficient personnel by fair treatment, took her back and put her in the Child's Ready-made Department at eight dollars a week.

The necessary explanations, after much

worry and thought, she offered as follows: The gray-tweed ulster lined with squirrel, the little blue-serge dress, the muff, and the other articles of clothing with which Goldie had presented her before parting, Millie May explained as the gifts of a swell married cousin up-state who had just gone into mourning, while the month's absence from the store was accounted for as having been passed with relatives out in Jersey, convalescing. The blood of youth, renewed and redoubled, coursed merrily through her veins, and, after her long imprisonment, her young spirit leaped up toward freedom like a bird to the sky.

It was just at this moment, as the first airs of early springtime began to blow over the island of Manhattan, that a wonderful thing happened. Florence, Millie May's chum, invited her to go home with her to Sunday dinner. And who should blow in afterward, to take the girls for a walk, but the wonderful cousin, Frank Simmons, the pride of the family, who traveled in shoes for a Boston firm, and who had been Millie May's escort on the famous Coney Island party the spring before.

It was quite by accident that he had happened to find himself in New York this week-end. But, before the end of the walk, he was devoutly referring to the aforesaid accident as the direct finger of Providence. By the time they parted, he had given Millie May his lodge-pin to wear, and promised to make New York again the following Sunday.

On Millie May's first Sunday of liberty, therefore, she was unable to fulfil the errand imposed on her by Goldie Altamont. Already, with her return to her normal life, the strange, secret house had faded into something like a shadow—a dubious and growing shadow which all her instincts pushed her to forget. The following Sunday, Mr. Frank Simmons took advantage of the fine weather to arrange (by wire) a little expedition to Far Rockaway, to eat a fish-dinner and angle for gudgeon off the pier.

It was just before taking the train home that Frank and Millie May, while strolling on the beach, became for a moment isolated from Florence and her family. And the young man seized this opportunity to whisper into Millie May's ear:

"Next week, if I can manage to make N' York again, you and I'll go out by ourselves—just you and me. I've something to—to ask you. 'S all right, little queen?"

Millie May, quivering in a giddy and solemn rapture, nodded her little blond head. For not only was Mr. Simmons the grandest looker and the cutest company she had ever known, but, matrimonially considered, he was far beyond the claims of a little eight-a-week kiddo. Fifty dollars a week he was earning, no less, and always on the rise, with prospects, moreover, of soon settling in New York. And, beside that, his family were so terribly classy, his father being minister in a small New England country town and his sister married to an insurance agent in Boston. And here he was choosing her—that is, if he meant what she hoped he did. Millie May's heart swelled, and her blue eyes, as she raised them in wordless assent, were lovely with an unconscious tenderness and an immortal questioning.

For Millie May, the succeeding week was passed in a kind of dream, whose blissful waking—perhaps!—was to be on

When the Rattlesnake Struck

Judge!

When you sent me up for four years, you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe am one—anyhow, you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well, they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned to rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike.

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In March Cosmopolitan

EFFICIENT EXTRAVAGANCE

By Herbert Kaufman

Sunday. But, on Saturday afternoon, the sudden sight of Percy Wickman, jauntily twirling his cane down the aisle in front of her, shocked her back to a rude sense of reality. The hideous fate exemplified by that flashy, overdressed young man with the roving eyes—who was it that had saved her from him? Goldie Altamont!

Poor Goldie, who had asked only one thing in return—just one tiny, weeny, little favor! And Millie May, like a heartless brute, had let two Sundays slip by in selfish pleasure, and had not yet carried out her ambassadorship to the High and the Invincible with which the tragic girl in the secret house had charged her.

Accordingly, the next day, as in her fur-lined ulster and blue-velvet toque (Goldie's gifts), and side by side with Mr. Frank Simmons, Millie May tripped along in the Sunday-afternoon procession down Fifth Avenue, she suddenly stopped short before the cathedral.

"Excuse me—I gotta go in here," she murmured breathlessly. Frank Simmons, surveying her little form with frank admiration, started suddenly.

"What! You a Catholic?" he asked abruptly, thinking of his father's Congregational church and the rock-ribbed Puritanism of his home. Millie May, flushing, shook her head.

"No; I'm a Baptist myself. But I promised to say a prayer for a friend—for a person that's a Catholic. You don't mind, do you, Mr. Simmons?"

He shook his head, and, pulling off his hat, followed her in through the heavy doors and dutifully stood beside her as she knelt down to pray. And, as she knelt there, a strange thing happened.

Until now, Frank Simmons, conscious of his own value as a highly successful young business man and the son of an eminently respectable family, had regarded the little salesgirl with the eyes of an established superiority. The question that occupied him was: Shall I marry her?

But now, as Millie May knelt there in the richly tinted, consecrated dusk, her status suddenly changed. The mystic domination which the praying woman exercises over the soul of man was suddenly hers. And, in a sudden rush of tender awe, vividly translating itself into passion, the self-sufficient young man felt himself unworthy to touch so much as the skirt-hem of this fair, pure-eyed young saint before him. And, in a panic, he demanded of himself: Am I good enough for her?

As they left the church together, it was with the trembling diffidence of a school-boy addressing a princess that he asked her to be his wife. Tears of joy shone in Millie May's blue eyes as she murmured her fluttering "Yes."

This painful, horribly important matter once settled, the spirits of the two lovers rose to the level of their own joy. Like two children, they hurried down the avenue together. Suddenly Frank exclaimed:

"Say, little lovey, we've just gotta have a celebration, right off! Here—let's go in here an' get something to eat!"

"Here" was one of the most gorgeously gilded, the most rampantly fashionable and expensive of Fifth Avenue's famous restaurants. Millie May, trembling with excitement, followed the young man through the crystal revolving door into the crowded, softly tinted fairy-land within. With difficulty, a little table was found in

the brilliantly thronged palm-room. And, breathing softly, lest she should break her dream, Millie May sat gazing about her, like a happy child, at the surrounding tables, while her lover splendidly gave an order.

Suddenly Millie May caught her breath. Her eyes had met a pair of burning black eyes gazing straight into hers. Goldie Altamont, seated among a hilarious group at a near-by table, was looking straight over at her and Frank.

The familiar ermine furs, the big solitaire earrings, the beautiful painted face, the dark, lustrous eyes with their touch of tragedy—there they were! There was Goldie. And Goldie's shining gaze was bent full into hers, while the tinted lips beneath were parted in a bright smile of greeting.

"Millie May, do you know that woman?"

The harsh, horrified tones were beyond Millie May's recognition as those of her lover. But the change in the voice was only faintly expressive of the agonizing revulsion in Frank Simmons' soul. In choosing as his wife a nameless little waif of the great city, he had flown straight in the face of the severe traditions of his family's rigid, middle-class New England respectability. What, after all, beside the bewitching sweetness of her pretty blue eyes, did he know of Millie May Jewett? And now, if it was to a friend of that rouged and overdressed creature opposite, whose profession was stamped as with a die on her lovely, slightly haggard face, that he was offering his name and his life—if it was a girl of such associates that he was purposing to bring home and present to his mother as her new daughter!

Millie May shuddered. With a long gasp she dragged her eyes away from Goldie's without a sign of recognition, and turned her head back to the man she loved.

"No," she answered slowly and clearly; "I don't know the woman."

That was all. There was nothing else for her to do, of course. What would you have done in her place?

When Millie May turned back her head, painfully and timidly, about ten minutes later, Goldie had disappeared. What had she felt as she went away? What was it that she had said, that rainy afternoon when the two girls had talked together? "The funny thing about it all was, though, it was the other girls that wouldn't let me come back."

Remembrance of the past rushed upon Millie May, and the salted walnuts turned to dust upon her tongue. Bright as in a mirror, an unforgettable picture filmed itself upon her mind—the heavy red-satin curtains with the white, snow-covered pane beyond, and Goldie's cameleopard features in profile, and her own voice saying, "Why, a quitter like Peter oughtn't ever to have been forgiven—not for a rotten thing like that!"

"Millie May! Little love! What's the matter? Feelin' sick?"

Millie May leaped at the excuse, lest her rising tears disgrace her in public.

"A little. I guess it's the heat in here. Would it—would it be all right for me to go out to the dressin'-room an' bathe my forehead a little?"

"All right, sweetheart. Don't be long!"

So Millie May, like the unhappy apostle nineteen hundred years ago, went out and wept bitterly.

A Lion of Law and Order

(Concluded from page 88)

of public and private thieves than any official the state had known.

He won his spurs in 1905—at the age of thirty-two—when, fighting three great firms of corporation lawyers, he forced the telephone companies to reduce their rates from ten cents to five, compelled the restitution to the city of three hundred thousand dollars and a refund to the subscribers of past excessive charges to the amount of six hundred thousand dollars. Thus, in his first great battle, he poured into the civic treasury twenty times the total of his salary for five times the aggregate years of a natural life.

He fought the gas companies of Chicago into a reduction of gas from eighty-five to seventy cents, and saved to consumers a million dollars a year.

He fought the arson trust and insurance thieves to a standstill, drove scores of firebugs and plundering adjusters out of Chicago into Joliet, reduced fire-losses four million dollars a year and insurance premiums on some classes of insurance by thirty-three and one-third per cent.

Then he laid the shining lance of the law in rest and charged fearlessly and openly upon the entrenched citadel of a certain segment of Chicago's police and detectives, against whom he made serious charges. He was fighting these forces even amid the battle of the ballots which was to decide his official fate.

He seems to be pulsed with a positive genius for the public service. He is a born terror to the criminal element of his great and growing metropolis. In the faith of his Presbyterian forefathers, he was "predestined from the foundation of the world" to save Chicago from her thieves and criminals.

Maclay Hoyne is a fighter every inch of him—from a race of fighters before him—a grandson of "Fighting" Tom Hoyne, a pioneer of Chicago. He is Irish in his fighting foundation, mixed with the persistency of the Scotch Maclays, the fiery dash of the Virginia Temples, all tempered in the breath and the brawn of the tremendous West.

The man is without fear, moral or physical. He has put his life in pawn a dozen times against the city's weal.

He is without malice. His eyes are brown and, at times, bravely tender. He smiles gently into the face of the criminal while he sends him to the gallows or the cell.

He does not love money. His predecessors in the office of State's attorney have pocketed every year hundreds of thousands of dollars in fees without protest and apparently with public consent. But Maclay Hoyne, of his own volition, has emptied every dollar of his mighty volume of fees back into the public treasury every year, written a law compelling his successors to do likewise, and contented himself with the salary of his office, which is less by five thousand dollars a year than a half-dozen offers he has had within his present term. Do you know another State's attorney who has done so much?

You will watch the future of this young lion of the law—won't you?

He walked with Kings

He could not know, standing there in his bare feet and his rough clothes, with his little schooling, that kings would do him honor when he died, and that all men who read would mourn a friend.

He could not dream that one day his work would stand in Chinese, in Russian, in many languages he could not read—and from humble doorman to proudest emperor, all would be gladdened at his coming. He could not know that through it all he would remain as simple, as democratic, as he was that day as a boy on the Mississippi.

MARK TWAIN

He made us laugh, so that we had no time to see that his style was sublime, that he was biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

To us, he was just Mark Twain—well-beloved, one of ourselves, one to laugh with, one to go to for cheer, one to go to for sane, pointed views. Now he is gone, the trenchant pen is still. But his joyous spirit is still with us.

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The Mighty

(Concluded from page 42)

invading it from every side; and, since the beginning of this world, they have never been so numerous, so full of energy and zeal. Whereas, in the customary sequence of the years, the dwelling-place of those who leave us receives only weary and exhausted lives, there is not one in this incomparable host who, to borrow Pericles' expression, "has not departed from life at the height of glory"—not one of them but has gone up, not down, to his death, clad in the greatest sacrifice that man can make for an idea which cannot die. All that we have hitherto believed, all that we have striven to attain beyond ourselves, all that has lifted us to the level at which we stand, all that has overcome the evil days and the evil instincts of human nature—all this could have been no more than lies and illusions if such men as these, such a mass of merit and of glory were really annihilated, had really forever disappeared, were forever useless and voiceless, forever without influence in a world to which they have given life.

II

It is hardly possible that this could be so as regards the external survival of the dead; but it is absolutely certain that it is not so as regards their survival in ourselves. Here, nothing is lost, and no one perishes. Our memories are to-day peopled by a multitude of heroes struck down in the flower of their youth, and very different from the pale and languid cohort of the past, composed almost wholly of the sick and the aged, who already had ceased to exist before leaving the earth. We must tell ourselves that now, in our homes, there lives and reigns a young dead man in the glory of his strength. He fills the poorest, darkest dwelling with a splendor of which it had never ventured to dream. His constant presence, imperious and inevitable, diffuses through it and maintains a religion and ideas which it had never known before, hallows everything around it, forces the eyes to look higher, and maintains the spirit, purifies the air that is breathed and the speech that is held and the thoughts that are mustered within, and, little by little, ennobles and uplifts a whole people on a scale of unexampled vastness.

Such dead as these have a power as profound, as fruitful as life and less precarious. It is terrible that this experience

should have been made, for it is the most pitiless and the first in such enormous masses that mankind has ever undergone; but we shall soon derive from it the most unexpected fruits. It will not be long before we see the differences increase and the destinies diverge between the nations which have acquired all these dead and all this glory and those which were deprived of them; and we shall perceive with amazement that those nations which have lost the most are those which have kept their riches and their men. There are losses which are inestimable gains; and there are gains whereby the future is lost. There are dead whom the living cannot replace and the mere thought of whom accomplishes things which their bodies could not perform. There are dead whose energy surpasses death and recovers life; and we are, almost every one of us, at this moment, the mandataries of a being greater, nobler, graver, wiser, and more truly living than ourselves. With all those who accompany him, he will be our judge, if it is the fact that the dead weigh the soul of the living and that on their verdict our happiness depends. He will be our guide and our protector, for it is the first time, since history has revealed its misfortunes to us, that man has felt so great a host of such mighty dead soaring above his head and speaking within his heart.

We shall live henceforward under their laws, which will be more just but not more severe or more cheerless than ours; for it is a mistake to suppose that the dead love nothing but gloom. They love only the justice and the truth which are the eternal forms of happiness. From the depths of this justice and this truth in which they are all immersed, they will help us destroy the great falsehoods of existence; for war and death, if they sow innumerable miseries and misfortunes, have at least the merit of destroying as many lies as they occasion evils. And all the sacrifices which they have made for us will have been in vain—and this is not possible—if they do not, first of all, bring about the fall of the lies on which we live and which it is not necessary to name, for each of us knows his own and is ashamed of them and will be eager to make an end of them. They will teach us, before all else, from the depths of our hearts, which are their living tombs, to love those who outlive them, since it is in them alone that they wholly exist.

The Life of Charles Frohman

(Continued from page 79)

New York, displaying qualities which brought her conspicuously before the public.

One night, Charles Frohman stopped in to see this farce. He had never forgotten the lovely young girl who had played in "Electricity." The next, day he sent for her, offered her an engagement, and made one of those contracts that lasted until the end of his days, for he said to her, "You are with me for life."

This was Frohman's way of telling an actor that, without the formality of con-

tracts, he was to look to him each season for employment.

From this time on, Frohman took an earnest interest in Miss Murdock's career. He saw in her, as he had seen in only a few of his women stars, an immense opportunity to create a new and distinct type.

Just about this time, he became very much interested in the English adaptation of a French play, which he called "The Beautiful Adventure."

He now did a daring but characteristic

Frohman thing. He believed implicitly in Miss Murdock's talents; he felt that the part of the ingenuous young girl in this play was ideally suited to her temperament and pleading personality; so, in conjunction with Mrs. Thomas Whiffen and Charles Cherry, he featured her in the cast. Miss Murdock's characterization amply justified Frohman's confidence, but the play failed in New York and likewise on the road. He wrote to Miss Murdock:

I am afraid our little play is too gentle for the West. Come back. I have something else for you.

He then put Miss Murdock into Porter Emerson Browne's "A Girl of To-day," which had its first presentation in Washington. Now came one of those distinct acts of Charles Frohman's thoughtfulness. Frohman, Miss Murdock, and her mother were riding from the station in Washington to the Shoreham Hotel. As they passed the National Theatre, Miss Murdock suddenly looked out of the cab and saw the following inscription in big type on the bill:

Charles Frohman presents Ann Murdock in "A Girl of To-day."

It was the first intimation that she had been made a star, and she burst into tears. In this episode, Frohman had repeated what he had done in the case of Ethel Barrymore, ten years before.

NEW STARS AND OLD

But the last years of Frohman's life were not confined exclusively to the pleasant and grateful task of making lovely woman stars. The men also had a chance, as the case of Donald Brian shows. Frohman had been much impressed with his success in "The Merry Widow," so he took him under his management and starred him in "The Dollar Princess," which was the first of a series of Brian successes.

While Frohman was making new stars, older ones came under his control in swift succession. First and foremost among them was that fine and representative American actor, Otis Skinner; then came Madame Nazimova, William Courtenay, James K. Hackett, Kyrle Bellew, Mrs. Fiske, Charles Cherry, John Mason, Martha Hedman, Alexandra Carlisle, William Courtleigh, Nat Goodwin, Blanche Bates, Hattie Williams, whom he made a star, Gertrude Elliott, Constance Collier, Richard Carle, and Cyril Maude.

The year 1915 dawned with fateful significance for Charles Frohman. With its advent began a chain of happenings that, in the light of later events, seemed almost prophetic of the fatal hour.

Perhaps the most picturesque and significant of these events was the reconciliation with his old friend, David Belasco. Twelve years before, through an apparently trivial thing, a breach developed between these two men, whose fortunes had been so intimately entwined. They had launched their careers in New York together; the old Madison Square Theatre had housed their first theatrical ambitions; they had kept pace on the road to fame; their joint productions had been features of the New York stage. Yet for twelve years they had not spoken.



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Frohman became ill, and lay desperately stricken at the Hotel Knickerbocker. That he had thought much of his old comrade, so long estranged, was evident. A remarkable coincidence resulted.

One afternoon, Belasco, who had heard of the serious plight of Frohman, sat in his studio on the top floor of the Belasco Theatre. There, amid his Old World curios, he pondered over the past.

"C. F. is lying ill at the Knickerbocker," he said to himself. "He may die. I must see him. This quarrel of ours is a great mistake."

He started to write a note to his old friend when the telephone-bell rang. It was his business-manager, Benjamin Roeder, who said:

"D. B., I have just had a telephone-message from Charles Frohman. He wants to see you."

FROHMAN AND BELASCO

That night, when the few friends who gathered each evening at Frohman's bedside had gone, Belasco entered the sick-room. Frohman was so weak that he could hardly raise his hand. Belasco went to him, took his hand in both of his, and the old comrades took up the thread of their friendship just where it had been left off twelve years before. They talked over the old days. Frohman, whose mind was always on the theater, suddenly said,

"Let's do a play together, David."

"All right," said Belasco.

"You name the play; I will get the cast, and we will rehearse together," added Frohman.

Out of this reconciliation came the magnificent revival of "A Celebrated Case," by D'Ennery and Cormon. The cast included Nat Goodwin, Otis Skinner, Ann Murdock, Helen Ware, Florence Reed, and Robert Warwick. On Frohman's recovery, he and Belasco undertook the rehearsals.

Frohman and Belasco not only resumed their joint production of plays but they took up part of their old life together. Now began again their favorite diet of pumpkin and meringue pie and tea after the day's work was done. Night after night, they met after the theater, just as they had done in the old Madison Square days when they went to O'Neill's, on Sixth Avenue, for their frugal repast, and dreamed and planned their futures.

After a week in Boston, the all-star cast opened at the Empire Theatre in New York. History repeated itself. Frohman and Belasco sat in the same place in the wings where they sat twenty-two years before at the launching of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which dedicated the Empire. Now, as then, there were tumultuous calls for the producers. Again David tried to induce Charles to go out, but he said:

"No; you go, David, and speak for me. Stand where you did twenty-two years ago."

In 1915, as in 1893, Belasco went out and spoke Frohman's thanks and his own. The revival of "A Celebrated Case" not only brought Frohman and Belasco together but led to an agreement between them for a joint production every year.

The next instalment of *The Life of Charles Frohman* will tell the story of the last months.

The Dark Star

(Continued from page 75)

deck; the music of the ship's orchestra came to his ears. He paused a moment on the next deck to lean on the rail in the darkness and listen.

As he turned to resume his quest for cigarettes, he was startled to see, directly in front of him, the heavy figure of a man—so close to him, in fact, that Neeland instinctively threw up his arm, elbow out, to avoid contact. But the man, halting, merely lifted his hat, saying that, in the dim light, he had mistaken Neeland for a friend; and they passed each other on the almost deserted deck, saluting formally in the European fashion, with lifted hats.

His spirits a trifle subdued but still tingling with the shock of discovering a stranger so close behind him where he had stood leaning over the ship's rail, Neeland continued on his way below.

He turned on the light in his stateroom, filled the cigarette-case, turned to go out, and saw on the carpet, just inside his door, a bit of white paper, folded cocked-hat fashion and addressed to him.

Picking it up and unfolding it, he read:

May I see you this evening at eleven? My stateroom is 623. If there is anybody in the corridor, knock; if not, come in without knocking. I mean no harm to you. I give you my word of honor. Please accept it for as much as your personal courage makes it worth to you—its face value, or nothing.

Knowing you, I may say, without flattery, that I expect you. If I am disappointed, I still must bear witness to your courage and to a generosity not characteristic of your sex.

You have had both power and provocation to make my voyage on this ship embarrassing. You have not done so. And self-restraint in a man is a very deadly weapon to use on a woman.

I hope you will come. I desire to be generous on my part. Ask yourself whether you are able to believe this. You don't know women, Mr. Neeland. Your conclusion probably will be a wrong one. But I think you'll come, all the same. And you will be right in coming, whatever you believe.

ILSE DUMONT.

It was a foregone conclusion that he would go. He knew it before he had read half the note. And when he finished, it he was certain. It lacked half an hour of the appointed time, and his exhilaration was steadily increasing.

He stuck the note into the frame of his mirror over the wash-stand, with a vague idea that, if anything happened to him, this would furnish a clue to his whereabouts.

Then he thought of the steward, but, although he had no reason to believe the girl who had written him, something within him made him ashamed to notify the steward as to where he was going. He ought to have done it; common prudence born of experience with Ilse Dumont suggested it. But he could not bring himself to do it.

One thing, however, he could do; and he did. He wrote a note to Captain West giving the address in Paris of the Princess Mistchenka, and asked that the olive-wood box be delivered to her in case any accident befell him. This note he dropped in the mail-box at the end of the main corridor as he went out. A few minutes later, he stood in an empty passageway outside a door numbered 623. He had a loaded automatic in his breast-pocket, a cigarette between his fingers, and, on his agreeable fea-

tures, a smile of anticipation—a smile in which amusement, incredulity, reckless humor, and a spice of malice were blended.

And he turned the knob of door Number 623 and went in.

She was reading, curled up on her sofa under the electric bulb, a cigarette in one hand, a box of bonbons beside her.

She looked up in a leisurely manner as he entered, gave him a friendly nod, and, when he held out his hand, placed her own in it. With delighted gravity, he bent and saluted her finger-tips with lips that twitched to control a smile.

"Will you be seated, please?" she said.

The softness of her agreeable voice struck him as he looked around for a seat, then directly at her; and saw that she meant him to find a seat on the lounge beside her.

"Now, indeed, you are Scheherazade of the 'Thousand and One Nights,'" he said gaily, "with your cigarette and your bonbons, and cross-legged on your divan."

"Did Scheherazade smoke cigarettes, Mr. Neeland?"

"No," he admitted; "that is an anachronism, I suppose. Tell me, how are you, dear lady?"

"Thank you, quite well."

"And—busy?"

"Yes; I have been busy."

"Cooking something up? I mean soup, of course," he added.

She forced a smile, but reddened as though it were difficult for her to accustom herself to his half-jesting sarcasms.

"So you've been busy," he resumed tormentingly, "but not with cooking lessons! Perhaps you've been practising with your pretty little pistol. You know you really need a bit of small-arms practise."

"Because I once missed you?"

"Why, so you did, didn't you?" he exclaimed, delighted to goad her into replying.

"Yes," she said; "I missed you. I needn't have. I am really a dead shot."

"Oh, Scheherazade!" he protested.

She shrugged.

"I am not bragging; I could have killed you. I supposed it was necessary only to frighten you. It was my mistake—and a bad one."

"My dear child," he expostulated, "you meant murder—and you know it! Do you suppose I believe that you know how to shoot?"

"But I do, Mr. Neeland," she returned, with good-humored indifference. "I was already a dead shot with a rifle when we emigrated to Canada. And when my father became an Athabasca trader, and I was only twelve years old, I could set a moose-hide shoe-lace swinging and cut it in two with a revolver at thirty yards. You don't believe me, do you?"

"You know that Scheherazade—"

"Was famous for her fantastic stories? Yes; I know that. I'm sorry you don't believe I fired only to frighten you."

"I'm sorry I don't," he admitted laughingly, "but I'll practise trying. Tell me," he added: "What have you been doing to amuse yourself?"

"I've been amusing myself by wondering whether you would come here to-night."

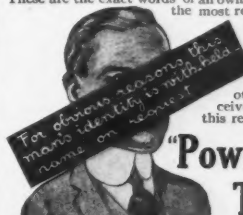
"But your note said you were sure I'd come."

"You have come, haven't you?"

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"Yes, Scheherazade; I'm here. But I forgot to bring one thing."

"What?"

"The box—which you have promised yourself."

"Yes; the captain has it, I believe," she returned serenely.

"O Lord! Have you even found out that? I don't know whether I'm much flattered by this surveillance you and your friends maintain over me. I suppose you even know what I had for dinner."

"Yes."

"Come; I'll call that bluff, dear lady! What did I have?"

When she told him, mentioning accurately every detail of his dinner, he lost his gaiety of countenance a little.

"Oh, I say, you know," he protested; "that's going it a trifle too strong! Now, why should your people keep tabs on me to that extent?"

She looked up directly into his eyes.

"Mr. Neeland, I want to tell you why. I asked you here so that I might tell you. We are determined to have the papers in that box, and we shall have them."

"You have come to that determination too late," he began; but she stopped him with a slight gesture of protest.

"Please don't interrupt me, Mr. Neeland."

"I won't; go on, dear lady!"

"Then, I'm trying to tell you all I may. This is no ordinary private matter, no vulgar attempt at robbery and crime, as you think—or pretend to think—for you are very intelligent, Mr. Neeland, and you know that the contrary is true. I don't think you have understood—perhaps even yet you do not understand why the papers you carry are so important to certain governments, why it is impossible that you be permitted to deliver them to the Princess Mistchenka—"

"Where did you ever hear of her?" he demanded, in astonishment.

The girl smiled.

"Dear Mr. Neeland, I know the princess better, perhaps, than you do."

"Do you?"

"Indeed I do. What do you know about her? Nothing at all except that she is handsome, attractive, cultivated, amusing, and apparently wealthy. You know her as a traveler, a *patronne* of music and the fine arts, as a devotee of literature, as a graceful hostess, and an amiable friend."

That this girl should know so much about the Princess Mistchenka and about his own relations with her amazed Neeland. He did not know how to account for it. He did not try. He sat silent, serious, and surprised.

For a few moments she, too, sat silent, observing in his changing expression the effects of what she had said to him. Then, with a smile:

"Ask me whatever questions you desire. I shall do my best to answer them."

"Very well," he said bluntly; "how do you happen to know so much about me?"

"I know something about the friends of the Princess Mistchenka. I have to."

"Did you know who I was there in the house at Brookhollow?"

"No."

"When, then?"

"When you yourself told me your name, I recognized it."

"I surprised you by interrupting you in Brookhollow?"

"Yes."

"How did you happen to go there? Where did you ever hear of the olive-wood box?"

"I had advices from abroad by cable—directions to go to Brookhollow and secure the box."

"Then somebody must be watching the Princess Mistchenka."

"Of course," she said simply.

"Why 'of course'?"

"Mr. Neeland, the princess, and her youthful protégée, Miss Carew—"

"What!"

The girl smiled wearily.

"Really," she said, "you are such a boy to be mixed in with matters of this color—they invariably end in tragedy." She laid one hand lightly on his arm with a pretty gesture, at once warning, appealing, and protective. "I asked you to come here," she said, "because—because I want you to escape the tragedy."

"Why?"

"I—am sorry for you." He said nothing. "And—I like you, Mr. Neeland."

The avowal in the soft, prettily modulated voice lost none of its charm and surprise because the voice was a trifle tremulous.

"I like to believe what you say, Scheherazade," he said pleasantly. "Somehow or other, I never did think you hated me personally—except once."

She flushed, remembering her humiliation in the Brookhollow house.

"I don't know," she said, in a colder tone, "why I should feel at all friendly toward you, Mr. Neeland, except that you are personally courageous, and you have shown yourself generous under a severe temptation to be otherwise. As for—any personal humiliation inflicted upon me—"

"I know," he said, "I've also jeered at you, jested, nagged you, taunted you, kis—" He checked himself, and he smiled and ostentatiously lighted a cigarette. "Well," he said, blowing a cloud of aromatic smoke toward the ceiling, "I believe that this is as strange a week as any man ever lived. It's like one of your wonderful stories, Scheherazade. It doesn't seem real, now that it is ended—"

"It is not ended," she interrupted, in a low voice.

He smiled.

"You know," he said, "there's no use trying to frighten such an idiot as I am."

She lifted her troubled eyes.

"That is what frightens me," she said.

"I am afraid you don't know enough to be afraid. I want you to know."

"What do you wish me to do, Scheherazade?"

"Keep away from that box."

"I can't do that."

"Yes, you can. You can leave it in charge of the captain of this ship and let him see that an attempt is made to deliver it to the Princess Mistchenka."

She was in deadly earnest; he saw that. And, in spite of himself, a slight thrill that was almost a chill passed over him.

"Oho!" he said gaily. "Then you and your friends are not yet finished with me?"

"Yes; if you will consider your mission accomplished."

"And leave the rest to the captain?"

"Yes."

"Scheherazade," he said, "did you suppose me to be a coward?"

"No; you have done all that you can."

He turned toward her, leaning a little forward on the lounge.

"No use," he said, smiling; "I'm in it until it ends—"

"Let it end, then!" said a soft, thick voice directly behind him. And Neeland turned and found the man he had seen on deck

standing beside him. One of his fat white hands held an automatic pistol, covering him; the other was carefully closing the door.

"Karl!" exclaimed Ilse Dumont.

"It is safer that you do not stir, either, or interfere," he said, squinting for a second at her out of his eyes set too near together.

"Karl," she cried, "I asked him to come in order to persuade him! I gave him my word of honor!"

"Did you do so? Then all the better. I think we shall persuade him. Do not venture to move, young man; I shoot very willingly." And Neeland, looking at him along the blunt barrel of the automatic pistol, was inclined to believe him.

His sensations were not agreeable; he managed to maintain a calm exterior, choke back the hot chagrin that reddened his face, and cast a half-humorous, half-contemptuous glance at Ilse Dumont.

"You prove true—don't you?" he said coolly—"true to your trade of story-telling, Scheherazade. Who is this—Ali Baba?"

"I knew—nothing—of this!" she stammered.

But Neeland only laughed disagreeably. Then the door opened again softly, and Golden Beard came in without his crutches.

XX

METHOD AND FORESIGHT

WITHOUT a word—with merely a careless glance at Neeland, who remained seated under the level threat of Ali Baba's pistol, the man removed his overcoat. Under it was another coat. He threw this off in a brisk, businesslike manner, unbuckled a brace of pistols, laid them aside, unwound from his body a long silk-rope ladder, which dropped to the floor. The girl had turned very pale. She stooped, picked up the silk ladder, and holding it in both hands, looked hard at Golden Beard.

"Johann," she said, "I gave my word of honor to this young man that, if he came here, no harm would happen to him."

"I read the note you have shoved under his door," said Golden Beard. "That is why we are here, Karl and I."

Neeland remembered the wax in the key-hole then. He turned his eyes on Ilse Dumont, less certain of her treachery now.

Meanwhile, Golden Beard continued busily unwinding things from his apparently too stout person, and presently disengaged three life-belts. One of these he adjusted to his own person, then, putting on his voluminous overcoat, took the pistol from Ali Baba, who, in turn, adjusted one of the remaining life-belts to his body.

"Now, then!" said Golden Beard to the girl, and his voice sounded cold and incisive in the silence.

"This is not the way to do it," she said. "I gave him my word of honor."

"You will be good enough to buckle on that belt," returned Golden Beard.

Slowly she bent over, picked up the life-belt, and, looping the silk rope over her arm, began to put on the belt. Golden Beard, impatient, presently came to her assistance; then he unhooked from the wall a cloak and threw it over her shoulders.

"Now, Karl," he said, "shoot him dead if he stirs!" And he snatched a sheet from the bed, tore it into strips, walked over to Neeland, and deftly tied him hand and foot and gagged him.

Then Golden Beard and Ali Baba lifted the young man and seated him on the iron bed and tied him fast to it.



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"Get out on deck!" said Golden Beard to Ilse Dumont.

"Let me stay!"

"No! You have acted like a fool."

"I wish to remain, Johann. I shall not interfere."

"Go to the lower deck, I tell you, and be ready to tie that rope ladder!"

Ali Baba, down on his knees, had pulled out a steamer-trunk from under the bed, opened it, and was lifting out three big steel cylinders.

These he laid on the bed in a row beside the tied man, and Golden Beard, still facing Ilse Dumont, turned his head to look.

The instant his head was turned, the girl snatched a pistol from the brace of weapons on the wash-stand and thrust it under her cloak. Neither Golden Beard nor Ali Baba noticed the incident; the latter was busy connecting the three cylinders with coils of wire; the former, deeply interested, followed the operation for a moment or two; then, walking over to the trunk, he lifted from it a curious little clock with two dials and set it on the railed shelf of glass above the wash-stand.

"Karl, have you ship's time?"

Ali Baba paused to fish out his watch, and the two compared timepieces. Then Golden Beard wound the clock, set the hands of one dial at the time indicated by their watches, set the hands of the other dial at two-thirteen; and Ali Baba, carrying a reel of copper wire from the bed to the wash-stand, fastened one end of it to the mechanism of the clock. Golden Beard turned sharply on Ilse Dumont.

"I said, 'Go on deck!' Did you not understand?" The girl replied steadily.

"I understand that we had abandoned this idea for a better one."

"There is no better one!"

"There is! Of what advantage would it be to blow up the captain's cabin and the bridge when it is not certain that the papers will be destroyed?"

"Listen," returned Golden Beard, wagging his finger in her face: "Cabin and bridge are directly above us, and there remains not a splinter large as a pin! I know. I know my bombs. I know—"

The soft voice of Ali Baba interrupted. "It is a very excellent plan, Johann.

We do not require these papers; it is to destroy them we are so anxious"—he bent a deathly stare on Neeland—"and this young gentleman who may again annoy us."

He continued to connect the wires. "Yes, yes," he murmured absently; "it is a very good plan—very good plan to blow him into little pieces as big as a pin."

"It is a clumsy plan!" said the girl desperately. "There is no need for wanton killing like this, when we can—"

"We are due to drop anchor about two-thirty. There will be enough rushing to and fro at two-thirteen. Go on deck, I say, and fasten that rope ladder! Weishelm's fishing-smack will be watching."

"Johann," she began tremulously, "listen to me—"

"No! No!" retorted Golden Beard, losing his patience and catching her by the arm. "Go out and fix our ladder and keep it coiled on the rail and lean over it as if you were looking at the stars."

He forced her toward the door; she turned, struggling, to confront him.

"Then, for God's sake, give this man a

chance! Don't leave him tied here to be blown to atoms! Give him a chance—anything except this! Throw him out of the port, there!" She pointed at the closed port-hole, evaded Golden Beard, sprang upon the sofa, unscrewed the glass cover, and swung it open. The port-hole was too small even to admit the passage of her own body; she realized it.

For a second, the girl gazed wildly around her, as though seeking some help in her terrible dilemma; then she snatched up a bit of the torn sheeting, tied it to the screw of the port-hole cover, and flung the end out where it fluttered in the darkness. Then she sprang to the floor as Golden Beard swung round on her in renewed anger at her for still loitering.

"Go to your post!" he exclaimed. "It is time to do your part. We remain here until five minutes is left us. Then we join you. Wait! You understand the plan?"

"Yes."

"You understand that you do not go overboard until we arrive, no matter what happens?"

"Yes."

He stood looking at her for a moment; then, with a shrug, he went over and patted her shoulder.

She went, not looking back. He closed and locked the door behind her and calmly turned to aid Ali Baba, who was still fussing with the wires. Presently, however, he mounted the bed where Neeland sat, tied and gagged, pulled from his pockets an augur with its bit, a screw-eye, and block and tackle, and, standing on the bed, began to bore a hole in the ceiling.

In a few moments, he had fastened the screw-eye, rigged his block, made a sling for his bomb out of a blanket, and had hoisted the three cylinders up flat against the ceiling from whence the connecting wires sagged over the foot of the bedstead to the alarm-clock on the wash-stand.

To give the clock more room on the glass shelf, Ali Baba removed the toilet accessories and set them on the wash-stand; but he had no room for a large jug of water, and, casting about for a place to set it, noticed a railed bracket over the head of the bed, and placed it there.

Then, apparently satisfied with his labors, he sat down Turk-fashion on the sofa, lighted a cigarette, selected a bonbon from the box beside him, and calmly regaled himself.

Presently, Golden Beard tied the cord which held up the sling in which the bombs were slung against the ceiling. He fastened it tightly to the iron frame of the bed, stepped back to view the effect, then calmly pulled out and filled his pipe, and seated himself on the sofa beside Ali Baba.

Neither spoke; twice Golden Beard drew his watch from his waistcoat pocket and compared it carefully with the dial of the alarm-clock on the wash-stand shelf. The third time he did this, he tapped Ali Baba on the shoulder, rose, knocked out his pipe, and flung it out of the open port-hole.

Together they walked over to Neeland, examined the gag and ligatures as impersonally as though the prisoner were not there, nodded their satisfaction, turned off the electric light, and, letting themselves out, locked the door on the outside.

It lacked five minutes of the time indicated on the alarm-dial.

The next instalment of *The Dark Star* will appear in the March issue.

The Moon-Maker

(Continued from page 87)

"Djuh see somethin' happened to that comet?"

"Eh?" demanded the solicitor. "Comet? You mean the asteroid, I suppose? What's happened to it?"

Judson took a sip from the tumbler and turned savagely upon Tassifer.

"Ass-eroid!" he shouted.

"Don't get excited, Judson," commented Bentham patronizingly.

"You make me tired!" retorted his agricultural friend. "What difference does it make *what* it is, if it's been put out of business?"

"What do you mean?" cried Bentham. "Has anything unusual occurred?"

"Haven't you seen the papers?" inquired Judson. "Huh! If you're so blamed slow, lemme—I mean, let me—read it to you."

"Sure!" nodded Bentham. "Another sherry and bitters—and another mint julep," he added to the bartender, after a moment's reflection.

"Listen here," began Judson, elevating a newspaper which had been lying flat on the bar: "'Extry! Collision between ass—ass—what d'you call it?'"

Tassifer grabbed the paper quickly out of his hand.

"As-tèr-oid," he articulated snappishly. "Let me see it. I can read."

He read:

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There is every reason to believe that Professor Benjamin Hooker and his daring companions have achieved their stupendous object of diverting the falling asteroid from its course toward the earth, and have thus saved the human race from destruction. Professor Thornton, of the National Observatory, announced the receipt, early this morning, of a cable-despatch from an amateur astronomer at Honolulu, stating that, about ten hours after the time set for the departure of the Hooker Expedition in the Flying Ring, he suddenly observed a yellow glow surrounding the asteroid Medusa. This glow increased in volume and intensity for perhaps five minutes, and then as suddenly ceased, drawing away from the planet like a puff of smoke. No trace of the phenomenon was observed either at the Lick Observatory or in the great one-hundred-inch telescope at Mount Wilson, near Pasadena, the unfavorable position of the asteroid, low down in the western sky, probably accounting for this. All other observatories of note were on the daylight side of the earth at the time.

Professor Thornton further announces, however, that the observations upon Medusa's position which were made last night at the various European observatories show conclusively that the path of the asteroid has been changed and its flight toward the sun checked. It is now moving in an elliptical orbit around the earth, with a period of approximately four months and twelve days. The astronomer states that, at the time of the asteroid's nearest approach to us, it will be a conspicuous object—its apparent diameter being nearly one-half that of the moon. Professor Hooker and his associates have thus not only averted the impending catastrophe but have presented the earth with a new moon

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There were several columns more, but Bentham did not proceed further.

"Gee whiz!" he exploded. "He's really done it!"

"Tush!" returned Judson. "You don't believe that, do you? No matter how big a fool you are, you don't honestly suppose anyone can go sailin' around in the air blowin' comets—I mean ass-eroids—out of their orbits, like Buffalo Bill shootin' glass balls?"

"Look here, Judson," shrieked Tassifer: "You keep a civil tongue in your head! I know all about that flying machine; I've been in it, and, what's more, my niece Rhoda—" He stopped unexpectedly.

"What about your niece?" inquired Judson.

"Nothing! Why, you saw the machine that day on the golf-course—don't you remember? That was Hooker."

"Sure, I saw it!" assented the agriculturalist. "But that thing could only fly round in the air! The most it could do would be to go up five or six miles. You see, when you go higher up than that, there ain't any more air—and you'd die! Besides, the machine wouldn't float unless there was air—any more'n a ship without water. That's why all this is just bunk."

Tassifer glared disgustedly at Judson.

Really, the fellow was too insignificant—too big a nincompoop to bother with!

"Darn it, Judson," he said, with slow emphasis; "I don't want to quarrel with you, but what you don't know about flying machines would fill the Congressional Library. I've got to go home in a minute, but I've known you long enough not to want you to go running around making an ass of yourself."

"Don't say!" sneered Judson.

"Now," continued Tassifer, "this flying machine hasn't anything to do with air at all. It goes up, air or no air. It goes up through the air and through the nothingness above the air, and it can go up easier without air than with air, because then there isn't any resistance."

"But what makes it go up?" inquired Judson.

"What makes a rocket go up?" retorted Tassifer.

"But it ain't a rocket!"

"I didn't say it was. It's like a rocket."

"But a rocket has gunpowder."

"Well, this has something or other—I forget what—to make it go—" concluded Tassifer lamely. "Anyhow—"

"Rats!" snorted Judson. "You know a lot about it—you do! You—"

They might have landed under the bar in the tightly locked embrace of those defending their honor had not an unusual clamor from the avenue interrupted them. What seemed like the confused shoutings of a mob came through the closed windows.

"What's that?" gasped Bentham.

They paused, intent. Evidently, something had happened—an accident, maybe. They could hear a subdued, distant roar, in which were mingled the tooting of motors, the clanging of bells, the bellowing

of whistles, and the cries and yells of excited humanity. A multitude of black shadows rushed by. The bartender threw open the window. The avenue was filled with a hurrying crowd—all gazing skyward.

"Hooray!" yelled the crowd. "Hooray! Hooker's back! Hooray!"

Tassifer and Judson looked at one another mutely. Suddenly, the bartender leaped out the window and joined the mob. The whole city was in the streets.

"Come on, Judson!" cried Bentham. "If there's anything doing, let's be on the wagon!"

And he climbed upon the sill and leaped after the bartender.

Judson hesitated, emptied his glass, and followed. Over in the west, across the park, a great cloud of smoke and dust

was rising against the crimson sky.

"What's happened?" asked the now thoroughly sober Judson of a man who was hurrying by.

"Don't know," panted the other. "People say comet's struck us!"

"Comet nothin'!" shouted a policeman. "It's Hooker's flying machine!"

Judson grabbed Tassifer by the arm, and they hastened cheerfully along with the crowd.

IV

At the moment her husband thus undignifiedly surrendered to mob psychology, Mrs. Bentham T. Tassifer was taking her Saturday-afternoon bath—thus leaving the tub free for Bentham before going to bed. She had closed the windows, which fact, coupled with the noise of her puffings and splashes, had prevented her from hearing the demonstration going on in the street below. She was just reaching for her towel when she heard the door-bell ring and hurried footsteps upon the stairs.

"Is that you, Bentham?" she shrieked.

"No; it's me—Rhoda!" came back the voice of her niece.

"Where on earth have you been?" cried her aunt. "You scared us almost to death!"

"Oh, flying around!" answered Rhoda. "I want my tooth-powder and nail-brush."

"What are you going to do now?" shouted Mrs. Tassifer, through the door.

"I'm going to get married," replied Rhoda. "Please hand me my things."

There were but two passengers to come down the gangplank when the Washington boat docked the next morning at Old Point Comfort. Trade had been, in fact, very light for several weeks, and the hotels had been practically closed owing to the defection of the colored help, who in a frenzy of religious fervor, had abandoned their jobs to prepare, by prayer and chanting, for the day of Judgment.

Carrying their grips, Bennie and Rhoda walked along the wooden pier and entered a hotel. A decrepit clerk assigned them rooms and handed Bennie a pen freshly dipped in ink. With his hand poised above the blank page of the register, our hero hesitated. They had come there to avoid the

pestering crowds, the adulation, the publicity, the reporters. Should he sign as was befitting—"Professor and Mrs. Benjamin Hooker, Washington, D. C."? In that case, even that old dormouse of a hotel-clerk would recognize his identity and the hotel would swarm with interviewers. Yet—did he dare? He had only been married a few hours. He glanced apprehensively at Rhoda, who was examining some needlework in a showcase. Then he resolutely gripped the pen and scrawled,

B. Hooker and wife, Camb. Mass.

All that day, the two star-voyagers wandered over the white beach, drinking in the odoriferous breath of the coming spring and talking over their experiences of the past seventy-two hours.

And, in the evening, they sat on the sand and watched the sea darken and caught the first glint of the moon's edge as it pushed up over the horizon. They neither saw the throng of reporters who poured off the afternoon train nor suspected that they were the marked-down quarry of a pack of ravenous wolves.

In ignorance of what was in store for them, Bennie and Rhoda strolled further and further up the beach, away from the hotel. The moon came up round and full, smiling like an old and familiar friend. The breeze had died away, and the silver-edged waves lapped the soft sand gently at their feet as they threw themselves at full-length under some stray pines and gazed up through the branches at the blue arch with its thousands of twinkling lights.

"I like them so much better that way!" she murmured. "If they don't wink at you, it seems so unfriendly!"

"It was awful up there!" he assented.

The moon swam higher and higher, turning the beach into a white snow-drift, along which, save for that of the pines under which they lay, no shadow could be seen for miles. Toward this single possible hiding-place moved Diggs, a newspaper reporter from New York. The crunch of his steps made them sit up hurriedly.

"Sh! Somebody's coming!" he whispered.

They were motionless—two hunted creatures—scarcely breathing, in a black island surrounded by a deluge of moonlight.

But Diggs had spied them. Fifty feet away, he paused and lit a warning cigarette. Then he walked down to the water's edge, gazed pensively at the moon and remarked,

"I say, Professor Hooker?"

"It's no use," growled Bennie; "he's got us! Hello!" he answered.

The reporter coughed and came slowly toward the patch of shadow.

"Excuse me," he remarked briskly; "but you understand there's a whale of a story in all this, and it's up to me to get it? You can't blow up a meteor and knock the solar system topsyturvy and get away without even being interviewed, you know. Sorry—but it isn't done. What do you suppose they would do to me? And then there's Mrs. Hooker, you see! If it hadn't been for Mrs. Tassifer—"

Rhoda suddenly spoke up.

"What has she said?" she demanded.

"Oh, she gave us the romance stuff," he answered. "Look here, now: It's ten o'clock, and I've got to 'phone this to New



GODOWSKY HEARS HIMSELF AS OTHERS HEAR HIM

His hands at his sides, Godowsky stood quietly in the wings while the marvelous instrument on the stage played his own interpretation of Liszt's *Etude de Concert*.

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York in time for the early edition. Do you mind my asking just a few questions?"

"But I haven't anything to say," expostulated Professor Hooker.

"Just listen to the man!" groaned Diggs. "Let me ask you: Is this story about landing on the moon perfectly straight?"

Rhoda pointed up through the trees to the great yellow circle of the lunar orb.

"Do you see that bright spot with the shadow on the left-hand side of it?"

"Sure," answered Diggs.

"Well," she continued, "I was standing right there less than thirty-six hours ago."

"Great stuff!" Diggs exclaimed. "But how could you prove it? What evidence have you got?"

"I've got plenty of photographs," she answered. "Dozens of them—of the moon, of the crescent earth—"

"Beg pardon! Of the—what?"

"The crescent earth," she explained, "at about the first quarter. I suppose the phrase seems a little strange."

"Oh—like the moon. I get you," he nodded. "But pictures might be faked."

"These weren't," she retorted wearily.

"Of course not," he agreed. "But they're open to attack."

"I suppose so," she conceded. "But it doesn't matter."

"Of course it matters!" he expostulated. "Now, if you only had something you got on the moon—brought away with you—that didn't exist on earth—"

"People would just say it *did*," put in Bennie. "Who cares? *We* don't!"

"Sure you don't!" he answered sympathetically. "But it means a heap to me. Don't you see what a scoop it would be for us to be the only paper to *prove* you'd been to the moon?"

Even as Diggs spoke, far out on the black, heaving horizon, a dull luminosity became suddenly apparent. Brighter it grew, and some stray wisps of cirrus cloud above smoldered in the sky.

"What's that over there?" asked the reporter. "It looks as if the moon were coming up—only it *is* up!"

He turned and gazed into the heavens, where the moon was rolling through the clouds like a great golden wheel.

Bennie was lighting his pipe, and Rhoda vouchsafed no reply.

Then, on the edge of the distant, watery world, a bead of fire rose and sent toward them a flitting beam. An orange disk thrust itself above the waves—a brilliant, dazzling shield of gold marked with strange wrinkles like a corrugated orange.

"Good heavens, what's that?" exclaimed Diggs. "Am I seeing double?"

"No more—than anybody—else," retorted Bennie puffing. "That is our evidence—the proof you were asking for. That is Medusa—the earth's new satellite—the wandering asteroid that will wander hereafter around the earth."

"Two moons?" demanded Diggs.

"Yes, Mr. Diggs; you can telephone to New York that hereafter you have arranged for two moons—a big one for the grown-ups; a little one, half-size, for the children."

"And not such a bad little moon at that," added Bennie.

"Our honeymoon," whispered Rhoda. "Good-night, Mr. Diggs."

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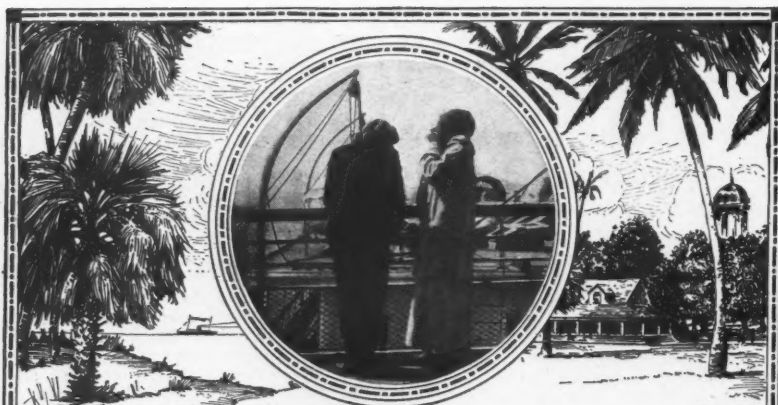
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Jerry

(Continued from page 60)

Horn permitted no one on board. Melanesians, unlike cattle, are as prone to stampede to attack as to retreat. Two of the boat's crew stood beside the Lee-Enfields on the skylight. Borckman, with half the boat's crew, went about the ship's work. Van Horn, Jerry at his heels, superintended the departure of the Langa Langa returns and kept a vigilant eye on the remaining half of the boat's crew that guarded the barbed-wire rails. And each Somo boy sat on his trade-box to prevent it from being tossed into the waiting canoes by some Langa Langa boy.

In half an hour, the lot departed ashore. Only several canoes lingered, and from one of these Van Horn beckoned aboard Nau-hau, the biggest chief of the stronghold of Langa Langa. Nau-hau was young, and, unlike most of the Melanesians, he was handsome, even beautiful.

"Hello, King o' Babylon!" was Van Horn's greeting, for so he had named him because of fancied Semitic resemblance blended with the crude power that marked his visage and informed his bearing.

Born and trained to nakedness, Nau-hau trod the deck boldly and unashamed. His sole gear of clothing was a length of trunk-strap buckled about his waist. Between this and his bare skin was thrust the naked blade of a ten-inch ripping-knife. His sole decoration was a white-china soup-plate, perforated and strung on coconut sennit, suspended from about his neck. It was the greatest of his treasures. No man of Malaita he had ever heard of possessed an unbroken soup-plate.

Nor was he any more ridiculous because of the soup-plate than was he ludicrous because of his nakedness. He was royal. His father had been a king before him, and he had proved himself greater than his father. Life and death he bore in his hands and head.

Royal he was, by nature, by training, by deed. He carried himself with consciousness of royalty. Royal was the heavy-lidded, lazy, insolent way he looked out of his eyes.

Royal in courage was he, this moment on the Arangi, despite the fact that he knew he walked on dynamite. As he had long since bitterly learned, any white man was as much dynamite as was the mysterious death-dealing missile he sometimes employed. When a stripling, he had made one of the canoe-force that attacked the sandalwood-cutter that had been even smaller than the Arangi. He had never forgotten that mystery. Two of the three white men he had seen slain and their heads removed on deck. The third, still fighting, had but the minute before fled below. Then the cutter, along with all her wealth of hoop-iron, tobacco, knives, and calico, had gone up into the air and fallen back into the sea in scattered and fragmented nothingness. It had been dynamite—the MYSTERY. And he, who had been hurled uninjured through the air by a miracle of fortune, had divined that white men in themselves were truly dynamite, compounded of the same mystery as the substance with which they shot the swift-darting schools of mullet, or blew up, in extremity, themselves and the ships on which they voyaged the sea from far

places. And, yet on this unstable and death-terrific substance of which he was well aware Van Horn was composed, he trod heavily with his personality.

"My word," he began, "what name you make 'm boy belong me stop along you too much?" Which was a true and correct charge that the boys which Van Horn had just returned had been away three years and a half instead of three years.

"You talk that fella talk I get cross too much along you," Van Horn bristled back, and then added diplomatically, proffering a handful of stick tobacco, "Much better you smoke 'm up and talk 'm good-fella talk."

But Nau-hau grandly waved aside the gift for which he hungered.

"Plenty tobacco stop along me," he lied. "What name one fella boy go way no come back?" he demanded.

Van Horn pulled the long, slender account-book out of the twist of his loin-cloth, and, while he skimmed its pages, impressed Nau-hau with the dynamite of the white man's superior powers which enabled him to remember correctly inside the scrawled sheets of a book.

"Sati," Van Horn read, his finger marking the place, his eyes alternating watchfully between the writing and the black chief before him, while the black chief himself speculated and studied the chance of getting behind him and, with a single knife-thrust, of severing the other's spinal cord at the base of the neck.

"Sati," Van Horn read. "Last monsoon begin about this time, him fella Sati get 'm sick; bime by him fella Sati finish altogether." He translated into *bêche-de-mer* the written information: *Died of dysentery, July 4, 1901.*

"Plenty work him fella Sati, long time," Nau-hau drove to the point. "What come along money belong him?"

Van Horn did mental arithmetic.

"Altogether him make 'm six tens pounds and two fella pounds gold money," was his translation of sixty-two pounds of wages. "I pay advance father belong him two tens pounds and five fella pounds. Him finish altogether four tens pounds and seven fella pounds."

"What name stop four tens pounds and seven fella pounds?" Nau-hau demanded.

Van Horn held up his hand.

"Too much hurry, you fella Nau-hau. Him fella Sati buy 'm slop-chest along plantation two tens pounds and one fella pound. Belong Sati he finish altogether two tens pounds and six fella pounds."

"What name stop two tens pounds and six fella pounds?" Nau-hau continued.

"Stop 'm along me," the captain answered curtly.

"Give 'm me two tens pounds and six fella pounds."

Van Horn refused, and, in the blue of his eyes, the black chief sensed the impression of the dynamite out of which white men seemed made, and felt his brain quicken to the vision of the bloody day he first encountered an explosion of dynamite.

"What name that old fella boy stop 'm along canoe?" Van Horn asked, pointing to an old man in a canoe alongside. "Him father belong Sati?"


"Him father belong Sati," Nau-hau affirmed.

Van Horn motioned the old man in and on board, beckoned Borkman to take charge of the deck and of Nau-hau, and

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went below to get the money. When he returned, cavalierly ignoring the chief, he addressed himself to the old man.

"What name belong you?"

"Me fella Nino," was the quavering response. "Him fella Sati belong along me." Van Horn glanced for verification to Nau-hau, who nodded affirmation in the reverse Solomon way; whereupon Van Horn counted twenty-six gold sovereigns into the hand of Sati's father.

Immediately thereafter, Nau-hau extended his hand and received the sum. Twenty gold pieces the chief retained for himself, returning to the old man the remaining six. It was no quarrel of Van Horn's. The tyranny of a chief over a subject was none of his business.

Both masters, white and black, were fairly contented with themselves. Van Horn had paid the money where it was due; Nau-hau, by virtue of kingship, had robbed Sati's father of Sati's labor before Van Horn's eyes. But Nau-hau was not above strutting. He declined a proffered present of tobacco, bought a case of stick tobacco from Van Horn, paying him five pounds for it, and insisted on having it saved open so that he could fill his pipe.

"Plenty good boy stop along Langa Langa?" Van Horn, unperturbed, politely queried, in order to make conversation and advertise nonchalance. The King o' Babylon grinned but did not deign to reply. "Maybe I go ashore and walk about?" Van Horn challenged, with tentative emphasis.

"Maybe too much trouble along you," Nau-hau challenged back. "Maybe plenty bad fella boy kai-kai [eat] along you."

Although Van Horn did not know it, at this challenge, he experienced the hair-pricking sensations in his scalp that Jerry experienced when he bristled his back.

"Hey, Borkman!" he called. "Man the whale-boat."

When the whale-boat was alongside, he descended into it first, superiorly, then invited Nau-hau to accompany him.

"My word, King o' Babylon," he muttered in the chief's ears, as the boat's crew bent to the oars, "one fella boy make 'm trouble, I shoot 'm you first thing! Next thing, I shoot 'm Langa Langa. All the time you me fella walk about, you walk about along me. You no like walk about along me, you finish close up altogether."

Van Horn had had no intention of going ashore, and that he went ashore at the black chief's insolent challenge was merely a matter of business. For an hour he strolled about, his right hand never far from the butt of the automatic that lay along his groin, his eyes never too far from the unwilling Nau-hau beside him.

And when, at the end of an hour, Van Horn passed Jerry into the stern-sheets of the whale-boat and followed, he left on the beach a stunned and wondering royal black.

X

BACK on board, Van Horn immediately hove short, hoisted sail, broke out the anchor, and filled away for the ten-mile beat up the lagoon to windward that would fetch Somo. On the way, he stopped at Binu to greet Chief Johnny and land a few Binu returns. Then it was on to Somo.

Quite the opposite of his treatment at Langa Langa was that accorded Van Horn

at Somo. Once the return-boys were put ashore, and this was accomplished no later than three-thirty in the afternoon, he invited Chief Bashti on board. And Chief Bashti came, very nimble and active despite his great age, and very good-natured—so good-natured, in fact, that he insisted on bringing three of his elderly wives on board with him. This was unprecedented. Never had he permitted any of his wives to appear before a white man, and Van Horn felt so honored that he presented each of them with a gay clay pipe and a dozen sticks of tobacco.

Late as the afternoon was, trade was brisk, and Bashti, who had taken the lion's share of the wages due to the fathers of two boys who had died, bought liberally of the Arangi's stock. When Bashti promised plenty of fresh recruits, Van Horn, used to the changeableness of the savage mind, urged signing them up right away. Bashti demurred, and suggested next day. Van Horn insisted that there was no time like the present, and so well did he insist that the old chief sent a canoe ashore to round up the boys who had been selected to go away to the plantations.

"Now what do you think?" Van Horn asked of Borkman. "I never saw the old rascal so friendly. Has he got something up his sleeve?"

The mate stared at the many canoes alongside, noted the numbers of women in them, and shook his head.

"When they're starting anything they always send the Marys [the women] into the bush," he said.

"You never can tell about these blacks," the captain grumbled. "Now, Bashti's the smartest old black I've ever seen. What's to prevent his figuring out that very bet and playing it in reverse? Just because they've never had their women around when trouble was on the carpet is no reason that they will always keep that practise."

"Not even Bashti's got the savvy to pull a trick like that," Borkman objected. "He's just feeling good and liberal. Why, he's bought forty pounds of goods from you already. That's why he wants to sign a new batch of boys with us."

All of which was most reasonable. Nevertheless, Van Horn shook his head.

"All the same, keep your eyes sharp on everything," he cautioned.

Bashti was incredibly lean and prodigiously old. He did not know how old he was himself, although he did know that no person in his tribe had been alive when he was a young boy in the village. He remembered the days when some of the old men, still alive, had been born; and, unlike him, they were now decrepit. All his faculties remained unimpaired. He even boasted a dozen worn fangs of teeth, on which he could still chew. Although he no longer had the physical endurance of youth, his thinking was as original and clear as it had always been. It was due to his thinking that he found his tribe stronger than when he had first come to rule it. In his small way, he had been a Melanesian Napoleon. As a warrior, the play of his mind had enabled him to beat back the bushmen's boundaries. The scars on his withered body attested that he had fought to the fore. As a lawgiver, he had encouraged and achieved strength and efficiency with his tribe. As a statesman, he had always kept one thought ahead of the thoughts of the neighboring chiefs in



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the making of treaties and the granting of concessions. And with his mind still keenly alive, he had but just evolved a scheme whereby he might outwit Van Horn and get the better of the vast British Empire, about which he guessed little and knew less.

For Somo had a history. It was that queer anomaly, a salt-water tribe that lived on the lagoon mainland, where only bushmen were supposed to live. Far back into the darkness of time, the folk-lore of Somo cast a glimmering light. On a day, so far back that there was no way of estimating its distance, one Somo, son of Loti, who was the chief of the island fortress of Umbo, had quarreled with his father and fled from his wrath along with a dozen canoe-loads of young men. For two monsoons they had engaged in an Odyssey. It was in the myth that they circumnavigated Malaita twice, and forayed as far as Ugi and San Cristoval across the wide seas.

Women they had inevitably stolen after successful combats, and, in the end, being burdened with women and progeny, Somo had descended upon the mainland shore, driven the bushmen back, and established the salt-water fortress of Somo. Built it was, on its sea-front, like any island fortress, with walled coral rock to oppose the sea and chance marauders from the sea. To the rear, where it encroached on the jungle, it was like any scattered bush-village. But Somo, the wide-seeing father of the new tribe, had established his boundaries far up in the bush on the shoulders of the lesser mountains, and on each shoulder had planted a village.

And this tribe, territory, and stronghold, at the latter end of time, Bashti had inherited, and he had bettered his inheritance.

Nor was he above continuing to better it. For a long time he had reasoned closely and carefully in maturing the plan that itched in his brain for fulfilment. Three years before, the tribe of Ano Ano, miles down the coast, had captured a recruiter, destroyed her and all hands, and gained a fabulous store of tobacco, calico, beads, and all manner of trade-goods, rifles, and ammunition.

Little enough had happened in the way of price that was paid. Half a year after, a war-vessel had poked her nose into the lagoon, shelled Ano Ano, and sent its inhabitants scurrying into the bush. The landing party that followed had futilely pursued along the jungle runways. In the end, it had contented itself with killing forty fat pigs and chopping down a hundred coconut trees. Scarcely had the war-vessel passed out to open sea, when the people of Ano Ano were back from the bush to the village. Shell-fire on flimsy grass houses is not especially destructive. A few hours' labor of the women put that little matter right. As for the forty dead pigs, the entire tribe fell upon the carcasses, roasted them under the ground with hot stones, and feasted. The tender tips of the fallen palms were likewise eaten, while the thousands of coconuts were husked and split and sun-dried and smoke-cured into copra to be sold to the next passing trader.

Thus, the penalty exacted had proved a picnic and a feast—all of which appealed to the thrifty, calculating brain of Bashti. And what was good for Ano Ano, in his judgment, was surely good for Somo. Since such were white men's ways who sailed under the British flag and killed pigs

and cut down coconuts in cancelation of blood-debts and head-takings, Bashti saw no valid reason why he should not profit as Ano Ano had profited. The price to be paid at some possible future time was absurdly disproportionate to the immediate wealth to be gained. Besides, it had been over two years since the last British war-vessel had appeared in the Solomons.

And thus, Bashti, with a fine, fresh idea inside his head, bowed his chief's head in consent that his people could flock aboard and trade. Very few of them knew what his idea was, or that he even had an idea.

Trade grew still brisker as more canoes came alongside and black men and women thronged the deck. Then came the recruits, new-caught, young, savage things, timid as deer, yet yielding to stern parental and tribal law and going down into the Arangi's cabin, one by one, their fathers and mothers and relatives accompanying them in family groups, to confront the "big fella white marster," who wrote their names down in a mysterious book, had them ratify the three years' contract of their labor by a touch of the right hand to the pen with which he wrote, and who paid the first year's advance in trade-goods to the heads of their families.

Old Bashti sat near, taking his customary heavy tithes out of each advance, his three old wives squatting humbly at his feet and, by their mere presence, giving confidence to Van Horn, who was elated by the stroke of business. At such rate, his cruise on Malaita would be a short one, when he would sail away with a full ship.

On deck, where Borckman kept a sharp eye out against danger, Jerry prowled about, sniffing the many legs of the many blacks he had never encountered before. Of the return-boys, only one had come back. It was Lerumie, past whom Jerry repeatedly and stiff-leggedly bristled without gaining response of recognition. Lerumie coolly ignored him, went down below once, and purchased a trade hand-mirror, and, with a look of the eyes, assured old Bashti that all was ready and ripe to break at the first favorable moment.

On deck, Borckman gave this favorable moment. Nor would he have so given it had he not been guilty of carelessness and had he left the schnapps alone. He did not sense what was impending all about him. Aft, where he stood, the deck was almost deserted. Amidships and forward, gamming with the boat's crew, the deck was crowded with blacks of both sexes. He made his way to the yam-sacks lashed abaft the mizzenmast and got his bottle. Just before he drank, with a shred of caution, he cast a glance behind him. Near him stood a harmless Mary, middle-aged, fat, squat, asymmetrical, unlovely, a sucking child of two years astride her hip and taking nourishment. Surely no harm was to be apprehended there. Furthermore, she was patently a weaponless Mary for she wore no stitch of clothing that otherwise might have concealed a weapon. Over against the rail, ten feet to one side, stood Lerumie, smirking into the trade-mirror he had just bought.

It was in the trade-mirror that Lerumie saw Borckman bend to the yam-sacks, return to the erect, throw his head back, the mouth of the bottle glued to his lips, the bottom elevated. Lerumie lifted his right hand in signal to a woman in a canoe alongside. She bent swiftly for something

that she tossed to Lerumie. It was a long-handled tomahawk. The blade had been ground to razor-edge.

As the tomahawk flew noiselessly through the air to Lerumie's hand, just as noiselessly, the next instant, it flew through the air from his hand into the hand of the fat Mary with the nursing child who stood behind the mate. She clutched the handle with both hands, while the child, astride her hip, held on to her, with both small arms part-way about her. Still she waited the stroke, for with Borckman's head thrown back was no time to strive to sever the spinal cord at the neck. Many eyes beheld the impending tragedy. Jerry saw, but did not understand. With all his hostility to blacks, he had not divined the attack from the air. Tambi, one of the crew, who chanced to be near the skylight, saw, and, seeing, reached for a Lee-Enfield. Lerumie saw Tambi's action and hissed haste to the Mary.

Borckman, as unaware of this, his last second of life, as he had been of his first second of birth, lowered the bottle and straightened forward his head. The keen edge sank home.

So quick was the occurrence of action that the first shot from Tambi's musket missed the Mary ere Borckman had quite melted to the deck. There was no time for a second shot, for the Mary, dropping the tomahawk, holding her child in both her hands and plunging to the rail, was in the air and overboard, her fall capsizeing the canoe which chanced to be beneath her.

Scores of actions were simultaneous. From the canoes on both sides uprose a glittering, glistening rain of mother-of-pearl-handled tomahawks that descended into the waiting hands of the Somo men on deck, while the Marys on deck crouched down and scrambled out of the fray. At the same time that the Mary who had killed Borckman leaped the rail, Lerumie bent for the tomahawk she had dropped, and Jerry, aware of red war, slashed the hand that reached for the tomahawk. Lerumie stood upright and loosed loudly, in a howl, all the pent rage and hatred of months which he had cherished against the puppy. Also, as he gained the perpendicular and as Jerry flew at his legs, he launched a kick with all his might that caught and lifted Jerry squarely under the middle.

And in the next second, or fraction of second, as Jerry lifted and soared through the air over the barbed wire of the rail and overboard, while Sniders were being passed up overside from the canoes, Tambi fired his next hasty shot. And Lerumie received the bullet squarely in the heart, and pitched down to melt with Borckman into the softness of death.

Ere Jerry struck the water, the glory of Tambi's marvelously lucky shot was over for Tambi; for, at the moment he pressed trigger to the successful shot, a tomahawk bit across his skull at the base of the brain. As swiftly, all occurring almost simultaneously, did the rest of the boat's crew pass and the deck become a shambles.

It was to the reports of the Sniders and the noises of the death-suffle that Jerry's head emerged from the water. A man's hand reached over a canoe-side and dragged him in by the scruff of the neck, and, although he snarled and struggled to bite his rescuer, he was not so much enraged as was he torn by the wildest solicitude for Skipper. He knew, without think-



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ing about it, that the Arangi had been boarded by the hazily sensed supreme disaster of life that all life intuitively apprehends. Borckman he had seen struck down. Lerumie he had heard struck down. And now he was hearing the explosions of rifles and the yells and screeches of triumph and fear.

So it was, helpless, suspended in the air by the nape of the neck, that he bawled and squalled and choked and coughed till the black, disgusted, flung him down roughly in the canoe's bottom. He scrambled to his feet and made two leaps—one upon the gunwale of the canoe; the next, despairing and hopeless, without consideration of self, for the rail of the Arangi.

His forefeet missed the rail by a yard, and he plunged down into the sea. He came up, swimming frantically, swallowing and strangling salt water because he still yelped and wailed and barked his yearning to be on board with Skipper.

But a boy of twelve, in another canoe, having witnessed the first black's adventure with Jerry, treated him without ceremony, laying first the flat and next the edge of a paddle upon his head while he still swam. And the darkness of unconsciousness welled over his bright little love-suffering brain, so that it was a limp and motionless puppy that the black boy dragged into his canoe.

In the mean time, down below in the Arangi's cabin, ere ever Jerry hit the water from Lerumie's kick, even while he was in the air, Van Horn, in one great, flashing, profound fraction of an instant, had known his death. Not for nothing had old Bashti lived longest of any living man in his tribe, and ruled wisest of all the long line of rulers since Somo's time.

In cool good nature, in rigid maintenance of his chiefship rights, he had smiled at Van Horn, given royal permission to his young men to sign for three years of plantation slavery, and exacted his share of each year's advance. Aroa, who might be described as his prime minister and treasurer, had received the tithes as fast as they were paid over. At Bashti's back, squatting on the bunk-boards, a slim and smooth-skinned maid of thirteen had flapped the flies away from his royal head with the royal fly-flapper. At his feet had squatted his three old wives, the oldest of them, toothless and somewhat palsied, ever presenting to his hand, at his head-nod, a basket rough-woven of pandanus leaf.

And Bashti, his keen old ears pitched for the first untoward sound from on deck, had continually nodded his head and dipped his hand into the proffered basket—now for betel-nut and lime-box, and the invariable green leaf with which to wrap the mouthful, now for tobacco with which to fill his short clay pipe, and, again, for matches with which to light the pipe, which frequently went out.

Toward the last, the basket had hovered constantly close to his hand, and, at the last, he made one final dip. It was at the moment when the Mary's ax, on deck, had struck Borckman down and when Tambi loosed the first shot at her from his Lee-Enfield. And Bashti's withered ancient hand, the back of it netted with a complex of large, upstanding veins from which the flesh had shrunk away, dipped out a huge pistol of such remote vintage that one of

Cromwell's Roundheads might well have carried it, or it might well have voyaged with Queiros or La Pérouse. It was a flint-lock, as long as a man's forearm, and it had been loaded that afternoon by no less a person than Bashti himself.

Quick as Bashti had been, Van Horn was almost as quick but not quite quick enough. Even as his hand leaped to the modern automatic lying out of its holster and loose on his knees, the pistol of the centuries went off. Loaded with two slugs and a round bullet, its effect was that of a sawed-off shotgun. And Van Horn knew the blaze and the black of death, even as his fingers relaxed from the part-lifted automatic, dropping it to the floor.

Surcharged with black powder, the ancient weapon had other effect. It burst in Bashti's hand, and he looked quizzically at his right forefinger dangling by a strip of skin. He seized it with his left hand, with a quick pull and twist wrenched it off, and grinningly tossed it, as a joke, into the pandanus basket, which his wife, with one hand, still held before him while, with the other, she clutched her forehead, bleeding from a flying fragment of pistol.

Bashti, who had lived so long that he was a philosopher who minded pain little and the loss of a finger less, chuckled and chirped his satisfaction and pride of achievement in the outcome, while his three old wives, who lived only at the nod of his head, fawned under him on the floor in the abjectness of servile congratulation and worship.

XI

WHAT happened aboard the Arangi, Jerry never knew. The boy who had knocked him on the head with the paddle tied his legs securely and tossed him out on the beach, ere he forgot him in the excitement of looting the Arangi.

With great shouting and song, the pretty teak-built yacht was towed in by the long canoes and beached close to where Jerry lay just beyond the confines of the coral-stone walls. Fires blazed on the beach; lanterns were lighted on board, and, amid a great feasting, the Arangi was gutted and stripped. Everything portable was taken ashore, from her pigs of iron ballast to her running-gear and sails. No one in Somo slept that night. Even the tiniest of children toddled about the feasting-fires or sprawled surfeited on the sands. At two in the morning, at Bashti's command, the shell of the boat was fired. And Jerry, thirsting for water, having whimpered and wailed himself to exhaustion, lying helpless, leg-tied, on his side, saw the floating world he had known so short a time go up in flame and smoke.

And by the light of her burning, old Bashti apportioned the loot. The main bulk of the trade-goods, which was not distributed, Bashti had carried up to his own large grass house. All the wealth of gear was stored in the several canoe-houses; while, in the devil-devil houses, the devil-devil doctors set to work curing the many heads over slow smudges; for, along with the boat's crew there were a round dozen of No-ola return-boys and several Malu boys which Van Horn had not yet delivered.

Not all these had been slain, however. Bashti had issued stern injunctions against

wholesale slaughter. But this was not because his heart was kind. Rather was it because his head was shrewd. Slain they would all be in the end. Bashti had never seen ice, did not know it existed, and was unversed in the science of refrigeration. The only way he knew to keep meat was to keep it alive. And in the biggest canoe-houses, the club-house of the stags, where no Mary might come under penalty of death by torture, the captives were stored.

And to this canoe-house, Jerry was also brought to join the others on the floor. Agno, chief of the devil-devil doctors, had stumbled across him on the beach, and, despite the protestations of the boy who claimed him as personal trove, had ordered him to the canoe-house. And painful indeed was his own circumstance. He lay on his side, the cords that bound his legs so tight as to bite into his tender flesh and shut off the circulation. Also, he was perishing for water, and panted, dry-tongued, dry-mouthed, in the stagnant heat.

Toward daylight, with great shouting and heaving and pull and haul, scores of Somo men brought in another of the big war-canoes. They made way with foot and hand, kicking and thrusting, dragging and shoving the bound captives to either side of the space which the canoe was to occupy. They were anything but gentle to the meat with which they had been favored by good fortune and the wisdom of Bashti.

For a time they sat about, all pulling at clay pipes and chirruping and laughing in queer, thin falsettos at the events of the night and the previous afternoon. Now one and now another stretched out and slept without covering; for so, directly under the path of the sun, had they slept nakedly from the time they were born.

Remained awake, as dawn paled the dark, only the grievously wounded or the too tightly bound, and a decrepit ancient, who was not so old as Bashti. When the boy who had stunned Jerry with his paddle-blade and who claimed him stole into the canoe-house, the ancient did not hear him. Being blind, he did not see him.

The twelve-year-old lad who cautiously stepped over the sleepers and threaded his way among the captives did so with his heart in his mouth. He knew what tabus he was violating. Not old enough even to leave his father's grass roof and sleep in the youths' canoe-house, much less to sleep with the young bachelors in their canoe-house, he knew that he took his life, with all of its dimly guessed mysteries and arrogances, in his hand thus to trespass into the sacred precinct of the full-made, full-realized, full-statured men of Somo.

But he wanted Jerry, and he got him. Jerry's heroic little heart of courage would have made him snarl and resent such treatment of handling had he not been too exhausted and had not his mouth and throat been too dry for sound. As it was, miserably and helplessly, not half himself, a puppet dreamer in a half-nightmare, he knew, as a restless sleeper awakening between vexing dreams, that he was being transported, head downward, out of the canoe-house through the village that was only less noisome, and up a path under lofty, wide-spreading trees that were beginning languidly to stir with the first breathings of the morning wind.

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